



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 917,569

205  
265

Library  
of the  
University of Michigan



PRESENTED BY  
THEODORE W. KOCH

80.  
C6.

✓ 1  
205  
Q65

Library  
of the  
University of Michigan



PRESENTED BY  
THEODORE W. KOCH





Number 2

*Theo. W. Koch*

June, 1888

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

---

# STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY

*EDITED BY*

TITUS MUNSON COAN

---

NEW YORK  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET  
1883









Number 2

Theo. W. Koch

June, 1888

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

---

# STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY

*EDITED BY*

TITUS MUNSON COAN

---

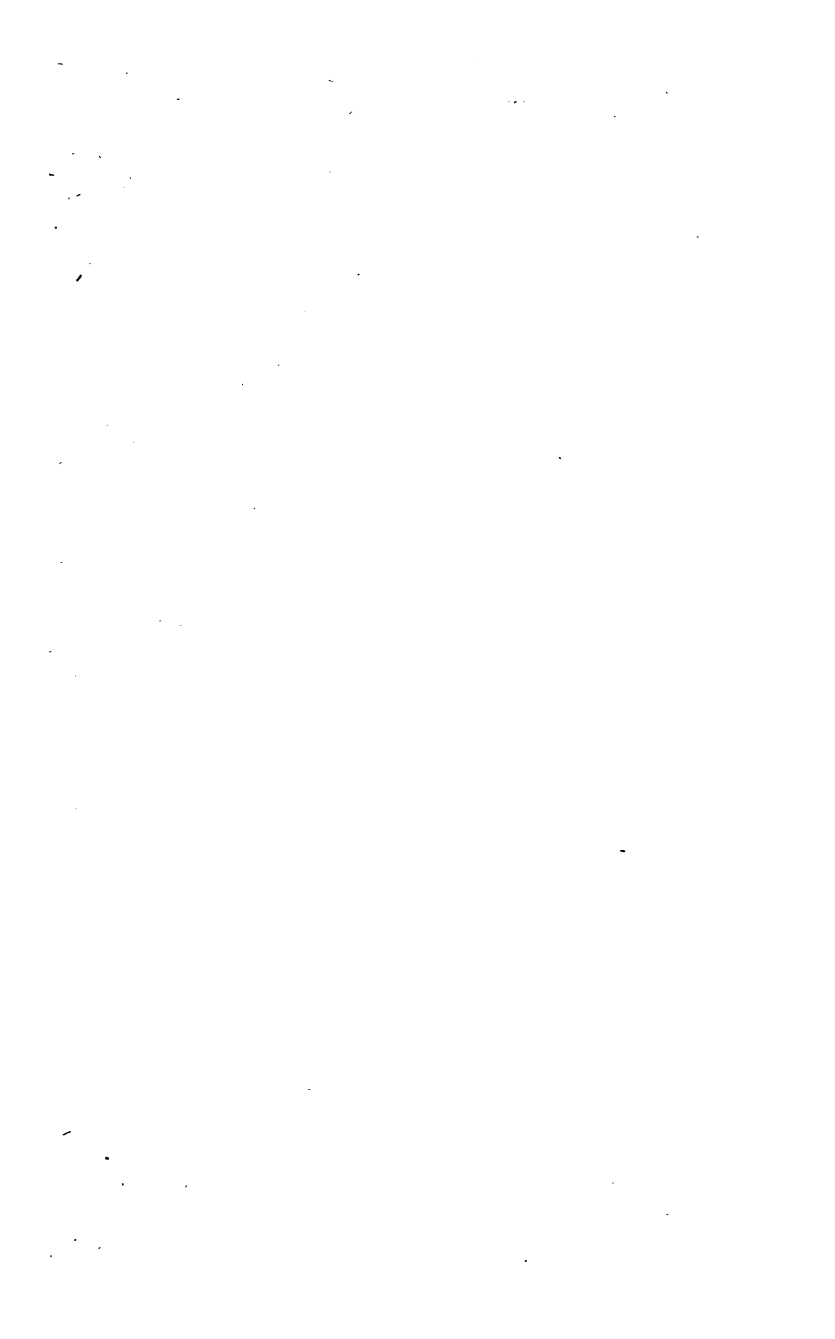
NEW YORK  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET  
1883

*Press of*  
*G. P. Putnam's Sons*  
*New York*

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
LÉON GAMBETTA.—A POSITIVIST DISCOURSE. By FREDERIC HARRISON. <i>The Contemporary Review</i> . . .	1
JONATHAN SWIFT. <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> . . .	30
MISS BURNEY'S OWN STORY. By MARY ELIZA- BETH CHRISTIE. <i>The Contemporary Review</i> . . .	89
SAMUEL WILBERFORCE. By Sir G. W. DASENT. <i>The Fortnightly Review</i> . . . . .	140
LORD WESTBURY AND BISHOP WILBER- FORCE.—A LUCIANIC DIALOGUE. By H. D. TRAILL. <i>The Fortnightly Review</i> . . . . .	176
CORRESPONDANCE DE GEORGE SAND, 1812- 1847. <i>The Edinburgh Review</i> . . . . .	193
LITERARY BOHEMIANS. <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> .	248



# LEON GAMBETTA.

## A POSITIVIST DISCOURSE.

DELIVERED FEBRUARY 4, 1883.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

A TRULY comprehensive religion should teach not only a spirit of heart to cultivate, but a set of principles to act on in the world ; and as life is concerned with actions quite as much as it is with feelings, public life is just as much the sphere of rational religion as our personal life. So, the churches, if they only knew it, have quite as much to do with the social duty of statesmen and the political habits of the people, as they have with purity of heart and spiritual earnestness. There will be no complete religion until religious men have just as keen an interest in the progress of the commonwealth as they now profess in the welfare of the soul. And there will be no high and stable policy until politics, together with morals and science, are recognized to be the sphere of the only religious earnestness that is worth having—true unselfishness of heart.

Thus it is that the religion of *Humanity* is



a thoroughly political religion, or rather public life is an essential part of its aim ; not, as with the Romans, to the exclusion of creed and devoutness of spirit, but quite as truly as either of these. Whilst the Romans knew no religion except such as concerned their social life, and whilst Christianity in its decay looks at all things in the light of the personal soul, the religion of humanity avoids the narrowness of both, and seeks to regenerate social life on the basis of a scientific education, and of high purpose, not only in the heart within, but in the social body without us.

Positivism is no mere historical scheme, a movement for the bare commemoration of the worthies of the past. The calendar which gathers up so vast an array of our great fathers, who are the true creators, if not of the human race, at least of human civilization, this calendar is not there as a dry tabular synopsis for the use of classes in history. Nor is it there, as the Catholic calendar is, as an external object of reverence and ceremonial obligation. It is there to teach us types of human duty, and facts of social philosophy, as we find them, as they fashion our life, inspire our own efforts, and supply us with examples to follow. These are no saints, these men, nor are they to be revered in the way that the Catholic worships saints. They are simply men who have

done good work in their time, some more, some less well; none of them perfect, many of them most faulty; but all able to teach us by their faults no less than by their virtues. At any rate, they are men like ourselves, and with powers that we can recall with profit at any hour of our working lives. That vague and unreal vision, the Christ, or perfect man, whom the good Christian professes to take as the embodiment of all human excellence—that transcendental figment we replace with the collective Host of the real men who exhibit every trait of human greatness, and never cease to be as frankly human as any one of us. There is no superstitious line that severs the past from the present, the living from the dead, or the most revered servant of humanity from the street-sweeper, who is serving it to-day. They have not passed into another world, nor have they any other life but ours. The gates of death open and close each day, encircling new multitudes within, as new multitudes each day press on into the vacant place. But the unbroken human stream is all one, within and without those adamantine doors. We hear their voices and the vast murmur of their lives as we hasten on ourselves to join them, and living and dead, form one humanity forever.

I invite you to think of this, in order that, in forming our judgment of public duty, we

may remember that the honor of the dead is no bit of antiquarianism, but that the men of to-day, and yesterday, like the men of to-morrow, are all employed on the same work, and furnish similar types for our practical understanding of duty. Yesterday it was Gambetta, to-morrow it may be Gladstone, whose personality absorbs us and forces us to judge ; but we are all making history day by day ; and the leaders of men whom we see no more, and those who are amongst us, and who are growing into power, are all in one plane, as much and as little saints as the rest, as much the makers of humanity.

Last Sunday we met here to reflect on the work of Mahomet and the foundation and history of Islam. To-day—how vast a sense of humanity does it imply, to note the interval and contrast !—we turn to judge Gambetta and the Republic in France. The few weeks have passed that Comte judged expedient as an interval for the fair judgment of the dead ; the flowers in the wreaths upon his grave are hardly withered, and how much has happened since his death ! Within a month we see (as we could not see in the hour of his disappearance) all that his death involved.

It would only be strangers to us who could wonder what especial concern of ours is the career of a French politician, or what the re-

ligion of humanity has to do with Léon Gambetta. Those who know us at all are well aware that to us the social movement in Europe as a whole is of far deeper moment than any local matter of national politics; they know that to us the foundation of the Republic in France is the condition of all healthy political progress in the world. They know how we recognize the social initiative which the great Revolution gave to France, and of which no errors and no disasters can at present deprive her. The Republic is to us the sole guarantee of any stable progress or order. The Republic in France is the turning-point in the second half of the nineteenth century; it is that whereby, for good or for evil, the century will stand in history. And every one can see that, for good or for evil, Léon Gambetta was bound up with the Republic as no other contemporary life was bound up. Nor can we forget that he was the first statesman of European importance formally to offer his public homage to Comte as the greatest mind of the nineteenth century; and formally to adopt, as his leading idea in politics, Comte's great aphorism: "Progress can only arise out of the development of Order." But it is not for this that Gambetta holds a place of prime importance in our eyes. The doings of a statesman are what concern us, and not his protestations.

And it is in the region of action that we see how distinctly Gambetta foreshadows the type of the Republican statesman—rudely and incompletely, no doubt—but with all the essential elements. He is the first European statesman of this century who is heart and soul Republican; the only one whose fibre is entirely popular; who saw that the Republic implied a real social reconstruction; he is the only European statesman who is equally zealous for progress and for order, and most assuredly he is the only statesman of this century who has formally thrown away every kind of theological crutch.

This is no panegyric of a public man. Of such we have had enough. It is no critical analysis of a striking personality. We are met here neither to bury Cæsar, nor to praise him. Brutus and Cassius and the rest have told us that he was ambitious, and had many grievous faults. I am not about to dispute it. There are many things in his public career, especially in its later years, which we wholly fail to reconcile, not only with the best type of the statesman, but with any reasonable version of his own principles. As to his private life, there are things, perhaps, gross and unworthy, and a public man has no private life. But unworthy if they be, they were not of the kind which seriously disable a public career. He was not

a corrupting pedantocrat like Guizot, nor a corrupted cynic like Thiers; he was not a king of gamblers like Napoleon, nor a king of jobbers like Louis Philippe. He was a jovial, unabashed son of Paris; without special refinement of life, or sensitive delicacy of conscience. We have yet no means of proving the truth of the stories that we hear of the kind of men who from time to time shared his intimacy, and of the enterprises or adventures to which he allowed himself to be made a more or less blinded accomplice. Let us leave these tales for time to reveal. However they turn out, the essential man in the main is known to us now. If he allowed himself familiarity with unworthy adventurers, certain it is, that in all parts of France he retained till his death the devoted attachment of the most honorable spirits of his country. If his name was used at times to back up a financial job, it is yet most clear that with portentous opportunities for serving himself, he neither made nor spent a fortune. If his policy was not always consistent with a high sense of honor, it was never dictated by vulgar ambition. Coarseness of nature, both in private and in public life, is no final bar to greatness in a statesman. The greatest names in political history have often been soiled with unedifying weakness and unscrupulous expedients. The statesmen of

history are as little the types of moral purity as the saints are types of practical sagacity. A statesman in an era like this is a man by necessity of compromise and expedients. His agents he takes as he finds them ; and he takes them with good and bad together. And when all this is said, we must judge them in the rough as they are. Energy and sagacity, and the genius to give the true lead to forty millions of men, are qualities of such transcendent value to mankind, that we must hail them at all costs wherever we find them. And these qualities were assuredly in Léon Gambetta.

What we propose is neither a history of Gambetta's life, nor a critical estimate of his nature and career. Take two or three points in his career which need no proving and no refining, and in these we may find enough to convince us that with him France and the cause of progress have lost a great force, one that ranks amongst the very few great personalities in modern politics.

I will take but four cardinal facts about his career, and consider him, firstly, as the true creator of the Republic ; secondly, as a type of the statesman of the people ; thirdly, as the representative of the union of order and progress ; and fourthly, as representative of the secular movement in politics.

In every one of these, and in all of them in

combination, Gambetta is the only French statesman of the first order whom the century has produced.

Of the first order? it is asked. Yes! Whatever judgment we may pass on his work there can be no real dispute about his power. He was hardly laid in his grave, when the very existence of the Republic was suddenly challenged, and through all ranks of Republicans a sudden panic arose, men's hearts failing them for fear. A week before his death, in spite of disquiet and confusion, the Constitution in France seemed as much a thing of course as the Constitution in England. A week after his burial every thing seemed an open question again, as on the eve of Sedan. He is the one Frenchman whom the keen statesmen of Germany took to be of paramount importance to Germany; he is the one Frenchman who represented something definite to every man throughout the civilized world possessing the simplest notion of politics; and he was the one Frenchman whose name and character were known to every elector in France. The death of Gambetta was to France what the death of Cavour was to Italy; what the death of Bismarck will be to Germany. At the day of his death he filled the minds of French politicians more than Guizot ever did, or Thiers, or any of the nameless Ministers of empire and monarchy—



more than Peel ever filled men's thoughts amongst us, more even than Gladstone does now. His brief hour of office was a mere interlude. He is almost the one Frenchman of our times who could fall from office without disappearing from public life. Office made no difference to his personal power, except that it hampered it by arousing a storm of jealousies. Death, as usual, is the true measure of greatness, and death has revealed to us with startling force what is the Republic with Gambetta and what it is without him. Right or wrong, this is power; this is one of those pre-eminent personalities which occur but now and then in a century. Here is the great man (it is one of those facts which we must take as facts, whether we like it or not), and it is with justice that his followers say: "Here is the man who is not of the order of the Jules Favres and the Jules Simons, or the Jules Ferrys, or even of the Thiers and the Guizots—here is a born leader of the order of the Dantons and the Hoches."

I. Take him as the creator of the Republic. There were three successive epochs in which Gambetta was the true author of the Republic: in 1868-9, in 1870-1, in 1876-8. For sixteen years the Empire had lain like a nightmare upon France; corrupting it from above, crushing it within, weakening it without, degrading and

stifling the entire French nation. All the better elements of the people revolted; all were ready for a resurrection—but who gave the word? Always and everywhere Gambetta. His energy, his courage, his faith in the Republic, his scorn of the Empire, rang like an electric shock through France. In November, 1868, the date of his famous speech, he was a briefless, unknown barrister. In the early spring of 1869, he was the rival, the terror, and the judge of the Empire. The Empire in these last two years shook and cowered before a young lawyer.

It is easy to say that hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen felt this, that Paris was seething with insurrection, and the whole thinking class, and the entire working class, was in defiance. True; but both wanted the tongue, the soul, the heart, and they found those in Gambetta. The Jules Simons, the Rocheforts, and Prévost Paradols, might write smart articles; Delescluze and Blanqui could conspire; but neither epigrams nor conspiracies could shake the Empire. It needed an agitator who was also a statesman. Gambetta was both; and he struck the Empire as neither fifty Jules Simons nor a hundred Blanquis could strike it.

The Empire ended, as we know, in an utter wreck; and again, on the morrow of Sedan, the Republic was the work of Gambetta. He

planned it, he organized it, he established it. In that shameful overthrow of France, in the winter of 1870, the one redeeming effort stood out clear; and again one man alone struck the imagination of Europe, of Germany, of France. Such a negation of all that is sound and manly as the Empire was, cannot afflict a people for a generation without leaving a heritage of blight and corruption; and with all my love for the French name and people, I cannot deny that in 1870 it had sunk as low as a nation can sink without death. From that torpor France was saved by the energy of Gambetta. That one man, a young, unknown, penniless lawyer of thirty-two, roused France from her slumber, upheld her banner against hopeless odds, made the French people feel again they were a people, and planted in their hearts the image of Republic instead of Empire. Then it was that the Republic was formed; Gambetta's name was made a household word in France. Into every village, from Ushant to Nice, from Dunkirk to St. Sebastian, the conscript of 1870 carried back the tale of a leader who had kept alive the French name. Since the days of the First Napoleon, no name had ever penetrated into every heart in France as did Gambetta's. He was the one man known to all living Frenchmen—man, woman, and child—and known as the inspirer of a new

sense—love of the country. He was the moral inspirer of the nation ; for he recalled the spirit of the men who fought at Valmy and Jemappes ; nay, it is no profanation to say it, he recalled Jeanne d' Arc herself. He restored the French nation to itself, giving France back to Europe as one of her great forces. This is the imperishable work of the Republic of 1870 ; and for this the Republic of 1870 will be remembered when Bismarck and Moltke and the German Empire are names for historical research.

It failed. Yes ! it failed, because the miserable monarchies and empires, which have succeeded each other in France since the Revolution, had crushed out of Frenchmen the national spirit ; and no energy or genius can make a nation in an hour. But I say it advisedly—now that twelve years have passed, and all the facts are known—that but for the intrigues and fears of men like Bazaine, and Trochu, and Thiers, and the wild intestine hatred that a generation of civil war had bred, and the feebleness and the selfishness that a generation of Empire had bred, the defence would have succeeded.

The Germans knew it, and feared it. It was impossible for Germany to conquer France had Frenchmen been true to themselves. The grandsons of the men who had repelled Europe

at five sides at once were conquered by a nation no bigger, and far less powerful in material resources, than themselves. I can never forget how Gambetta himself spoke of this to me. In a long conversation on the war, I asked him years after all was over: "Could, then, the defence have been continued in 1871?" "Certainly!" he groaned out bitterly, crunching his clasped hands. "Of course it could!" "Then why did they give in?" said I. "C' était le cœur qui leur manquait," he roared out, bounding off his seat, and his face purple with shame and rage. "Because they were out of heart," said he. And I felt what Danton had been in '93.

It is said this is not very much to have done. Gambetta was an eloquent talker, and did nothing but put into eloquent words the thoughts of thousands. In one sense that is true. The statesman *ex hypothesi* is not the original thinker; he is never the lonely discoverer of a peculiar truth. Nor is he the mere mouth-piece of other men's schemes. The man who touches the brains and hearts of his time with that sympathetic and guiding note which brings them to one act at the given time—the man who makes the current idea and the dominant feeling burn in thirty millions of spirits at once, who utters the true word at the right time—this is the statesman; and the man.

of this sort is rare and appears but once in a generation or two.

The work of Gambetta, in 1868, or in 1870, was in the main the work of a single idea. His work in 1877 was far more complex, and far more truly of the political sort. The great struggle in 1877 between Despotism and Republic—for that was the true issue then, as we now see—was in a marvellous sense the work of Gambetta. The long six months' struggle of France with the Government of Combat, the consummate skill with which all the Republican parties were restrained, sustained, and concentrated, the order, self-restraint, and discipline of the country under a series of reckless provocations, the grasp over an intricate network of electoral movements from one end of France to another, the marvellous success in face of desperate pressure, the ease, order, and completeness of the triumph, its liberal and noble spirit, and the rejection of all vindictive retaliation,—this was the work of Gambetta alone. I was myself at that time in all parts of France, and I was in constant intercourse with leaders of the movement in Paris and in the country. One and all would say: "We do not know the data ourselves, but Gambetta has the whole machinery of the party in his hands. He knows the facts in every constituency in France. He has them all in his head; he

assures us of success; and *we trust him*." France *did* trust him in 1877; and the Republic was made.

Thus three times the Republic was due to Gambetta: to his audacity in 1868, to his resolution in 1870, to his sagacity in 1877. And to be the foremost bold man, the foremost resolute man, the foremost sagacious man of your generation, is to be the great man. To be the great man who founds the Republic is to be the man of the century. I take of this century in Europe, Canning, Peel, Cobden, Gladstone, in England; Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, in Italy; Stein and Bismarck, in Germany; Deak and Kossuth, in Hungary; Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield, in America; and I say that the foundation of the Republic in France is a work far greater and more difficult than any which they undertook.

The Republic in France is the condition of all progress. The old Europe of feudalism cannot disappear, the new Europe of the people cannot begin, till the Republic is founded. It means the definite extinction of hereditary claims of every kind, the final admission of capacity and merit to every function in the State. The Republic is the issue of all modern history since the sixteenth century; it is the condition of all future progress since the eighteenth century ended. It is the great

political problem of modern Europe ; ripe for solution only in France ; already attained in a modified form by England ; still hovering in the balance elsewhere. But the problem of the nineteenth century is the establishment of the Republic in France ; and the man who as yet has done most to establish it is assuredly Léon Gambetta.

II. I take him next as the statesman of the new social strata ; and here again it is certain that no single politician in Europe within this century has been at once a foremost power in Europe, and a man of the people in origin, habit, interest, and sympathy. The type of Lincoln and Garfield is common enough in the United States. But in Europe, in this century, there has been no other example. Men like Cavour and Bismarck are great forces ; but they belong by race and training to the old feudal classes. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli did not belong to them by birth ; but their training and their habits were as much those of the governing classes as Lord Derby's or Lord Salisbury's. Mr. Gladstone has the popular fibre and the popular sympathy ; but he has never abandoned nor defied the old aristocratic orders. I do not say it would be wise for an English politician to do so ; but in France it is the condition of true Republican force. Neither Thiers, nor Grévy, nor any of the elder states-



men have ever stood forth as direct representatives of the people. Gambetta alone, of the men of European position, has done so. His memorable words, that the Government of France must pass to new social strata, was no idle phrase but a reality. Gambetta, even if for a moment he indulged in luxury, lived, and died, and was buried the son of the grocer of Cahors. He not only felt sympathy with the populace, but he never could cease to be of the populace himself. I have seen him within recent years myself living like any young beginner in literature or science, as completely a son of the people as when he talked and laughed in the Café Procope. I am far from saying that this is necessary or even desirable in every country in Europe; but in France it is. The only possible Republican ruler in France is the man of the people. And it is of prime importance to Europe to show that the son of a country shopman can reach the first place in his country before he is forty, and without ceasing to be the son of the shopman. And here again I say that it is a thing of great moment in the world that the death of the son of a provincial tradesman should be an event of European importance, and that he should have the burial of a chief of the State.

III. I take him next as the first modern Frenchman who combined revolutionary ends

with conservative methods—that is to say, who was resolved to carry out the principles of the Revolution, both those of 1789, 1791, and 1848, by means of popular conviction, and not of *coups-de-main* and terror. He was, as no other Frenchman in this century has been, trusted at once by the masses of the cities, and by the masses of the peasants. The workmen of the great cities of France are at present in a state of revolutionary excitement; the peasants and farmers of the country are the most purely conservative class in Europe. I mean by conservative, averse to all doubtful experiments, whether backward or forward. It is quite true that Gambetta was so conservative that he had lost a large part of his influence with the workmen of Paris and Lyons. He would probably, had he lived, have lost even more. But he died, by free vote, member for Belleville, the most insurgent quarter of Paris. He who did this at the same time possessed the confidence of the mass of the rural voters. This was to unite Order and Progress, as no other foremost politician of France has ever done in our time. They have to choose the one or the other—the changes desired by the mass of the workmen, or the permanence loved by the mass of the peasants. They are avowed Revolutionists or avowed Conservatives; men who, like Thiers and Grévy, influence the middle class without

influencing the workmen at all ; or men like Clémenceau, who lead the workmen, but have no influence with the rich and the peasantry. Gambetta was the one Frenchman of modern times who could induce the Revolutionists to follow constitutional means to their ends, whilst inducing the Conservatives to face and accept a new order of government. He had founded, and, had he lived, he would possibly have secured, what M. Lafitte has called an organic, progressive, Republican party.

He had hardly succeeded, when cut short in death. Nor can we be at all sure that in any case he would have succeeded in his task. The situation of France is extraordinarily difficult ; one that makes government for the moment almost impossible. The democratic mania (and by that I mean the passion of groups and of individuals to reject every centre of power but that which promotes their own particular nostrums),—this democratic frenzy has gone so far that we may well doubt if any government by opinion is now possible. Free government means government by consent of the governed, and by rational guidance of their convictions. But when a society has got into that state that the majority of energetic natures hold it as the first duty of a man not to be governed at all ; when opinion is in that state that in place of rational convictions society is

saturated with prejudices incompatible with each other, and agreeing only in being impervious to reason at all—then government (by conviction at least) is nearly a hopeless task. I am not saying that France has reached this hopeless state; but the democratic poison has gone nearly as far as is compatible with rational existence. We, to whom the Republic is the normal condition of the most advanced civilization, who call for a social and not a mere plutocratic Republic, are as far as ever from the democratic system. Let us explain these terms which are used so loosely in England. By republican government we mean that government which represents the mass of the people without privileged families of any kind, or any governing class, or any hereditary office. It is government in the name of the people, in the interests of all equally, in sympathy with the people; where, so far as the State is concerned, neither birth, nor wealth, nor class, give any prerogative whatever. We mean, in fact, by republican, what is on the lips of all English Liberals, but is so little to be found in English politics. By democracy we mean the direct control of the machinery of government by all citizens equally, or rather by such of them as can succeed in making themselves heard, and for the time paralyzing the rest. This government by everybody in turn is the

negation of the true republican government ; for in place of being the government by conviction and consent of the people in the interest of all, it is the arbitrary enforcement of a set of narrow interests by small groups in endless succession.

The virus of democracy (which, in the sense in which I use it, is so little republican or popular government, that it is rather a series of impotent tyrannies by petty groups),—the virus of democracy may have gone so far in France, that Gambetta would have attempted to organize it in vain. Certain it is, that with all his democratic training, and all his democratic habits, his very existence was an antidote to democracy. Every great personality, every national reputation, every creative political force, is in itself the negation of democracy. Democracy, or everybody ruling for his day in turn, and in the meantime, till his turn comes, furiously assailing every one whose turn is come, is hushed into silence by the very existence of a great man. A great statesman is *ipso facto* as fatal to democracy as a great general is incompatible with mutiny. I am not speaking of England or of the English Parliament, where different circumstances make different conditions. I am speaking of France to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that her one chance of good government lies in the hope

that her government will assume a personal and not a democratic form. By personal I do not mean despotic; certainly not military, nothing imperial, not a rule of bayonets, and prisons, and exile, and the state of siege; but the government of a capable man or men, freely accepted and followed by the will of an intelligent people. In a way we have something of the kind here; in a way they have something of the kind in America. The great chance of their having it in France lay in the future of Gambetta. I am far from saying that in such a situation even he would have succeeded; but his life offered chances of such a thing that we look for in vain in France.

Far be it from me to imply that we should approve of all his schemes, or even condone his later policy. I am free to acknowledge that of late I have earnestly repudiated many leading features of his policy. His attack upon the Catholic fraternities, his idea of a State Church, of a State education, of State public works, are contrary, I hold it, to any just and radical principles; whilst the miserable aggression in Tunis, and the criminal spoliation of Egypt, fill us with the warmest indignation. For the most part, in the last two years, I have found myself more often on the side of Clémenceau, and heartily desirous of seeing the policy of Clémenceau succeed.

But in the one great necessity of France, the formation of a governing party or power, perfectly republican, at once progressive and conservative, I ask myself if Clémenceau has the prospect of succeeding where Gambetta failed. By all means let us support him if prospect there be. But I am not sanguine. Clémenceau is so far unable to deal with democracy, in that he is himself a fanatical adherent of the democratic creed. To him the defeating of any personal power is the first duty of a citizen; whereas the formation of a personal power is the first necessity of the Republic. To him Opportunism is the worst of political crimes; whereas Opportunism is simply the basis of all true statesmanship. To him, the beginning and end of politics is the logical fulfilment of the Revolution; whereas the condition of fulfilling the Revolution is to make it the gradual development of Order. On all these grounds, although on so many a recent question I hold Clémenceau right and Gambetta wrong, we would have held to the party of Gambetta and not to that of Clémenceau. If we must choose between the Irreconcilables and the Opportunists, then Opportunism means practical government, and Irreconcilability means a pedantic doctrine. To have thrown over Gambetta for Clémenceau, is the very type of the democratic frenzy.

The one hope for France is the rise of a great republican chief. And circumstances had so worked that for the moment Gambetta was the only possible republican chief. Power in France rests in the hands of some seven or eight millions of electors; and these seven or eight millions know it, and mean to keep the power. Since the death of Louis Napoléon and Thiers, Gambetta's name was the one name of living Frenchmen which was known to every one of these millions. Grévy's is unknown to one third of them, perhaps; the name of Clémenceau is unknown to two thirds of them. The extraordinary events of 1870 had carried the name and the fame of Gambetta into every cottage and garret in France. Nothing that Clémenceau, or Grévy, or Jules Simon, or Rochefort, or any one of these could do, could bring their names or their characters before the mass of the electors. The good-sense of Grévy, the political logic of Clémenceau, are admirable forces; but they cannot reach the men who hold the power. They cannot speak in the tones which are heard through France; they cannot rouse the ideas of the distant sluggish millions. Grévy may issue a hundred messages, and Clémenceau may deliver a hundred speeches, but not one word of these will reach the dull ear of the herdsmen in the Morbihan, and the vine-



dressers of the Gironde, and the wood-cutters of the Jura, and the plowmen of the Beauce. But when Gambetta spoke, France heard it and knew it, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. The stout farmers and the shepherds and the peasants, from the Pas de Calais to the Pyrénées, and the workmen of Belleville, and of Perrache, and of the Cannebière, of Lille, and Bordeaux, and Rouen, and Hâvre—every Frenchman knew it and understood it, and, more or less, was moved or influenced by it. France is politically a bilingual nation. One half speaks a political language, and lives in a political world, which is wholly unknown to the other. They who address one half of the nation are incomprehensible to the other. Gambetta alone of modern Frenchmen was bilingual too. He found a language that both understood, and he alone could address France. He combined Order and Progress—that is, Revolutionary ends and a Conservative spirit. Here, then, was the political force. France is a democratic Republic, whose only possible government is a popular chief, Revolutionary by his genius and Conservative by his instincts. Such a one was Gambetta, and for my part, I see no other.

IV. I pass to the last of the points which remain to notice, and my words on this great man, or this great torso of a great man, are

ended. He is the one European statesman of this century who systematically and formally repudiated any kind of acceptance of theology. His Opportunist theory of a State Church was no doubt as wrong in principle as his persecution of the Catholic orders. But about his formal rejection of all theology there can be no doubt ; his life, his death, his burial, all alike bear witness to it. It is common enough with minor politicians of all types in France. But when we see the way in which the responsible rulers of France have entered into partnership with theology, when we remember all that in that line was done by the Bourbons, Napoléons, and Orleans, by men like Guizot and Thiers, McMahon and De Broglie, we see here a new thing—a statesman of the first rank in Europe who formally repudiates theology in any shape, the first ruler of France in this century who has chosen to rule on purely human sanctions. Had his rejection of theology been simply negative, had he been a mere sceptic like Thiers, or an empty scoffer like Rochefort, it is little that we should find to honor and respect in his secular belief. But the soul of Gambetta was not the soul of scoffer or sceptic. He had a religion in his soul, though he had neither God nor saint, though he never bowed the knee in the temple of Rimmon. His religion was France, an im-

perfect and but narrow image indeed of that Humanity which we meet here to acknowledge and to serve, but a part of that Humanity and an organ and an emblem of it. His religious life, like his political life, remained but a fragment and a hope. Both have closed at the age of forty-four. What a future might have lain beyond had he lived to the age of Thiers or Guizot!

It is a thing which the world will remember one day—that vast ceremony in Paris on the 6th of January last—such a funeral as no emperor ever had, a day that recalled the gathering of the dawn of the Revolution in 1789; when all France helped to bury the one Frenchman who stood before Europe as Bismarck and Gladstone alone of living men stand before Europe to-day; and from first to last in that throng where Paris did honor to the son of the dealer of Cahors, no Catholic emblem or priest was seen; not a thought but for the great human loss and human sorrow, not a word but of human and earthly hopes. For the first time in this century Europe looked on and saw one of its foremost men laid in his rest by a nation in grief without priest or church, prayer or hymn.

The nation laid him in his rest with an honor that no service of theology could equal. For death is peculiarly the sphere of the power and

resources of the religion of man. It will find for the last offices of its great sons noble words and affecting ceremonies, before which the requiems and the canticles of the Prayer-book will sound hollow and puerile enough. It will clothe the memory of the great man with all the memories of the servants of Humanity, whose work he has helped, and whose great company he has joined at last. On this day, in our calendar, we recall the hero-poet of Athens, the glorious Æschylus, who sang the song of the great battle with the Persian host, in which he bore so valiant a part. Methinks we hear again in his drama the chant of the warriors of the Republic, as the ships of the Athenians bore down on the invader: "Sons of the Greeks, come on, to free your country and your wives, your children and your homes!" And in the spirit of this immortal tradition of patriotic defence, let us remember with honor the great citizen who has been borne to the premature grave, wherein were laid the unrevealed future of Danton, and Hoche, and Condorcet, and Carrel.

## JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN the controversy which Swift's life and character have provoked, it has been extremely difficult hitherto to arrive at any quite satisfactory conclusion. Biographical criticism, like Biblical, is a progressive science. The critical method, which we have brought to comparative perfection, was almost unknown to our forefathers. Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets" is one of the best books of the time, for his arbitrary dogmatism was controlled and informed by an admirable common-sense ; but even Johnson often misleads. We do not speak of his criticism of poetry, for the canon of taste has changed since his day—as it may change again ; but the genuine spirit of inquiry is conspicuous by its absence. Even the lives of the men who might almost be called contemporary are treated as if the gossip of the club and the tittle-tattle of the coffee-house were the only available sources of information. Thus, until Walter Scott's memoirs were published, the real Swift was almost unknown. The growth of the Swift legend was indeed unusually rapid ; and if an

exacter criticism had not been brought to bear upon it in time, there is no saying to what proportions it might not have attained. The great Dean of St. Patrick's was becoming a grotesque and gigantic shadow. Scott was not a critic in the modern sense of the word; but his judgment, upon the whole, was sound and just, and his large humanity enabled him to read into the story much that a stricter scrutiny has since approved. The creative sympathy of genius is seldom at fault; for it works in obedience to the larger laws which govern human conduct, and if its methods are sometimes unscientific, its conclusions are generally reliable.

Scott has been followed by diligent students, and the researches of Mr. Mason, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Henry Craik may be considered exhaustive. All the documents that have any real bearing upon the controversy have been made accessible; and Mr. Craik's masterly *Life*, in particular, leaves little to be desired.<sup>1</sup> Much new matter has been recovered; much that was irrelevant has been set aside; and we

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Forster had only completed the first volume of the Dean's biography before his death; but the materials which he had accumulated, as well as those in the possession of Mr. John Murray and others, have been put at Mr. Craik's disposal, and his elaborate "*Life of Swift*" (London: John Murray, 1882) must for the future be regarded as the standard work on the subject. Mr. Leslie Stephen's "*Swift*," published last year, is an acute though somewhat unsympathetic study, in which Swift's great qualities are rather minimized.

think that a portrait, credible and consistent in its main lines, may now be constructed. After all deductions have been made, Jonathan Swift remains a great and imposing personality—as unique in that century as Benjamin Disraeli has been in ours.

The Dean himself is to some extent responsible for the gross caricature which has been commonly accepted as a faithful portrait by his countrymen. The intense force of his genius gave a vital energy to the merest trifles. His casual sayings have branded themselves upon the language. *Only a woman's hair—die like a poisoned rat in a hole—I am what I am—ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit,*—these letters of fire may be read through the darkness which has engulfed so much. But a true and complete estimate of a man's disposition and temper cannot be constructed out of scattered and isolated phrases. We must take these for what they are worth,—compare them, weigh them, find out their proper place and relative value in the narrative. The subtler lights and shades of character are necessarily missed in a sketch which busies itself exclusively with the occasional outburst—however vivid and impressive—of passion or remorse. Mr. Thackeray seldom hurts our sense of the becoming; but his slight and unconscientious treatment of one of the greatest satirists of the

world is, it must be sorrowfully admitted, a wellnigh unpardonable offence.

The leading events of Swift's life fall naturally into four main divisions: 1st, his school and college life; 2d, his residence with Sir William Temple; 3d, his London career, with its social, literary, and political triumphs; 4th, his Irish banishment. He was born in 1667; he died in 1745: so that his life may be said to cover nearly the whole period between the Restoration of Charles II and the last Jacobite rebellion.

Oliver Cromwell had been only a few years in his grave when Jonathan Swift was born. Swift was an Irishman, in so far as the place of birth determines nationality; but except for the accident that he was born in Dublin, he was, by extraction and temperament, an Englishman. He came of a good Hereford stock, and he was proud of his ancestry. "My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours," he says to Bolingbroke—an admission which he might safely make, for St. John had a strain of Tudor blood in his veins. The Dean's grandfather had been vicar of Goodrich, and had been distinguished during the Civil War for the heartiness and obstinacy of his loyalty. But loyalty was a losing game in England at the time. So it came about that several



of the vicar's sons were forced to cross the Irish Channel, and try their luck in the Irish capital. The eldest, Godwin, through his connection with the Ormond family, was fairly successful; but the younger brother, Jonathan, when he married Abigail Erick, had still his fortune to make. He died a year or two afterward, leaving his widow wellnigh penniless. So that when Jonathan the second made his appearance in this bad world on the last day of November, 1667, the outlook was by no means bright.

The widow contrived, however, to struggle on hopefully, and indeed remained to the end a bright, keen, thrifty, uncomplaining, capable sort of woman, much regarded by her son. In course of time she was able to get away from Dublin to her native country, where the Ericks had been known more or less since the days of that Eadric the forester, from whom they claimed descent, and settled herself in Leicester, where she seems to have been well esteemed, and to have led the easy, blameless, unexciting life of a provincial town for many years. Her son had become famous before she died; but he was always loyal and affectionate to the cheery old lady, though their relations, perhaps, were never so intimate and endearing as those which united his mother to Pope,—

“ Whose filial piety excels  
Whatever Grecian story tells.”

But he frequently went to see her—walking the whole way, as was his habit ; and on her death he recorded his sorrow in words so direct and simple that they cling to the memory : “ *I have now lost my barrier between me and death.* God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there.”

Swift was thus cast upon the charity of his friends from his earliest infancy. When barely a year old, indeed, he was secretly taken to Whitehaven by his nurse, who belonged to that part of the country, and who could not bring herself to part from her charge. The little fellow appears to have thriven in that homely companionship. He remained with her for three years ; and before he was brought back to Ireland he could read, he tells us, any chapter of the Bible. Soon after his return to Dublin he was sent by his Uncle Godwin to the grammar-school at Kilkenny—the famous academy where Steele and Congreve and Berkeley received their early training. From Kilkenny the lad went to Trinity College,—but his university career was undistinguished ; he failed to accommodate himself to the traditional course of study, and it was with

some difficulty that he obtained his degree. The sense of dependence pressed heavily upon him ; he was moody and ill at ease—at war with the world, which had treated him scurvily, as he thought ; and more than once he threatened to break into open revolt.

The Celtic rebellion of 1688 drove him, with a host of English fugitives, across the Channel—not unwillingly, we may believe. He joined his mother at Leicester ; but before the close of 1689, he had obtained a post in the household of Sir William Temple. Sir William was living at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey—a wild and romantic district even now, and which two centuries ago was a natural wilderness of heath and furze. In the centre of this wilderness Sir William had created a sort of Dutch paradise—had planted his tulips, had dug his canals, had filled his fish-pond. The somewhat ponderous affability of the retired diplomatist was looked upon as rather old-fashioned, even by his contemporaries ; and it is not difficult to believe that the relations between him and the raw and inexperienced Irish secretary must have been at first, at least, a trifle strained and difficult. But we are rather inclined to think that the residence with Temple was not the least happy period of Swift's life. He was in his early manhood ; he spent much of his time in the open air ; he

had a plentiful store of books to fall back upon during rainy weather ; the first promptings of genius and ambition were making themselves felt ; he saw on occasion the great men who were moving the world ; and after some inevitable misunderstandings he became indispensable to Temple, who " often trusted him," as he says, " with affairs of great importance." Then there was little Esther Johnson,—the delicate pupil who had already found a soft place in her master's heart, and whose childish prattle has been immortalized in words that are as fresh and sweet to-day as the day they were written. If it is true that " A Tale-of a Tub," as well as " The Battle of the Books," was composed at Moor Park, the stories of his vulgar servitude and wearing misery are finally disposed of. The glow, the animation, the brightness of the narrative, are characteristic of a period of fine and true happiness—the happiness of the creative intellect in its earliest and least mechanical exercise.

When Swift left Moor Park in 1699, his education was complete. He was fitted by nature to play a great part in great affairs ; and besides his unique natural gifts, he was now in every sense a man of culture and accomplishment. The discipline at Moor Park had been altogether salutary ; and we have no reason to suppose that he felt himself degraded by the

position which he had occupied, and the duties he had discharged. A bitter and dreary childhood had been succeeded by years of dependence and privation; but at Moor Park, for the first time, he entered a secure haven, where, released from the stress of the storm, he had leisure to look about him, and to prepare himself for action.

It was not for some years after Temple's death that Swift became a noticeable figure in the metropolis. He was mostly in Ireland. He had become a clergyman before he finally left Moor Park; and he now held one or two inconsiderable livings in the Irish Church. The congregations were small; the duties were light; and he had a good deal of spare time on his hands. All his life he was a great walker (Mr. Leslie Stephen, himself an eminent mountaineer, is ready to fraternize with this possible member of the Alpine Club)—the sound mind within the sound body being with Swift largely dependent upon constant and even violent exercise. At this period—indeed during his whole career, but more especially at this time—these long solitary rambles are a noticeable feature in Swift's life. He walks from London to Leicester, from Leicester to Holyhead, from Dublin to Laracor—sleeping at roadside taverns, hobnobbing with wandering tinkers and incurious rustics, watching the men at

their work, the women at their cottage-doors. He had a great liking for this kind of life, and he loved the country after a fashion of his own : he recalls through the smoke of London the willows of Laracor, and when he is too moody to consort with his fellow-mortals, he goes down to the vicarage and shuts himself up in his garden.

It was in London, however, that his true life was passed. There the great game was being played in which he longed to join. He soon acquired celebrity—celebrity that in one sense cost him dear. From the day that “*A Tale of a Tub*” was published, he was a famous man. But it was a fame that rather scandalized Queen Anne and the orthodox school of Churchmen ; and Swift could never get himself made a bishop,—a dignity which he mainly coveted, it is probable, because it implied secular and political as well as spiritual lordship. There is no doubt that Swift was a sincere believer in what he held to be the main truths of Christianity<sup>1</sup> ; but his ridicule was terribly keen, and the mere trappings of religion fared ill at his hands. There is no saying now how far his destructive logic might have been car-

---

<sup>1</sup> The prayers composed by Swift for Mrs. Esther Johnson on her death-bed are very interesting in this connection, and should be read attentively. They seem to us to show, along with much else, that whatever speculative difficulties he may have experienced, he had accepted Christianity, as a rule of life and faith, with sincere and even intense conviction.

ried ; there seems indeed to be a general consent among experts that it would have spared little. For our own part, we are not prepared to admit that the corruptions of religion—superstition and fanaticism—cannot be assailed except by the sceptic or the unbeliever. Swift did not attack the Church of England ; but *that*, it is said, was only an accident. “ Martin is not ridiculed ; but with the attacks on Peter and John before us, it is impossible not to see that the same sort of things might be said of him as are said of them, and with the same sort of justice. What a chapter Swift might have written on the way in which Martin made his fortune by bribing the lawyers to divorce the squire when he wanted to marry his wife’s maid ; how he might have revelled in description of the skill with which Martin forged a new will in thirty-nine clauses, and tried to trip up Peter, and actually did crop Jack’s ears, because they each preferred their own forgery to his ! ” Well, but suppose Swift had said all this,—would he have said any thing more than Pusey, Keble, and a crowd of Church of England dignitaries have been saying now for many years past, without any suspicion of irreligion, or scepticism, or even of dangerous logical insight ? In short, the substance of religion is independent of its accidents, which are often mean and grotesque ; and the mean and the

grotesque, in whatever shape, are fit subjects for satire—which, in the hands of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, an Erasmus, or a Swift, may undoubtedly become the most effective of all weapons in the cause of truth and common-sense. “‘A Tale of a Tub,’” Sir Walter Scott remarked very truly, “succeeded in rendering the High Church party most important services; for what is so important to a party in Britain as to gain the laughs to their side?” Mr. Leslie Stephen, with unlooked-for and unaccustomed timidity, replies: “The condition of having the laughs on your side is to be on the side of the laughs. Advocates of any serious cause feel that there is danger in accepting such an alliance.” But Erasmus, who contrived to get the laughs on his side, had nearly as much to do with the Reformation of ecclesiastical abuses in the sixteenth century as Luther or Calvin had. Swift’s ridicule may have had a wider sweep, and may have involved even graver issues; but we do not see that it was *destructive*—that is, inimical to and inconsistent with a rational conception of Christianity—in the sense at least that David Hume’s was destructive.

Addison’s Travels were published in 1705, and he sent a copy to Swift with these words written upon the fly-leaf: “To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most Agreeable Companion, the



Truest Friend, and the Greatest Genius of his Age, this Book is Presented by his most Humble Servant, the Author." So that even thus early Swift's literary pre-eminence must have been freely recognized—at least among the Whigs, of whom Addison was the mouth-piece. Swift at this time was held to be a Whig; but in truth he cared little for party. He had, indeed, a passionate and deeply-rooted love of liberty,—

"Better we all were in our graves,  
Than live in slavery to slaves,"—

but the right divine of the oligarchy to govern England was a claim that could not evoke much enthusiasm. The principles for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold were getting somewhat threadbare; and Swift was too clear-sighted to be in favor of popular rule. "The people is a lying sort of beast, and I think in Leicester above all other parts that ever I was in." At Moor Park, however, he had been under the roof of a statesman who was closely identified with the Revolution Settlement. The king himself had not been an unfrequent visitor; and it was natural that Swift, when he went out into the world, should take with him the politics of his patron. But they always sat loosely upon him. He did not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs. So he said at a later

period of life ; and his earliest pamphlet was an earnest and spirited protest against the bitterness of faction. It recommended him to the Whig chiefs, who were then in the minority, and who were ready to welcome an ally who could prove from classical antiquity that their impeachment was a blunder. But when the victories of Marlborough had restored them to office, it cannot be said that Somers and Halifax exerted themselves very strenuously in behalf of their *protégé*. So late as the spring of 1709 he was able to tell the latter that the copy of the "Poésies Chrésiennes" which he had begged of him on parting was the only favor he ever received from him or his party. There were obstacles in the way, no doubt ; but it is difficult to suppose that if they had pressed his claims, they could not have made him an Irish bishop or an English dean. The rewards of letters in that age were splendid ; and Swift's fame was rivalled only by Addison's. But the truth is, that there was from the first little sympathy between the oligarchy which governed England and this strong and trenchant intellect. Swift, moreover, was an ardent Churchman, who hated fanaticism and the fanatical sects ; whereas the Whigs were lukewarm Churchmen, and rather addicted to Dissent. Macaulay says that when Harley and St. John succeeded in displacing Godolphin,

Swift "ratted." The charge appears to us to be unfounded. Swift had shaken the dust of Whiggery off his feet before the prosecution of Sacheverell had been commenced. The alienation was even then virtually if not nominally complete. The leaders of the party had treated him badly, and were ready, he believed, to treat the Church badly if they dared. So that for some time before the Tories returned to office in 1710, he had been slowly but surely drifting into Toryism. Harley and St John were resolved to have him at any price,—he was the only man they feared; but they would hardly have ventured to approach him if his Whiggery had been very pronounced. The unconventional habits of the new Ministers were delightful to one who detested convention. They were weighted with great affairs; but he always found them, he declared, as easy and disengaged as school-boys on a holiday. He was charmed by the easy familiarity of the Lord Treasurer; he was captivated by the adventurous genius of the Secretary<sup>1</sup>; and affec-

---

<sup>1</sup> "I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew: wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good-nature, and good-manners, generous, and a despiser of money."—*Swift to Stella*. We do not enter here into the merits of the political measures advocated by Swift, and carried out by St. John and Harley; but we cannot say that Mr. Craik does any thing like justice to St. John, whose immense capacity has extorted the admiration of his bitterest critics, whose foreign policy was approved by Macaulay, and whose "free and noble style" was praised by Jeffrey.

tion and admiration completed what the *sæva indignatio* may have begun. The ill-concealed antagonisms, the long-suppressed resentments, burst out with full force in *The Examiner*. Nowhere have the narrow traditions of the Whigs been more trenchantly exposed. "They impose a hundred tests ; they narrow the terms of communion ; they pronounce nine parts in ten of the country heretics, and shut them out of the pale of their Church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among us, how come they to allow so little of it in politics, which is their sole religion ?" "They come," he exclaims in another place—"they come with the spirits of shopkeepers to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms ; as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs and the curing of herrings. But God be thanked," he adds, "they and their schemes are vanished, and their place shall know them no more." This is not the language of a deserter who, from interested motives, has gone over to the enemy ; there is, on the contrary, the energy of entire conviction.

From 1710 to 1714 St. John and Harley were in office. These were Swift's golden years. He enjoyed the consciousness of power ; and now he had the substance of it, if not the show. He was by nature a ruler of men ; and now his

authority was acknowledged and undisputed. It must be confessed—as even Dr. Johnson is forced to confess—that during these years Swift formed the political opinions of the English nation.

He was still in his prime. When Harley became Lord Treasurer, Swift had not completed his forty-third year, and his bodily and mental vigor was unimpaired. The man who had hitherto led a life of penury and dependence, had found himself of a sudden in possession of a most wonderful weapon—the sword of sharpness or the coat of darkness of the fairy tale—which made him a match for the greatest and the strongest. It was an intoxicating position ; but, upon the whole, he bore himself not ignobly. That there was always a certain masterfulness about him need not be doubted ; but the roughness of his manner and the brusqueness of his humor have certainly been exaggerated. The reports come to us from those who saw him in later and evil days, when he was suffering from bodily pain and the irritability of incipient madness. But in 1710 the “imperious and moody exile” was the most delightful company in the world. The “conjured spirit” had been exorcised by the spell of congenial work, and its owner was bright, ardent, and unwearied in the pursuit of business and pleasure. Swift had unquestionably that personal charm

which is so potent in public life. Men were drawn to him as by a magnet ; for women—for more than one woman at least—he had an irresistible attraction. He was not tall ; but his figure was certainly not “ ungainly,” and his face was at once powerful and refined. There was a delicate curve of scorn about the lips ; though he was never known to laugh, his eyes were bright with mirth and mockery,—“ azure as the heavens,” says Pope, “ and with a charming archness in them.” Poor Vanessa found that there was something awful in them besides ; but that was later. Altogether he must have been, so far as we can figure him now, a very noticeable man,—the blue eyes shining archly under the black and bushy eyebrows—the massive forehead—the dimpled chin—the aquiline nose—the easy and confident address—the flow of ready mother-wit—the force of a most trenchant logic : except St. John, there was probably no man in England at the time who, taken all round, was quite a match for the famous Irish vicar.

The death of Queen Anne was nearly as mortal a blow to Swift as to St. John. It meant banishment for both. Yet the great qualities of the men were accentuated by evil fortune. “ What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us !” St. John exclaimed on the day he fell ; and a week later he wrote to Swift :—

“ Adieu ; love me, and love me better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt I keep up my spirit—am neither dejected at what is past, nor apprehensive of what is to come. *Mea virtute me involvo.*” “ Swift,” said Arbuthnot, “ keeps up his noble spirit ; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries.”

Swift returned to Ireland in 1714. He had been appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick’s by his Tory friends ; and he applied himself, on his return, with zeal and assiduity to the duties of his charge. But though he bore himself stoutly, he was in truth a soured and disappointed man. The company of great friends had been scattered. He was remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay. He detested Ireland,—“ Thou wilt not leave my soul in *hell*,” he had said to Oxford not long before. But the irony of fate had been too strong for him, and the rest of his life was to be spent among a people whom he despised. He came back under a cloud of unpopularity. He was mobbed more than once in the streets of Dublin. But nature had made him a ruler of men—in Ireland as elsewhere. Soon he rose to be its foremost citizen. The English Whigs had treated Ireland with gross injustice ; and the wrongs of Ireland was a ready theme for the patriot and

the satirist. The Irish people were not ungrateful. "Come over to us," he had once written in his grand way to Addison, "and we will raise an army, and make you king of Ireland." He himself for many years was its virtual ruler. "When they ask me," said the accomplished Carteret, who had been Lord-Lieutenant, "how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift." Walpole would have been glad more than once to punish the audacious Churchman, but the risk was too great. During the prosecution of the printer of the "Drapier Letters," the popular determination found appropriate expression in a well-known passage of Holy Writ: "Shall JONATHAN die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued JONATHAN, that he died not." And when, at a later period, exasperated by a peculiarly bitter taunt, the Minister threatened to arrest the Dean, he was dissuaded by prudent friends. The messengers of the law would require to be protected by the military—could he spare ten thousand men for the purpose? "Had I held up my little finger," Swift said to Walpole's ally, the Primate Boulter, who had been expostulating with him on his violence—"had I held up my little



finger, they would have torn you to pieces.”<sup>1</sup> Bonfires blazed on his birthday. In every town of Ireland that he visited, he was received “as a sovereign prince.” When he went from Dublin to the provinces, it was like a royal progress. On his return in 1727 from the last visit he paid to England, the vessel in which he crossed the Channel was signalled in Dublin Bay. “The corporation met the ship in wherries, the quays were decked with bunting, the bells were rung, and the city received in gala fashion her most beloved citizen.”

But all was unavailing. The gloomy shadows gathered more closely around him. Vanessa was dead ; Stella was dead ; one by one the great friends had dropped away. He was tortured by a profound misanthropy—the misanthropy of the man who sees too clearly and feels too keenly. For many years before his death he read on his birthday that chapter of Job in which the patriarch curses the day on which it was said in his father’s house that a man-child was born. “Gulliver” is one of the great books of the world ; but the hopeless rage against the race of mortals in the closing chapters is almost too terrible. For many years Swift was one of the most wretched of men.

---

<sup>1</sup>On another occasion, a great crowd having assembled to witness an eclipse of the sun, Swift sent round the bellman to intimate that the eclipse had been postponed by the Dean’s orders, and the crowd forthwith dispersed.

The gloom never lightened—the clouds never broke. It must have been almost a relief when total darkness came—if such it was. But that is the worst of madness—we cannot tell if the unconsciousness, the oblivion, is absolute. Behind the veil the tortured spirit may prey upon itself. He had asked to be taken away from the evil to come ; but his prayer was not granted. He would have rejoiced exceedingly to find the grave ; but he was forced to drink the cup to the dregs. *For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.*<sup>1</sup> During the last four years of his life this famous wit, this prodigious intellect, was utterly prostrated. Only a broken sentence came at long intervals from his lips : “ Go, go ! ” “ Poor old man ! ” “ I am what I am.” The picture is darker than any he has drawn,—it is a more bitter commentary on the irony of human life than any thing that Gulliver witnessed in all his travels. The end came on the 19th of October, 1745.

Such is a brief sketch of the chief incidents of Swift's life,—brief, but sufficient perhaps to enable us to follow with sympathy and understanding some of the questions on which controversy has arisen. “ Without sympathy,” as Mr. Craik has well said, “ few passages of Swift's life are fairly to be judged.” There are

---

<sup>1</sup> Job, iii, 25.

a good many side issues that come up incidentally for judgment; but the main controversy, out of which the others emerge, is concerned with the relations which the Dean maintained with Stella and Vanessa.

If we examine with any care the indictment that has been prepared by Jeffrey, Macaulay, Thackeray, and others, we find that the charges against Swift may be stated somewhat thus: He was parsimonious and avaricious, a self-seeker and a cynic, brutal to the weak and abject to the strong, a factious Churchman, a faithless politician, coarse in language and overbearing in manner. Some of these allegations have been disposed of by what has been already said: that there was an essential consistency, for instance, in his political opinions, that he did not "rat" in any base or vulgar sense, seems to us to be incontestable; and it will be found, we think, that most of the other charges rest on an equally slender basis of fact, on equally palpable misconstructions. Indeed, the more we examine the Dean's life, the more obvious does it become that his vices leaned to virtue's side, and that the greatness of his nature asserted itself strongly and unequivocally in his very weaknesses.

One initial difficulty there is—Swift had a habit of putting his worst foot foremost. He detested hypocritical pretence of every kind;

and in speaking of himself he often went to the other extreme. A subtle vein of self-mockery runs through his letters, which incapacity and dulness may easily misconstrue. Pope understood it ; Bolingbroke understood it ; but the solemn badinage of his own actions and motives, in which he liked to indulge, when taken as a serious element by serious biographers, has been apt to lead them astray. Swift, in short, was a singularly reticent man, who spoke as little as possible about his deeper convictions, and who, when taxed with amiability, or kind-heartedness, or generosity, or piety, preferred to reply with an ambiguous jest.

The Dean's alleged meanness in money matters is easily explained. The iron had entered into his soul. He had known at school and college what penury meant ; and he deliberately resolved that by no act of his own would he again expose himself to the miseries of dependence. But he was not avaricious,—from a very early period he gave away one tenth of his narrow income in charity. He saved, as some has said, not that he might be rich, but that he might be liberal. Such thrift cannot be condemned ; on the contrary, it is virtue of a high order—the virtue which the strenuous Roman extolled. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. He went out of his way to help others. His temper was naturally generous.

It may be said, quite truly, that he valued power mainly because it enabled him to push the fortunes of his friends. He excused himself indeed in his characteristic fashion. To help his friends was to him so much of a pleasure, that it could not be a virtue.

The charge that he was ready to push his own fortunes by any means however base, seems to us to be capable of even more emphatic refutation. Thackeray says that Swift was abject to a lord. The truth is, that no man was ever more independent. The moment that Harley hurt his sense of self-respect by an injudicious gift, he broke with him. The Treasurer had taken an unpardonable liberty, and must apologize. "If we let these great Ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them," he wrote to Stella. He recognized true greatness cordially wherever he found it, and real kindness subdued him at once. But the mere trappings of greatness—the stars and garters and ribbons—had no effect upon his imagination:—

"Where titles give no right or power,  
And peerage is a withered flower."

He loved Oxford; he loved Bolingbroke; but he did not love them better than he loved Pope and Gay and Arbuthnot. He left Somers and Halifax when he thought they were play-

ing the Church false ; but the Tory chiefs who had been kind to him, though one was in exile and the other in the Tower, were never mentioned by him without emotion. He offered to share Oxford's imprisonment ; and nothing would induce him to bow the knee to Walpole. He was anxious, indeed, to obtain promotion ; he would have been well pleased if his friends had made him a bishop ; but the anxiety was quite natural. If there had been any show of neglect, if the men for whom he had fought so gallantly had affected to under-rate his services and to overlook his claims, his self-respect would have been wounded. The feeling was precisely similar to that of the soldier who fails to receive the ribbon or the medal which he has earned. But Swift was not *greedy* either of riches or of fame,—so long as he was able to keep the wolf from the door, the most modest competence was all that he asked. He had none of the irritable vanity of the author ; all his works were published anonymously ; and he manifested a curious indifference to that posthumous reputation—"the echo of a hollow vault"—which is so eagerly and vainly prized by aspiring mortals. Nor did he give a thought to the money value of his work—Pope, Mrs. Barber, the booksellers, might have it, and welcome. What he really valued was the excitement of the cam-

paign: in the ardor of the fight he sought and found compensation. "A person of great honor in Ireland used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment." And he says elsewhere: "I myself was never very miserable while my thoughts were in a ferment, for I imagine a dead calm is the troublesomest part of our voyage through the world." These and similar avowals are very characteristic. The cool, poetic woodland was not for this man. He could not go and lie down on the grass, and listen to the birds, and be happy like his innocent rustics. One may pity him, but censure surely is stupidly unjust. Not only were his faculties in finest working order at the supreme and critical juncture, when the fortune of battle was poised in the balance, but the noise of the guns and the shouts of the combatants drove away the evil spirit which haunted him. Absorbed in the great game, he forgot himself and the misery which at times was wellnigh intolerable. For all his life a dark shadow hung over him, and only when drinking "delight of battle with his peers" might he escape into the sunshine. It must never be forgotten that Swift suffered not merely from almost constant bodily discomfort, but from those dismal forebodings of mental decay which are even more trying than the reality.

We need not wonder that such a man should have been cynical. The profound melancholy of his later years was unrelieved by any break of light ; but even in his gayest time the gloom must have been often excessive. The scorn of fools,—

‘ Hated by fools and fools to hate,  
Be that my motto and my fate,’—

is the burdén of his earliest as of his latest poetry.

“ My hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed  
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed ! ”

Alas ! it hurt himself as much as, or even more than, the fools and sinners ; so that at the end, when his hand had lost its cunning, as he thought, and the curtain was about to drop, he entreated Pope to give them one more lash at his request. “ Life is not a farce,” he adds, —“ it is a ridiculous tragedy, which is the worst kind of composition ” ; and then (it belongs to the same period, and certainly shows no failure of power) he proceeds to draw that tremendous picture of the day of judgment, which, if he had left nothing more, would alone prove to us that Swift’s intense satirical imagination was of the highest order :—

“ While each pale sinner hung his head,  
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said :  
‘ Offending race of human kind,  
By reason, nature, learning, blind,



You who through frailty step'd aside,  
And you who never fell—through pride ;  
You who in different sects were shamm'd,  
And come to see each other damn'd  
(So some folks told you, but they knew  
No more of Jove's designs than you),  
The world's mad business now is o'er,  
And I resent these pranks no more.  
I to such blockheads set my wit !  
I damn such fools !—Go, go, you 're *bit*."

Strange as it may appear to some, the man who wrote these terrible lines was a man whose heart was intensely sensitive, whose affections were morbidly acute, who could not bear to see his friends in pain. His cynicism melted into pity at a word. "I hate life," he exclaims, when he hears that Lady Ashburnham is dead,—“I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many wretches burdening the earth, when such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life to be a blessing.” Little Harrison, in whom he had interested himself, is taken dangerously ill, and he has not the courage to knock at the “poor lad’s” door to inquire. “I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I did not dine with Lord Treasurer, or anywhere else, but got a bit of meat toward evening.” When the letter came

telling him that Gay was dead, he knew by instinct—"an impulse foreboding some misfortune"—what it contained, and could not open it for days. And when Stella was ill, his anguish was greater than he could bear. "What am I to do in this world? I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer."

And yet at times—it cannot be denied—Swift could be simply brutal. When his passion was roused he was merciless. He struck out like a blind man—in a sort of frantic rage. He raved—he stormed—he lost self-control—he was taken possession of by his devil. The demoniac element was at times strong in Swift: somewhere or other in that mighty mind there was a congenital flaw which no medicine could heal. The lamentable coarseness of much that he wrote is likewise symptomatic of disease. But, as we have said, it is unfair to judge him by the incidents of his closing years. The profound misanthropy grew upon him. At first it was clearness of vision,—at last it was bitterness of soul. But it did not overpower him till he had passed middle life, till his ambition had been foiled, till he had been driven into exile, till Stella was dead, till he was tortured by almost constant pain, till the shadows of a yet deeper darkness were closing round him.

The story of Swift's relations with Stella and

Vanessa is one of those somewhat mysterious episodes in literary history which continue to baffle criticism. The undisputed facts are briefly these: That Swift became acquainted with Esther Johnson (Stella) at Sir William Temple's; that he directed the girl's studies; that a romantic friendship sprang up between them; that soon after Sir William's death she went, on Swift's advice, to reside in Ireland, where she had a small estate, and where living was relatively cheaper than in England; that though they always lived apart, the early attachment became closer and more intimate; that about 1708 he was introduced to the Vanhomrigh family in London; that Hester Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) fell violently in love with him; that she followed him to Ireland; that she died in 1723, soon after a passionate scene with the man she loved; and that Stella died in 1728, and was buried in the cathedral—close to the grave where the Dean was afterward laid. These are the bare facts, which have been very variously construed by critics, and of which we now proceed to offer the explanation which appears to fit them most nearly. But, in doing so, it is necessary to dismiss at the outset the common assumption, that relations of close friendship between a man and woman are abnormal and unaccountable unless they end in marriage. What we assert is, that

the devotion of Swift to Esther Johnson was the devotion of friendship, not of love; and that from this point of view only does the riddle admit of even approximate solution.

Swift, as we have seen, had resolved early in life that no temptation would induce him to barter his independence. With the object of securing a modest competence, he practised the most rigid economy. He had no fortune of his own, and his beggarly Irish livings afforded him at most a bare subsistence. A heavy burden of debt—more than a thousand pounds—attached to the deanery on his appointment. Thus he was growing old before, with the views which he entertained, he was in a position to marry. And he was not a man to whom “love in a cottage” could have offered any attractions. “He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the Prince of it,” he said of Marlborough. Swift was not mercenary as the Duke was mercenary; but the last infirmity of noble minds was probably his ruling passion. The oracle of a country town, tied to a dull and exacting wife, he would have fretted himself to death in a year. He needed the pressure of action to prevent him from growing gloomy and morose. Nor was mere irritability, or even the *sæva indignatio*, the worst that he had to apprehend. His health was indifferent; he suffered much from deafness and giddiness,

—caused, it is asserted, by some early imprudence, a surfeit of ripe fruit or the like, but more or less closely connected, it is probable, with the mental disease which seems to have run in the family—his uncle Godwin having died in a mad-house. “I shall be like that tree,” he is reported to have said many years before his own death, pointing to an elm whose upper branches had been withered by lightning; “I shall die at the top.” Even in early manhood he had confessed that he was of a “cold temper”; and he spoke of love—the absurd passion of play-books and romances—only to ridicule it. His opinion of marriage, in so far as he himself was interested, may be gathered from a letter written when he was five-and-twenty: “The very ordinary observations I made, without going half a mile from the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then I am so hard to please myself, that *I suppose I shall put it off to the next world.*” This may have been said partly in jest; but a man so situated, and with such antecedents, may very reasonably have asked himself whether he was entitled to marry. Friendship, on the other hand, was a noble emotion; he never wearies of singing its praise. And he acted up to his persuasion: if Swift

was a bitter foe, he was at least a constant and magnanimous friend.

Yet, by some curious perversity, the man to whom love was a by-word was forced to sound the deeps and to explore the mysteries of passion.

One of Swift's resolutions, recorded in the curious paper of 1699, "When I come to be old," was, "not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly." Esther Johnson, the only child who up to that time had come very close to him, was then just leaving her childhood behind her—she was seventeen years old. The delicate girl had matured or was maturing into a bright and charming woman. It is admitted on all hands that Stella was worthy of Swift's—indeed of any man's—regard. She had great good-sense; her conversation was keen and sprightly; and though latterly inclining to stoutness, her figure was then extremely fine. The face was somewhat pale; but the pallor served to heighten the effect of her brilliantly dark eyes and unusually black hair. "Hair of a raven black," says Mrs. Delaney; "her hair was blacker than a raven," says Swift. In society she was much esteemed; she had a touch of Addison's courteous and caressing manner, though later on, among her Irish friends, she rose to be a sort of queen, and became possibly a little peremptory and

dictatorial. But she seems at all times (in spite of a brief fit of jealous passion now and again) to have been a true, honest, sound-hearted, modest woman. She herself attributes her superiority to the common foibles of her sex to Swift's early influence; and in one of the latest birthday poems he sent her, he does ample justice to her candor, her generosity, and her courage:—

“ Your generous boldness to defend  
An innocent and absent friend ;  
That courage which can make you just  
To merit humbled in the dust ;  
The detestation you express  
For vice in all its glittering dress ;  
That patience under tort'ring pain,  
Where stubborn Stoics would complain :  
Must these like empty shadows pass,  
Or forms reflected from a glass ? ”

There can be no doubt that for Stella, Swift had a great compassion, a true tenderness. The innocent child had been, as it were, thrown upon his care; she grew up to girlhood at his side; he was her guardian, her schoolmaster, her nearest friend. But so far as he was concerned, there never was any thought of love between them,—a schoolmaster might address a favorite pupil, a father a beloved child, in precisely the same language that Swift addressed to Stella. It was friendship—friendship of the closest and most endearing character,

but friendship only—that united them. His tone throughout, from first to last, was perfectly consistent :—

“ Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,  
When first for thee my harp I strung,  
Without one word of Cupid's darts,  
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts ;  
With friendship and esteem possess'd,  
I ne'er admitted love a guest.” <sup>1</sup>

This was the language that he held to Tisdale in 1704, soon after Esther had gone to Ireland; this was the language he held to Stopford when she was dying. If he had ever thought of marriage he would have chosen Stella: but “ his fortunes and his humor ” had put matrimony out of the question ; and his experience had been that violent friendship was as much engaging and more lasting than violent love. Every care was taken to make the nature of the relation clear to the world ; and in point of fact, no scandal came of it.

The “ little language ” in which so many of the letters and journals are written, seems to us to point to the same conclusion. Swift dwells upon Esther's charming babyhood with the sweetness and tenderness of parental reminiscence. That innocent babble—the babble of our children before they have quite mastered the difficulties of speech—had a perennial

---

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1720—three or four years after the alleged marriage.



charm for him, as—through him—it has for us. “I assure zu it um velly late now ; but zis goes to-morrow. Nite, darling rogues.” He has as many pet names for Stella as a fond father has for a pet daughter. She is Saucebox and Sluttakins, and dear, roguish, impudent, pretty MD, and politic Madame Poppet with her two eggs a-penny. How lightly, how delicately touched! *That* is the gayer mood ; the more sombre is hardly less striking. In his darkest hours her pure devotion to him is like light from heaven. She is his better angel,—the saint in the little niche overhead who intercedes for him. “Much better. Thank God and MD’s prayers.” “Giddy fit and swimming in head. MD and God help me.” Nothing can be more touching. Some critics maintain that Swift never wrote poetry. It would be truer, we think, to affirm that whenever he uses the poetical form to express (sometimes to hide) intense feeling, he writes better poetry than any of his contemporaries. When, for instance, he urges Stella—who had come from her own sick-bed to nurse him in his sickness—not to injure her health, the lines seem to us to reach a very high altitude indeed :—

“ Best pattern of true friends, beware ;  
You pay too dearly for your care,  
If, while your tenderness secures  
My life, it must endanger yours ;

For such a fool was never found  
Who pulled a palace to the ground,  
Only to have the ruins made  
Materials for a house decayed."

How did Stella accept this life-long friendship, this playful homage, this tender reverence? What did she think of it? It seems to us that a great deal of quite unnecessary pity has been wasted on Esther Johnson. It may be that Swift did not recognize the extent of the sacrifice he demanded; but, in truth, was the sacrifice so hard? Is there any proof that Stella was an unwilling victim; or, indeed, a victim at all? She mixed freely in society; she occupied a quite assured position; she was the comforter and confidante of the greatest man of the age. Is there any reason whatever to hold that she was unhappy? On the contrary, did she not declare to the last that she had been amply repaid?

"Long be the day that gave you birth  
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;  
Late dying, may you cast a shred  
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;  
To bear with dignity my sorrow;  
One day alone, then die to-morrow."

Vanessa (Hester Vanhomrigh) was a woman cast in quite a different mould. Her vehement and unruly nature had never been disciplined; and when her passion was roused, she was careless of her good name. There can, we think, be

little doubt that Swift was for some time really interested in her. She was an apt and docile pupil; and if not strictly handsome she appears to have possessed a certain power of fascination—the “strong toil of grace,” which is often more potent than mere beauty. It cannot be said, indeed, that Swift was in love with Hester; but she certainly charmed his fancy and appealed successfully to his sympathies. Stella was absent in Dublin; and the Dean was a man who enjoyed the society of women who were pretty and witty and accomplished, and who accepted with entire submission his despotism and whimsical decrees. Vanessa was such a woman; and he does not, for some time, at least, appear to have appreciated the almost tropical passion and vehemence of her nature—dangerous and devastating as a thunder-storm in the tropics,—appears, on the contrary, to have been in utter ignorance of what was coming, till she threw herself into his arms. He had had no serious thought; but the acuteness of the crisis into which their intimacy had suddenly developed, alarmed and disquieted him. Here was a flood-tide of passion of which he had had no experience—fierce, uncontrollable, intolerant of prudential restraints. “Can’t we touch these bubbles, then, but they break?” some one asks in one of Robert Browning’s plays; and Swift regarded the situation with

the same uneasiness and perplexity. He was sorely dismayed—utterly put about—when he discovered how matters stood. It is easy to say that he should have left her at once, and avoided any further intimacy. It is easy to say this ; but all the same, the situation in any light was extremely embarrassing. He may possibly for the moment have been rather flattered by her preference, as most men would be by the attentions of a pretty and attractive girl ; and he may have thought, upon the whole, that it was best to temporize. By gentle raillery, by sportive remonstrance, he would show her how foolish she had been in losing her heart to a man “ who understood not what was love,” and who, though caressed by Ministers of State, was old enough to be her father. But poor Vanessa was far too much in earnest to accept his playful advice. She was peremptory and she was abject by turns. “ Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear ; at other times a charming compassion shows through your countenance, which revives my soul.” He must marry her, or she would die. And she did die. It was a hard fate. Another man might have been free to woo her ; but to Swift, such a union was of course, impossible. Stella stood between them, and behind Stella that gloomy phantom of mental and bodily disease which had haunted

him all his life. He was not ungrateful to either of these women ; but such a return would have been worse than ingratitude.

Mr. Craik is of opinion that there is enough direct evidence to show that Swift was married to Esther Johnson in 1716. We hold, on the contrary, not only that the direct evidence of marriage is insufficient, but that it can be established with reasonable certainty (in so far, at least, as a negative is capable of proof) that no marriage took place.

We have already described so fully the character of the relations between them, that it is only now necessary to say that what may be called the circumstantial evidence—the evidence of facts and circumstances—is distinctly adverse. But in confirmation of what has been already advanced, we may here remark, that besides the letters and poems addressed to herself (where friendship to the exclusion of love is invariably insisted on), he wrote much about her. In these papers the same tone is preserved,—she is a dear friend—not a wife. One of them was composed, like Carlyle's remarkable account of his father, in very solemn circumstances,—it was written mainly during the hours that elapsed between the day she died and the day she was buried. "This day, being Sunday, Jan. 28, 1727-28, about eight o'clock at night a servant brought me a note with an

account of the death of the truest, most virtuous and valuable *friend* that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." "This is the night of her funeral," he adds two days later, "which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night; and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber." No record was ever penned in circumstances more calculated to make a deep impression on the mind, and to induce the writer to speak with the most perfect frankness, sincerity, and unreserve; but here, as elsewhere, it is the irreparable loss of her "friendship" that is deplored. Not a word of marriage. Then there is no proof that Stella at any time asserted that she was his wife—the stories of the meeting with Vanessa, and of the death-bed declaration, being manifest inventions. Mr. Craik fairly admits that the latter of these is incredible; yet the evidence which he discards in connection with the declaration is almost precisely identical with that which he accepts in connection with the marriage. Nor is there any evidence to show that they were held to be married persons during their lives,—they had both been dead and buried for years before the rumor of their union obtained publicity. There may be in some contemporary lampoon an

allusion to the alleged ceremony: we have not met with it—nor, so far as we know, has it been met with by any of the biographers. Nor can any plausible motive for the marriage be assigned. There was no scandal to silence; the relations between them, which had subsisted for nearly twenty years, appear to have been sufficiently understood. But assuming that there had been scandal, how was it to be silenced by a ceremony, the secret of which, during life and after death, was to be jealously guarded? Was it performed to satisfy Stella? But there is no proof that she was dissatisfied,—she had cheerfully acquiesced in, had loyally accepted, the relation as it stood. It could not have been for the satisfaction of her conscience, her conscience was in no way involved: it was never asserted, even by bitterest partisans, that the connection was immoral. Can it be supposed that for some reason or other (to prevent, for instance, any risk of subsequent misconception) it was done at the Dean's desire? But if the story is true that it was the Dean himself who insisted that the secret should never be published, what good did he expect it to effect? How could it avail, either directly or indirectly, to avert possible misconstructions? If a ceremony did take place, we are thus entitled to maintain that it was *an utterly unreasonable and unaccountable act—opposed to*

*all the probabilities of the case.* Still, if it were proved by (let us say) an entry in a register, the marriage "lines," a letter from Stella, a letter from Swift, a certificate under the bishop's hands—any thing approaching either legal or moral proof—we might be bound to disregard the antecedent improbabilities. Nay, even if a friend like Dr. Delaney had said plainly that he had the information from Swift himself, then (subject to observation on the too frequent misunderstandings of verbal confidences) it might be reasonable to accept it. But the direct evidence does not amount even to this. It consists of a passage in Lord Orrery's "Remarks" (much that Lord Orrery said about Swift must be accepted with reserve), where, after stating in a loose, incidental way that Stella was Swift's concealed but undoubted wife, he goes on: "*If my informations are right*, she was married to Dr. Swift in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher." On this, Dr. Delaney, in his "Observations," remarks: "Your lordship's account of the marriage is, *I am satisfied*, true." Mr. Monck Mason's contention that this is a statement of opinion or belief only, is vigorously combated by Mr. Craik. Mr. Craik argues that the words "I am satisfied" apply not to the fact of a marriage, which was "undoubted," but to the circumstances of the ceremony. Mr. Craik's



argument does not appear to us to be successful. First, if the ceremony did not take place *then*, it did not take place at all. The belief in any ceremony rests exclusively upon the allegation that a ceremony was performed in the garden of the deanery in 1716; and if that allegation is not somehow substantiated, the case for the marriage must break down. So that it is really of no consequence to which of Lord Orrery's statements Dr. Delaney's words apply. Second, the words "I am satisfied" are unequivocal, and clearly imply that the writer was led to his conclusion by the evidence submitted to him;—that is to say, Dr. Delaney's was only inferential and circumstantial belief—not direct knowledge. He had not received his information from headquarters—from Swift or from Stella; he was putting this and that together, and drawing an inference; and as he nowhere asserts that he had recovered or was in possession of any really direct evidence, Mr. Mason's conclusion, that even in the case of so familiar an intimate as Dr. Delaney the marriage was matter of opinion or conjecture only, seems to be justified.

Lord Orrery's "Remarks" were published in 1752, seven years after Swift's death; and it was not till 1789 that the story received any further corroboration. In that year Mr. George Monck Berkeley asserted in his "Literary Rel-

ics" that "Swift and Stella were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me." This bit of evidence certainly comes to us in a very circuitous and roundabout fashion. Mr. Berkeley was told by Bishop Berkeley's widow, who had it from her husband, who had it from Bishop Ashe. Any one familiar with the proceedings of courts of law knows that evidence of this kind is of no value whatever. The gossip is handed down from one to another,—often in perfect good-faith,—yet he who builds upon it builds upon the sand. And when closely examined, it is seen that the narrative is in itself highly suspicious, and open to serious observation. The ceremony was celebrated in 1716; Berkeley was abroad at the time, and did not return until after Bishop Ashe's death, which took place in 1717. Mr. Craik insists that when it is stated that Bishop Ashe "*related* the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley," it is not implied that he did it "by word of mouth." But is there the least likelihood, from what we know of the Bishop, that he would have been guilty of so grave an indiscretion? It cannot be doubted that he had been bound over to inviolable secrecy; and though such a secret might be incautiously betrayed or accidentally ooze out during familiar

talk, is it conceivable that a man of honor and prudence could have deliberately, and in cold blood, made it—within a few weeks or months—the subject of a letter to an absent friend?

This is really the whole evidence of the slightest relevancy that has been recovered,—the loose gossip of Sheridan (of whom it will be recollected Dr. Johnson said: "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we see him now. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature") being very naturally pooh-poohed by the biographers in general, and even by Mr. Craik. On the other hand, all those who were closely connected with Swift and Stella in their latter years—Dr. Lyon, Mrs. Dingley, Mrs. Brent, Mrs. Ridgeway, and others—deny that any ceremony took place; and almost the last writing which Stella subscribed opens with the significant words: "I, *Esther Johnson*, of the city of Dublin, *spinster*." It is maintained, indeed, that these words are of no consequence, seeing that she had bound herself not to disclose that she was a married woman. Still there is this to be said, that *if* she was married, the introduction of the word "spinster" was a quite unnecessary falsehood—the testatrix being quite sufficiently described as "*Esther Johnson*, of the city of Dublin." And when we consider that this can have been

only one (though the last) of a long succession of humiliating embarrassments, the question again suggests itself with irresistible force, Why should they have loaded their lives with such a burden of deceit? Where are we to look for the motive that will in any measure account for it? Upon the whole, it seems to us almost inevitable that some such story as Lord Orrery's (however unfounded) should have got abroad. The relations of Swift to Stella were certainly exceptional, and not easily intelligible to the outside world; yet Stella's character was irreproachable, and calumny itself did not venture to assail her. What more natural than that the surmise of a secret union should have been entertained by many, should have been whispered about among their friends even during Swift's life, and should after his death have gradually assumed substance and shape?

After all is said, a certain amount of mystery and ambiguity must attach to the connection—as to much else in the Dean's life. He survived Stella for nearly twenty years; yet those who assert that a marriage took place, search the records of all these years in vain for any avowal, however slight. “Only a woman's hair”—scrawled on the envelope in which a tress of the raven-black hair was preserved—affords a slender cue to conjecture, and is as enigmatical as the rest. Only a woman's hair

—only the remembrance of the irrevocable past—only the joy, the sorrow, the devotion of a lifetime, only that—nothing more.

“Pudor et Justitiæ soror  
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas.” -

Whatever interpretation each of us may be disposed to give them, we shall all admit that there must have been something transcendent in the genius and the despair which could invest these four quite commonplace words with an immortality of passion.<sup>1</sup>

And this—the most vivid of the Dean’s many vivid sayings—leads us, in conclusion, to add a word or two on Swift’s literary faculty. These, however, must be very brief; and were it not that a vigorous effort has been recently made to show that, judged by his writings,

---

<sup>1</sup> “Honor, truth, liberality, good-nature and modesty were the virtues she chiefly possessed and most valued in her acquaintance. It was not safe or prudent in her presence to offend in the least word against modesty. She was the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of.”—*The Character of Mrs. Johnson by Swift*.

<sup>2</sup> Since this article was in type, an acute writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has arrived, by a somewhat similar course of reasoning, at a verdict of “Not Proven.” He is prevented from going a step further by attaching a certain amount of credit to what we have called Stella’s death-bed declaration. That story appears to us, as to Mr. Craik, intrinsically incredible: but we need not discuss it here. The real issue, when divested of all irrelevancies, comes to this: There being no *direct* evidence of any weight on either side, which view is most natural, most explanatory, most easily reconciled with the undisputed facts, with the character of Swift on the one hand and of Stella on the other?

Swift was not a great, but "essentially a small, and in some respects a bad man," might at this time of day have been altogether dispensed with. For there is "finality" in literature, if not in politics. The writer who undertakes to demonstrate that Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Rabelais, and Swift were essentially small men, cannot be treated seriously. To say that he is airing a paradox is to put it very mildly; and indeed, the offence might properly be described in much sharper language. A scientific writer who in the year 1883 attacks the law of gravitation, is guilty of a scientific impertinence which all scientific men whose time is of value are entitled to resent. Swift's position in letters is equally assured, and as little matter for argument. "A Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels, the argument against abolishing Christianity, the verses on poetry and on his own death, are among the imperishable possessions of the world. The entry has been duly recorded in the *National Register*, and cannot now be impeached. And "the clash of the country" is not in this case a mere vague, general impression, but is instructed by the evidence of the most skilful experts. To take the most recent. Scott, Macaulay, Froude, and Leslie Stephen—each in his own department—have acknowledged the supremacy

of Swift. Scott regards him as the painter of character, Macaulay as the literary artist, Froude as the politician, Leslie Stephen as the moralist and the philosopher. Scott has pointed out that Lemuel Gulliver the traveller, Isaac Bickerstaff the astrologer, the Frenchman who writes the new *Journey to Paris*, Mrs. Harris, Mary the cookmaid, the grave projector who proposes a plan for relieving the poor by eating their children, and the vehement Whig politician who remonstrates against the enormities of the Dublin signs, are all persons as distinct from each other as from the Dean himself, and in all their surroundings absolutely true to the life.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Froude remarks that Swift, who was in the best and noblest sense an Irish patriot, poured out tract after tract denouncing Irish misgovernment, each of them composed with supreme literary power, a just and burning indignation showing through the most finished irony. "In these tracts, in colors which will never fade, lies the picture of Ireland, as England, half in ignorance, half in wilful despair of her amendment, had willed that she would be."<sup>2</sup> Mr. Leslie Stephen, after admitting that Swift is the keenest satirist as well as the acutest critic in the English lan-

---

<sup>1</sup> "Memoirs of Jonathan Swift, D.D.," p. 439.

<sup>2</sup> "The English in Ireland." By J. A. Froude. Vol. i, pp. 501-503.

guage, adds that his imagination was fervid enough to give such forcible utterance to his feelings as has scarcely been rivalled in our literature.<sup>1</sup> Lord Macaulay's testimony is even more valuable. Macaulay disliked Swift with his habitual energy of dislike. It must be confessed that the complex characters where heroism and weakness are subtly interwoven—Bacon, Dryden, Swift—did not lend themselves readily to the manipulation of that brilliant master.<sup>2</sup> Yet in spite of his repugnance to the man, his admiration of the magnificent faculty of the satirist is emphatic and unstinted. Under that plain garb and ungainly deportment were concealed, he tells us, some of the choicest gifts that have ever been bestowed on the children of men: rare powers of observation; brilliant wit; grotesque invention; humor of the most austere flavor, yet exquisitely delicious; eloquence singularly pure, manly, and perspicuous.<sup>3</sup> We need not multiply authorities. It must now be conceded, for all practi-

---

<sup>1</sup> "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i, p. 209; vol. ii, p. 375.

<sup>2</sup> Addison was his literary hero; but surely in spite of exquisite urbanity and a charming style, Addison, both as man and writer, has been prodigiously overrated by Macaulay. The others had sounded depths which his plummet could not reach, had scaled heights on which he had never ventured. This, to be sure, may have been his attraction for Macaulay, to whom the difficult subtleties of the imagination and the ardent aspirations of the spiritual life were enigmatical and antipathetic,—a riddle and a by-word.

<sup>3</sup> "History of England," vol. iv, p. 369.



cal purposes, that the consent of the learned world to Swift's intellectual pre-eminence has been deliberately and finally given.

It is asserted by the same critic that Swift's reputation has been gained "by a less degree of effort than that of almost any other writer,"—his writings, in point of *length*, being altogether insignificant. To this curious complaint we might be content to reply in Mr. Leslie Stephen's words: "A modern journalist who could prove that he had written as little in six months would deserve a testimonial." An age of which Mr. Gladstone is the prophet is tender to, if not vain of, verbosity; but the great books of the world are not to be measured by their *size*. Hume's "Essay of Miracles," which may be said to have revolutionized the whole course of modern thought, is compressed into some twenty pages. "A Tale of a Tub" is shorter than a Budget speech which will be forgotten to-morrow: but then—how far-reaching is the argument; the interest—how world-wide; the scorn—how consummate! Brief as Swift is, he makes it abundantly clear, before he is done, that there are no limits to his capacity. He has looked all round our globe—as from another star. It is true that with the most lucid intelligence he united the most lurid scorn. Though he saw them as from a remote planet, he hated the pigmies—

the little odious vermin—with the intensity of a next-door neighbor. Yet this keenness of feeling was in a measure perhaps the secret of his power,—it gave that amazing air of reality to his narrative which makes us feel, when we return from Brobdingnag, that human beings are ridiculously and unaccountably small. Swift was a great master of the idiomatic—one of the greatest; but his intellectual lucidity was not less noticeable than his verbal. His eye was indeed *too* keen, *too* penetrating; he did not see through shams and plausibilities only; he saw through the essential decencies of life as well. Thus he spoke with appalling plainness of many things which nature has wisely hidden; and he became at times in consequence outrageously coarse.

Swift, it is said, never laughed; but when he unbent himself intellectually, he was, we think, at his best. The serious biographer complains of the rough horse-play of his humor—of his weakness for puns and practical jokes. The puns, however, were often very fair; and the humorous perception that could meet William's favorite *Recepit non rapuit*, with the apt retort, The receiver is as bad as the thief—or could apply on the instant to the lady whose mantua had swept down a Cremona fiddle, *Mantua, væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!*—must have been nimble and adroit. Even the

practical joking was good in its way. The dearly beloved Roger is probably apocryphal,—borrowed from some old jest-book; but the praying and fasting story, as told by Sir Walter, is certainly very comical, and seems to be authentic.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bickerstaff's controversy with Partridge the almanac-maker is, however, Swift's highest achievement in this line. His mirth (when not moody and ferocious), was of the gayest kind—the freest and finest play of the mind. It is not mere trifling; there is strenuous logic as well as deft wit: so that even Partridge has his serious side. Whately's "Historic Doubts Regarding Napoleon Buona-parté" are now nearly forgotten; but they suggest to us what may have been in Swift's mind when he assured the unlucky astrologer that logically he was dead (if not buried), and that

---

<sup>1</sup> Scott's "Life of Swift," p. 381. The whole note is worth quoting, as containing some characteristic details of manner, etc. "There is another well-attested anecdote, communicated by the late Mr. William Waller, of Allanstown, near Kells, to Mr. Theophilus Swift. Mr. Waller, while a youth, was riding near his father's house, when he met a gentleman on horseback reading. A little surprised, he asked the servant, who followed him at some distance, where they came from? 'From the Black Lion,' answered the man. 'And where are you going?' 'To heaven I believe,' rejoined the servant, 'for my master's praying and I am fasting.' On further inquiry it proved that the Dean, who was then going to Laracor, had rebuked the man for presenting him in the morning with dirty boots. 'Were they clean,' answered the fellow, 'they would soon be dirty again.' 'And if you eat your breakfast,' retorted the Dean, 'you will be hungry again, so you shall proceed without it,' which circumstance gave rise to the man's *bon-mot*."

he need not think to persuade the world that he was still alive. The futility of human testimony upon the plainest matter-of-fact has never been more ludicrously yet vividly exposed.

The grave conduct of an absurd proposition is of course one of the most striking characteristics of Swift's style; but the unaffected simplicity and stolid unconsciousness with which he looks the reader in the face when relating the most astonishing fictions, is, it seems to us, an even higher reach of his art. It is quite impossible to doubt the faith of the narrator; and when we are told that "the author was so distinguished for his veracity that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbors at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, that it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it," we are not surprised at the seaman who swore that he knew Mr. Gulliver very well, but that he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhite. How admirable is the parenthetical, "being little for her age," in the account of Glumdalclitch—"She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age"; or the description of the queen's dwarf—"Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so in-

solent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber!" One cannot believe that Swift was so unutterably miserable when he was engaged on "Gulliver," or that he wrote his "Travels"—the earlier voyages at least—not to amuse the world, but to vex it. This consummate artist was a great satirist as well as a great story-teller; but it is the art of the delightful story-teller, not of the wicked satirist, that makes Gulliver immortal.

Swift's verse, like his prose, was mainly remarkable for its resolute homeliness; but when the scorn or the indignation or the pity becomes intense, it sometimes attains, as we have seen, a very high level indeed. The "Jolly Beggars" of Burns is scarcely superior in idiomatic pith and picturesqueness to the opening stanzas of the "Rhapsody on Poetry":—

"Not empire to the rising sun,  
By valor, conduct, fortune won;  
Not highest wisdom in debates  
For framing laws to govern States  
Not skill in sciences profound  
So large to grasp the circle round,—  
Such heavenly influence require  
As how to strike the muses' lyre.

'Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;  
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;  
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,  
The spawn of Bridewell or the stew;

Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges  
Of gipsies litt'ring under hedges,  
Are so disqualified by fate  
To rise in Church, or law, or State,  
As he whom Phœbus in his ire  
Hath blasted with poetic fire."

Yet the impeachment of Swift as the *writer* has, after all, a basis of fact. His influence was largely personal. He was greater than his books. It is easy to take up one of his pamphlets now, and criticise the style, which is sometimes loose and slovenly, at our leisure. *But it did its work.* It struck home. *That*, after all, is the true standard by which the Dean should be judged. He was a ruler of men, and he knew how to rule. If he had been bred to politics, if he had occupied a recognized place, not in the Church, but in the House of Commons, he would have been one of our greatest statesmen. The sheer personal ascendancy of his character was as marked in political as in private life. Friend and foe alike admitted that his influence, when fairly exerted, was irresistible. He was one of those potent elemental forces which occasionally appear in the world, and which, when happily circumstanced—when not chained as Prometheus was, or tortured as Swift was—revolutionize society. The unfriendly Johnson, as we have seen, was forced to confess that for several years Swift formed the poli-

tical opinions of the English nation; and Carteret frankly admitted that he had succeeded in governing Ireland because he pleased Dr. Swift. "Dr. Swift had commanded him," said Lord Rivers, "and he durst not refuse it." And Lord Bathurst remarked, that by an hour's work in his study an Irish parson had often "made three kingdoms drunk at once." We cannot be induced to believe by any criticism, however trenchant, that the man who could do all this was not only "bad" but "small."

# MISS BURNEY'S OWN STORY.

By MARY ELIZABETH CHRISTIE.

## I.

AFTER reading "Camilla," and liking it less than he cared to say, Horace Walpole wrote: "This author knew the world, and penetrated character before she had stepped over the threshold, and now she has seen so much of it she has little or no insight at all; perhaps she apprehended having seen too much, and kept the bags of foul air that she brought from the Cave of Tempests too closely tied." The criticism was just, however it may have been with the explanation. Time added nothing to Miss Burney's talent; as she felt more, her style only became more and more involved; as the interests of her life thickened, the interest of her books evaporated. During the four years that elapsed between the publication of "Cecilia" and her appointment at Court, she wrote nothing; and, when asked the reason of her silence, she could only answer that she supposed she was exhausted. So it was. She had invested her whole stock of original fancy in "Evelina" and "Cecilia," and by the time she



had gained experience of real life, she had nothing left to work it up with.

It is tempting to go a little in detail into the story of this rapid spending of such unusually rich and promising gifts, and to consider whether it might have been avoided by a different course of circumstances. It might, perhaps, have been better for Miss Burney's later work if her first book had received more moderate admiration; if it had been read with indifference at Streatham, and Fanny had remained unknown to Johnson, save as the second daughter of Dr. Burney, who rarely said more than "Yes" and "No" when there was company in St. Martin's Street. She might then have written a second novel in the same desultory way in which she wrote "*Evelina*," and, feeling less bound to produce something marvellous, she would, perhaps, have been content with a simpler construction and fewer characters, and material would thus have been saved for the next venture. Or, again, had she written nothing for several years after "*Evelina*," but contented herself with seeing the world and reading, then perhaps, when the marriage of Mrs. Thrale and the death of Johnson brought the Streatham episode to a natural conclusion; when society was beginning to pall upon her, and the importance of providing for future independence to make itself

felt, she might (instead of going to Court) have settled down quietly in her father's house and made herself an income by writing one good novel after another out of her mingled intuition and experience. But such speculations are necessarily vain, and it is more profitable to seek the explanation of what puzzled her contemporaries quite as much as the inferiority of her later works—the extraordinary knowledge of life shown in the early ones. Her own fear, when she heard that Mrs. Thrale was reading “*Evelina*,” was lest that lady should think she had kept very queer company. And, though nobody put the point quite in that way, the general wonder was how a modest and carefully brought up girl could have written “so boisterous a book.” The explanation is found in her *Memoirs* of her father: she knew the world by inheritance. For at least three generations before Fanny, the Burney family had been making itself at home in a variety of social grades. Her great-grandfather, James MacBurney, managed, nobody knows how, to get rid of a considerable patrimony, and to sink from the position of a country gentleman of property to that of land-steward to the Earl of Ashburnham. His son (Fanny's grandfather) married an actress, and was punished for his indiscretion by being disinherited of whatever remained of the family fortune. He dropped

the Mac, and called himself James Burney. By and by the father married a maid-servant, and had a son, who became a dancing-master. James Burney's first wife dying, he too, married again, and this time made an entirely discreet choice. Mistress Anne Cooper was virtuous, clever, beautiful, and rich; she enjoyed, moreover, the fame of having been courted by Wycherley in the last years of his life. Several children, of whom the youngest was Charles (afterward Dr. Burney), were born of this marriage; and James Burney settled down to the profession of portrait-painting in the town of Chester. Madame D'Arblay mentions with astonishment that when the family moved to Chester, they left Charles behind them at Condober, a village near Shrewsbury, where he spent all his childhood and boyhood, under the care of an ignorant but kindly nurse. She declares herself unable to account for this singular arrangement, which, however, seems sufficiently accounted for by the fact that Charles received his first musical instruction from a half-brother, who was organist at St. Margaret's Church, Shrewsbury. Charles' taste for music showed itself early, and there can be little doubt that his father left him at Condober with a view to its cultivation: it ran in the Burney blood to look to the arts rather than to trade or business for the means of living.

Except the music he got from his brother, the boy had no regular teaching till he went at sixteen or seventeen, to the Chester Free School. But he saw a great deal of life and character, and stored his memory with odd anecdotes and adventures, which he delighted in after-years to relate to his children. From the terms in which Fanny speaks of these often-told tales of her father's childhood, it is clear that to them she owed much of her power of painting circumstances of which she could have no personal experience. And here is a beginning of an autobiography, never completed, which, had it appeared as a preface to "*Evelina*," would have answered to everybody's conception of the anonymous author :

" Perhaps few have been better enabled to describe, from an actual survey, the manners and customs of the age in which he lived than myself ; ascending from those of the most humble cottagers, and lowest mechanics, to the first nobility, and the most elevated personages, with whom circumstances, situation, and accident, at different periods of my life, have rendered me familiar. Oppressed and laborious husbandmen ; insolent and illiberal yeomanry ; overgrown farmers ; generous and hospitable merchants ; men of business and men of pleasure ; men of letters ; men of science ; artists ; sportsmen and country squires ; dissipated and extravagant voluptuaries ; gamblers ; ambassadors ; statesmen ; and even sovereign princes. I have had opportunities of examining in almost every point of view : all these it is my intention to display in their respective situations ; and to delineate their virtues, vices, and apparent degrees of happiness and misery."

This fragment, it need hardly be said, is not by Fanny Burney, but by Fanny's father. Miss Ellis, in her preface to "*Cecilia*," hazards an opinion in opposition to the authorities, that it was not from Johnson, but from Dr. Burney that the elaborate pomposities of Madame D'Arblay's later style came. To me it seems that she has got them from Dr. Johnson through her father. Charles Burney was an enthusiastic admirer of the *Rambler* papers, which were appearing at the time of Fanny's birth. "*Evelina*," written at a time when she was constantly in requisition as her father's amanuensis, has its share of Johnsonianisms; and that its share is not larger is simply due to the epistolary form in which the book is cast. At the time "*Cecilia*" was written, when Fanny was under Johnson's direct influence, he had left the Johnsonian style behind and was writing the "*Lives of the Poets*," and reading the proof-sheets aloud at Mrs. Thrale's breakfast-table. But if, as I think, it was to her father that Fanny owed the material of her best novels (and assuredly there was no source to which she would more gladly have confessed herself indebted for every thing), we may the more readily forgive Dr. Burney for having given a false direction to her efforts to improve her style. She certainly inherited from him the extraordinary personal charm that made Johnson say,

"It is natural to love Burney." His friendships descended to her. She adopted his political convictions and his code of social proprieties. It is difficult to lay one's finger on any thing in her whole composition that did not come from him, except, perhaps, the excessive sensitiveness that made the identification of herself and her work a constant puzzle to her friends, and the self-consciousness that resulted from her own sense of the contradiction they involved.

While Charles Burney was attending the free school at Chester, Dr. Arne, the popular composer of the day, paid a visit to the town, and struck by the boy's musical talent, persuaded his father to let him accompany him to London on the footing of an apprentice. Dr. Arne was brother to Mrs. Cibber, the actress, and at her house young Burney found himself "in a constellation of wits, poets, actors, authors, and men of letters." It was there that some of the friendships began of which we read in the Diary of Madame D'Arblay—the brotherly relation with Garrick, the less affectionate but hardly less close intimacy with Christopher Smart, the acquaintance with William Mason. Burney was kindly noticed by the poet Thomson, then within a few years of death, and he attached himself admiringly to Dr. Hawkesworth, editor, a little later, of the *Adventurer*,

who had just published a didactic poem on the "Art of Preserving Health," of which Burney approved both the verse and the sense. At the same time, that magnificent fine gentleman and *diletantte*, Fulke Greville, was inquiring of his harpsichord-maker whether there was to be found in London a young musician capable of giving instruction in his art, and fit to associate with a gentleman. The harpsichord-maker replied that he knew many that answered to the description, and one in particular, Charles Burney, who was as fit company for a prince as for an orchestra. An introduction was arranged, and Greville invited Burney to live with him. Burney hesitated on the ground that the term of his apprenticeship to Arne was not expired; and Greville cancelled the articles by paying down a sum of £300; but Charles Burney began a new life, with Greville for his mentor. It is plain that Greville cared more for Burney's company than for his music. He associated him with all his pleasures, and introduced him to every haunt of fashionable amusement—White's, Brooks', Newmarket, Bath. But through all Burney preserved a remarkable independence; he kept clear of gambling and continued to cultivate music with professional devotion. At Wilbury, Greville's house in Wiltshire, he first met Samuel Crisp, and began the most sacred friendship of his life, and

that in which his daughter most completely shared.

When Mr. Greville made a runaway marriage with the beautiful Miss Fanny Macartney, Charles Burney gave away the bride, and a year later he stood proxy for the Duke of Beaufort at the baptism of their first child—a daughter, who afterward, as Mrs. Crewe, was one of the most active friends of Madame D'Arblay's middle life. The Grevilles next planned a tour on the Continent, and wanted Charles to accompany them. But he had fallen in love with Miss Esther Sleepe, a young lady he had met at the house of his half-brother in Hatton Garden, and could not bear the thought of leaving her. There was a time of uncomfortable constraint and uncertainty. Miss Sleepe insisted that her lover should not break with his patrons on her account, and Burney resigned himself to the separation. But his reluctance was too evident to escape notice and inquiry on the part of the Grevilles; and on their pressing him to explain it, he confessed his attachment, and showed them a miniature of Miss Sleepe. Greville, seeing the portrait of an exceedingly pretty girl, exclaimed: "But why don't you marry her?" Burney cried "May I?" and all difficulty vanished. The Grevilles went abroad and Burney married Esther Sleepe, and began house-keeping somewhere in the city.



Madame D'Arblay describes her mother as small and delicate, though not diminutive in figure, with a face of fine oval outline, light blue eyes, and a "rosy hue." Charles Burney met her in a ballroom, and fell in love with her at first sight. But she had other qualities besides those which shine in ballrooms :

"With no advantage save the simple one of early learning, or rather imbibing, the French language, from her maternal grandfather who was a native of France, but had been forced from his country by the Edict of Nantes, this gifted young creature was one of the most pleasing, well-mannered, well-read, elegant, and even cultivated of her sex."

Madame D'Arblay does not tell us what was the calling of her mother's father, but she mentions that the "lovely Esther was born in the city," and "not in those dwellings of the hospitable English merchants of early days who rivalled the nobles in the accomplishments of their progeny, till by mingling in acquirements they mingled in blood." In plain English, Esther's parents were plebeian and poor; and, moreover, her father was a bad character. Her mother, on the other hand, was a good woman, for whom Fanny, when her time came, had a peculiar affection and reverence.

About a year after his marriage, Charles Burney's health broke down, and he was ordered by his physician to remove into the country. By the interest of friends, the post

of organist to the Royal Borough of Lynn was obtained for him on flattering and advantageous terms. And at Lynn, on the 13th of June, 1752, his second daughter, Frances, was born.

Madame D'Arblay's account of the society of Lynn reminds us that every thing does not change in a hundred and twenty years. After speaking of the dulness of the place and her father's sense of uncongeniality, she tells how by degrees some interesting and pleasant people sought him out. And then she adds :

" But while amongst the male inhabitants of the town Mr. Burney associated with many whose understandings, and some few whose tastes, met his own, his wife, amongst the females, was less happy, though not more fastidious. She found them occupied almost exclusively in seeking who should be earliest in importing from London what was newest and most fashionable in attire, or in vying with each other in giving and receiving splendid repasts, and in struggling to make their every rotation become more and more luxurious. . . . Such almost universally is the inheritance bequeathed from mother to daughter in small towns at a distance from the metropolis where there are few suspensive (*sic*) subjects or pursuits of interest, ambition, or literature, that can enlist either imagination or instruction into conversation."

There were, however, two ladies who made agreeable exceptions to the rule of dulness—Mrs. Stephen Allen and Miss Dorothy Young.

" Mrs. Stephen Allen was the wife of a wine-merchant of considerable fortune, and of very worthy character. She was

the most celebrated beauty of Lynn, and might have been so of a much larger district, for her beauty was high, commanding, and truly uncommon ; and her understanding bore the same description. She had wit at will ; spirits the most vivacious and entertaining ; and from a passionate fondness for reading she had collected stores of knowledge which she was always able and ' nothing loath ' to display."

Miss Young was no less virtuous and cultivated, but she was plain and deformed. The closest friendship subsisted between these two ladies, and Esther Burney soon made a third in the alliance. Mrs. Allen used to say that it was upon her pattern that she endeavored to form her own character, and Dorothy Young devoted herself to Esther's children, acting the part of volunteer nurse whenever there was occasion. Madame D'Arblay dwells with grateful tenderness on the recollection of her rare unselfishness, and mentions that when her mother came to die, she named Dolly Young to her husband as the best second mother he could give their children. Dr. Burney, however, preferred a pretty wife, and after waiting six years, during which time Mrs. Allen became a widow, he married her instead. But Dolly remained a loved and valued friend.

After a residence of nine or ten years in Lynn, during which Mr. Burney's health re-established itself, it became the opinion of his friends that he should return to London. The new start was made in Poland Street.

Madame D'Arblay dwells with especial pride and tenderness on the details of the work, and the pleasures and the friendships of the first year after the return to London. Her father's reputation as a teacher of music was now at its height, and his time was crowded with profitable engagements. In the second year her mother died of inflammation of the lungs, and Mr. Burney was left with a family of four girls and two boys. He made up his mind to send his girls, two at a time, to a school at Paris, and, for various reasons, Hester, the eldest, and Susannah, the third daughter, were chosen to go first. Fanny was kept at home, partly on account of a delicate chest, which made her father always fearful that she should be carried off, like her mother, by consumption. It was intended that she should go later. But circumstances changed, and she remained at home altogether, and got, it has always been said, less regular education than any of the sisters.

The Garricks were the most intimate friends of the Burneys at this time. Their villa at Hampton was the father's frequent resort from Saturday to Monday; Mrs. Garrick's box at Drury Lane was constantly occupied by the Burney children, who watched every new performance of their friend with a sense of personal responsibility; and every part of the

house in Poland Street was familiar with the presence of Garrick himself, who was as glad to romp with the children as to talk with the father, and always ready to act for the entertainment of all or any of the household. During the years spent at Lynn, Burney had lost sight of Mr. Crisp, but a chance meeting now brought them together again. Mr. Crisp had passed in the interval through the changes of fortune and temper that Macaulay has described in the essay on Madame D'Arblay. After the failure of his play in 1754, he had left London, and fitted himself up a villa at Hampton, where he purposed to spend the remainder of his life. But finding his income overtaxed by the constant demands his friends made upon his hospitality, he sold the villa, and buried himself in a corner of an old house called Chesington Hall, of which the master, Christopher Hamilton, was impoverished like himself. He carefully concealed his hiding-place from all the world, and determined to be a recluse for the rest of his days. The secret, however, was told to Burney, and as there was still one thing—music—for which Mr. Crisp thought it worth while to stay in London during several weeks of every year, the friends were in no danger of losing one another again. Whenever Mr. Crisp was in town, he almost lived at the Burneys' house, where the chil-

dren called him "Daddy," and loved him almost as much as their real father. Later on Mr. Hamilton died, and his sister turned Chesington into a boarding-house, of which Mr. Crisp was a constant inmate. His sister, Mrs. Gast, also came to live there; and a certain Miss Kitty Cooke, who was niece to Miss Hamilton, took a practical part in the house-keeping. A closet in Mr. Crisp's apartment was set aside for Dr. Burney, who used it as a country retreat, and Fanny, who was always Mr. Crisp's favorite, was a frequent guest at the house. Miss Kitty Cooke was the kindest of hostesses to her. She was a lady of much homelier type than most of Fanny's friends, and when "Evelina" was astonishing the literary world, her simple criticisms amused the author considerably, and sometimes proved more helpful than those of the learned. When Burney married Mrs. Allen, which he did secretly in order to avoid gossip, Mr. Crisp found a snug farm-house on Thesington Common, within a mile and a half of the Hall, for the pair to pass their honeymoon in. It is pleasant to be explicitly told by Madame D'Arblay that this marriage was entirely agreeable to "the younger members of both families," and to find Burney's old friends gathering in unbroken circle round the new mistress of his house.

Burney's second marriage took place in 1767. In 1769 he took his degree as Doctor of Music at Oxford. A little later he began to think seriously of writing a History of Music; and, in order to collect material, he started in June, 1770, for a tour through France and Italy. "From the month of June, 1770, to that of January, 1771," says his daughter, "the life of Dr. Burney is narrated by himself in his 'Tour to France and Italy.'" It was during these months of her father's absence that Fanny began to put into shape the story of "Evelina." She had long indulged a habit of desultory and secret writing, and, as everybody knows, a cherished MS., called the "History of Caroline Evelyn," was burnt in her fifteenth year, when a resolution was taken to write no more. But the writing impulse was strong, and, by and by, she could not refrain from jotting down the adventures of Caroline Evelyn's daughter. While her father was abroad, she wrote much of this new history in a scrappy and disconnected way. But on his return she had to put away her own work and help in his. For several months she was almost continually engaged in writing, from his dictation and notes, the record of his tour. This done, Dr. Burney started on a second tour through Germany and the Netherlands, and Fanny was once more mistress of her time and

pen. Some changes of residence were taking place at this time. First, the house in Poland Street was given up for a larger and pleasanter one in Queen Square. But there were difficulties about the titles of the new house, and a second move became necessary. It was then that the house in St. Martin's Street was purchased. The situation, judging by Madame D'Arblay's account, was not pleasanter then than it is now. But it had its compensations. It was delightful to Dr. Burney to know that it had been lived in by Sir Isaac Newton, and it was a recommendation to all the family that it was near to Sir Joshua Reynolds' house in Leicester Square. The change from Queen Square to St. Martin's Street was made while Dr. Burney was in Germany, and there was an interval during which Mrs. Burney and the daughters lived at Lynn and at Chesington. At Chesington, Fanny finished the rough writing of "*Evelina*." Dr. Burney's second return from the Continent was followed by a severe rheumatic illness, which made him more than ever dependent on his daughters. And until the end of the year 1774, when the first volume of the "*History of Music*" was completed, Fanny had no time to herself. But while she worked for her father and saw her handwriting turning into print, the idea grew upon her that her story would look well in print also, and as



soon as she was free she determined to copy it in feigned hand, so as to escape recognition by the printers, and offer it to Dodsley. Dodsley declined even to look at the anonymous MS., and it was offered to Mr. Lowndes, on Fleet Street, who purchased it for the sum of £20.

Some excellent letters from Fanny to Mr. Crisp, written at this time, and printed in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, give a vivid picture of the animated family and social life in the midst of which the publication of "*Evelina*" was secretly arranged. Her great themes are the visits of Garrick, the concerts at her father's house, the beginnings of the Streatham acquaintance. She knew Streatham well by report before she was introduced there as the author of "the best novel since Smollett." Her father had been invited in the course of 1776 to teach harmony to Miss Thrale. The lessons, as lessons, were a failure, for music was not very much cared for in the house, and Mrs. Thrale, who found Dr. Burney excellent company, used to interrupt her daughter's studies to discuss literature and politics with the tutor; and Dr. Burney, after a brief resistance, resigned himself to the pleasant irregularity, and sang the praises of Mrs. Thrale very heartily in St. Martin's Street. With Johnson he had long had a slight acquaintance, which now quickly ripened into warm friendship.

Out of many pages tempting to transcribe, I choose Fanny's account of the first visit of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale to her father's house. In all the Diary I do not think there is any thing quite so good as the clear cutting of this first impression of the group of which she was soon to be a distinguished member:

"We were all—by we I mean Suzette, Charlotte and I—for my mother had seen him before, as had my sister Burney; but we three were all in a twitter, from violent expectation and curiosity for the sight of this monarch of books and authors.

"Mrs. and Miss Thrale came long before Lexiphanes. Mrs. Thrale is a pretty woman still, though she has some defect in the mouth that looks like a cut or scar; but her nose is very handsome, her complexion very fair; she has the *embonpoint charmant*, and her eyes are blue and lustrous. She is extremely lively and chatty, and showed none of the supercilious or pedantic airs so freely, or, rather, so scoffingly, attributed by you envious lords of the creation to women of learning or celebrity; on the contrary, she is full of spirit, remarkably gay, and extremely agreeable. I liked her in every thing except her entrance into the room, which was rather florid and flourishing, as who should say, 'It's I!—no less a person than Mrs. Thrale!' However, all that ostentation wore out in the course of the visit, which lasted the whole morning; and you could not have helped liking her, she is so very entertaining—though not simple enough, I believe, for quite winning your heart.

"Miss Thrale seems just verging on her teens. She is certainly handsome, and her beauty is of a peculiar sort; fair, round, firm, and cherubimical, with its chief charm exactly where lies the mother's failure, namely, in the mouth. She is reckoned cold and proud; but I believe her to be merely shy and reserved; you, however, would have liked her, and called

her a girl of fashion, for she was very silent, but very observant, and never looked tired, though she never uttered a syllable."

The sisters, Hester and Susan, play a duet, very nervously at first, but with gathering courage and they realize that the visitors are not critical. Fanny is in a "twitter, twitter, twitter," to see Dr. Johnson, who arrives in good time:

" . . . . Dr. Johnson was announced ! Everybody rose to do him honor, and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward, which he would not, my father thinks, have found out ; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet, while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling toward him one eye—for they say he cannot see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approbance of the proceeding.

" But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for, that he is, indeed, very ill favored ! Yet he has naturally a noble figure : tall, stout, grand, and authoritative ; but he stoops horribly ; his back is quite round ; his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something ; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers and twisting his hands ; his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backward and forward ; his feet are never a moment quiet, and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor.

" His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*—for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montague's—was as much out of the

common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-color coat, with gold buttons (or, peradventure, brass)—but no ruffles to his doughty fists, and not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

“He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale till she held out her hand to him, which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes he drew his chair close to the piano-forte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them, till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances.

“When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina to him as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his *Idler*.

“His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch or a courtly salute, but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss. Everybody was obliged to stroke their chins that they might hide their mouths.

“Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way, for we had left the drawing-room for the library on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eyelashes from near examination. At last, fixing upon some thing that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and, standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself, and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.”

In January, 1778, “Evelina” appeared. One morning Mrs. Burney read aloud at breakfast the newspaper announcement of the publication, and passed straight on to other

topics without observing the blushes of Fanny, or the smiles of Susan and Charlotte. Dr. Burney, though he knew that his daughter had written a book and thought of publishing it, had never heard the name of the work, and, as Fanny herself conjectured, had very likely forgotten the whole affair. For five months, during which she nursed her father through an illness, and then fell ill herself, she heard nothing of the fate of her book. But in the sixth month, when she was away at Chesington, news the most delightful came to her. First, Charlotte wrote that Dr. Burney had come home one day, and asked eagerly for a certain copy of the *Monthly Review*, which contained a eulogistic notice of "Evelina." Then Susan sent a letter, which might be Fanny's own, so like is it in form and style, telling all the details of a conversation at Streatham, in which, in Dr. Burney's hearing, Johnson had urged Mrs. Thrale to get "Evelina" at once, because Mrs. Cholmondeley was recommending it all over the town, and had actually made Burke and Sir Joshua read it. And before long Dr. Burney found time to run down to Chesington, and make his daughter quite happy by saying: "I have read your book, Fanny! but you need not blush at it, it is full of merit; it is really extraordinary!" Next the secret was told to Mrs. Thrale, and her charming let-

ter of congratulation made part of the next packet from home. Mr. Crisp had read the book through before he was told who the author was; but when he knew, his praises were as cordial as any.

As soon as Fanny went home, she paid her first visit to Streatham, and wrote her "Daddy Crisp" such a minutely detailed history of it as he loved to receive from her. Every thing is described, beginning with the "fidgets" she suffered as they drove along the dusty road and she tried to realize what her reception would be. In time the white house came in sight, standing in its fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale, strolling in the garden, saw her visitors, and came to them as they got down from the chaise. "Ah!" she cried, "I hear Dr. Burney's voice. And you have brought your daughter? Well, now, you are good."

"She then received me, taking both my hands, and, with mixed politeness and cordiality, welcomed me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterward she took me up stairs and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favor. But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not *hint* at my book; and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me." |

By and by, Mrs. Thrale went to dress, and left her in the library where the books were that Johnson was given a hundred pounds to buy, and the portraits that Sir Joshua had painted—all familiar to Fanny in advance. But the great event of the day was the dinner—"a noble dinner, and an excellent dessert." Soon after they were seated, Johnson came in. She was formally presented to him, and he took the chair beside her. Almost at once the battery of playful gallantry opened upon her. Johnson asked what was in some pies that Mrs. Thrale did not offer him :

" 'Mutton,' answered she : ' I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.' "

" ' No, madam, no, I despise nothing that is good of its sort ; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.' "

He drinks her health and Miss Thrale's, and laments that we "cannot wish young ladies well, without wishing them to become old women." It is suggested that "some people are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old." Johnson contradicts, laughingly, "No no, that never was—you might as well say they were at once tall and short." He quotes an epitaph to the point ; Mrs. Thrale caps his quotation with French verses ; he extinguishes her French with Latin. They remember an epilogue of

Garrick, and pass on to discussion of the actor, and how he wears. And so from one thing to another, till Johnson tells, as an instance of gross manners, how a lady with whom he once travelled called for a pint of ale at an inn and quarrelled with the waiter for not giving full measure,—“Now, Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing!”

“Oh!” says Fanny, “how every body laughed! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look at my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure. After dinner, when Mrs. Thrale and I left the gentlemen, we had a conversation, that to me could not but be delightful, as she was all good-humor, spirits, and amiability. However, I shall not attempt to write more particulars of this day, than which I have never known a happier, because the chief subject that was started and kept up was an invitation for me to Streatham, and a desire that I might accompany my father thither next week, and stay with them some time.”

## II.

Fanny's second visit to Streatham followed very soon upon the first, and from this time (August) to the end of the year she was pretty constantly with the Thrales. Every page of the Diary of this period teems with the names of distinguished people to whom she was introduced, and with the compliments they paid her. One is tempted to linger over one anecdote after another, to quote from every conversation, to repeat once more every scrap of



the brilliant gossip. But that is impossible, and by no means necessary. Those who do not know these things already, and who want to know them, must read them for themselves in the Diary. My extracts hitherto have been almost all from the "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," of which book Macaulay has said that its style is the worst known among men, and that to read it must ever be a painful task. Under these circumstances, its chances of getting read at the present day are small, and there is therefore an excuse for quoting freely from it, which does not avail in the case of the Diary and Letters. Moreover, it is Miss Burney's own story that I wish to follow, and the thread of this is best kept by avoiding the pages that record her triumphs in society, and attending to the progress of her work and to her relations with her intimate friends. Mr. Crisp, who always watched over her paternally, wrote to her in November to remind her of the importance of turning her talent as quickly as possible to solid account :

"When you know the world half so well as I do, you will then be convinced that a state of independence is the only basis on which to rest your future ease and comfort. You are now young, lively, gay. You please, and the world smiles upon you—this is your time. Years and wrinkles in their due season (perhaps attended with want of health and spirits) will succeed. You will then be no longer the same Fanny of 1778, feasted, caressed, admired, with all the soothing circumstances

of your present situation. The Thrales, the Johnsons, the Sewards, Cholmondeleys, etc., etc., who are now so high in position, and might be such powerful protectors as almost to ensure success to any thing that is tolerable, may then themselves be moved off the stage. I will no longer dwell on so disagreeable a change of the scene ; let me only earnestly urge you to act vigorously (what I really believe is in your power) a distinguished part in the present one—' now while it is yet day, and before the night cometh, when no man can work.' "

Fanny's answer was that she was already at work upon a play, that being the kind of composition her new friends thought she had most talent for. In the beginning of 1779 she was at home for some time ; and we find her unhappy about an allusion to her as the " dear little Burney " in a satirical poem entitled " Warley." No harm was said of Fanny, but the pamphlet was extremely coarse in tone, and it was naturally painful to her to have her name connected with it, and the phrase that expressed Dr. Johnson's affection for her dragged through the mud. The chief lasting interest of the affair lies, however, in the characteristic letter of consolation it drew from Mrs. Thrale, one passage of which I must quote here as an act of justice. After a great deal of excellent sense and kindness, and some friendly remonstrance with Fanny on her sensitiveness and self-consciousness, Mrs. Thrale pulls herself up in this way :—" But I see you saying, ' Why, this is Mrs. Selwyn without her

wit.' Very well, madam, don't you be lady Louisa without her quality." Now, Miss Ellis has lately cited, as evidence of Mrs. Thrale's insincerity, a satirical passage from that lady's journal, in which Fanny is called the "Lady Louisa of Leicester Square," and the dignity of the music-master's daughter is made fun of. It seems to me to make a difference that the comparison had already been used, and the satire hinted, in a most affectionate and most frank letter to Fanny herself. No one can dispute that the extraordinary candor of Mrs. Thrale's note-book often offends against good-taste, but unless we are to assume that Madame D'Arblay was perfect, I cannot see that there is any thing said of her in "*Thraliana*" that justifies the charge of insincerity. Quite in the beginning of their acquaintance Mrs. Thrale had remonstrated with Fanny in conversation upon her over-sensitiveness. And apart from this business of the pamphlet, which was really disagreeable, it is easy to read, through Fanny's own lines, that into this "sensitiveness" there entered elements of social exclusiveness and personal consequence which might fairly amuse Mrs. Thrale, whose own fault was to care too little for the dignity of her position. She had as good a right to laugh at Fanny's excess of dignity, as Fanny had to mourn over her want of dignity. Neither

abstained from the criticism of the other, but Mrs. Thrale, quite as much as Fanny, invariably wrote her warmest praises of her friend in the next line of the same private page on which she found fault. They were women of very unlike types. That Mrs. Thrale had great faults nobody has ever doubted, for first among these was a total want of discretion, which laid her whole character bare. That Miss Burney had faults is not so readily believed, or so easily proved, because foremost among her virtues was a great discretion that kept a guard upon all her words and ways. Still, when Mrs. Thrale's candid journal has once set us on their track, it is not very difficult to discover what were the little weaknesses that kept Miss Burney human. And it seems to me far less to her discredit to accept both sides of Mrs. Thrale's account of her, than to turn all that is not praise against Mrs. Thrale, and so reduce ourselves to the necessity of supposing that Fanny was throughout the dupe of her friend's flattery. For if Mrs. Thrale's praises were not sincere, that is what it comes to. She must have been so very insincere that it was discreditable alike to Fanny's head and heart to have ever loved her, and monstrous to talk, as Madame D'Arblay did, even long years after their intimacy ceased, "of her extraordinary virtues."

Soon after the "Warley" trouble, Fanny was again at Streatham, writing to Mr. Crisp: "The kindness and honors I meet with from this charming family are greater than I can mention; sweet Mrs. Thrale hardly leaves me for a moment, and Dr. Johnson is another Daddy Crisp to me." A little later she tells him that her play is progressing, but that she is keeping it very secret, because she cannot confide in one friend without offending many, and she cannot confide in all without having the thing read by the whole town before it is acted. Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Cholmondeley, "and many inferior etc.'s, all think they have an equal claim to be counsellors." After this she went with the Thrales to Brighton, where they passed their time "most delectably," and she began to attach herself to Mr. and Miss Thrale, who at first did not altogether charm her. On their return to Streatham, Mrs. Thrale had a paralytic seizure, and a gloom fell upon the house where every thing had hitherto looked so bright. Fanny's play was finished by August of this year, and submitted to the judgment of her father and Mr. Crisp. They could not advise her to publish it, and she took her disappointment in excellent part, writing to her father:

"What my Daddy Crisp says, 'that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more,' is exactly what I have always thought since 'Evelina' was published. But I will not now talk of putting it in practice, for the best way I can take of showing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to produce something less reprehensible."

In the autumn she was again with the Thrales at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells; and in the spring of 1770 she spent three months with them at Bath, from which place she wrote to Mr. Crisp:

"You make a *comique* kind of inquiry about my 'incessant and uncommon engagements.' Now my dear daddy, this is an inquiry I feel rather small in answering, for I am sure you expect to hear something respectable in that sort of way, whereas I have nothing to enumerate that commands attention, or that will make a favorable report. For the truth is, my 'uncommon' engagements have only been of the *visiting system*, and my 'incessant' ones only of the *working party*; for perpetual dress requires perpetual replenishment, and that replenishment actually occupies almost every moment I spend out of company. 'Fact! fact!' I assure you, however paltry, ridiculous, or inconceivable it may sound. Caps, hats, and ribbons make, indeed, no venerable appearance upon paper, no more do eating and drinking; yet the one can no more be worn without being made, than the other can be swallowed without being cooked: and those who can neither pay milliners nor keep scullions, must either toil for themselves or go capless and dinnerless. So if you are for a high-polished comparison, I'm your man! Now, instead of furbelows and gewgaws of this sort, my dear daddy probably expects to hear of duodecimos, octavos, or quartos! *Hélas!* I am sorry that is

not the case, but not one word, no, not one syllable, did I write to any purpose, from the time you left me at Streatham till Christmas, when I came home."

A panic, occasioned by the Lord George Gordon riots, brought the Bath visit to a sudden conclusion in the beginning of June. The Thrales returned to Brighton, and Fanny went home. The correspondence between Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, during this separation, is affectionate and full; but there are indications, in the journals of both, that their intercourse while at Bath had had its petty jars. Mrs. Thrale was anxious about her husband's health, and generally harassed and irritable. She was critical about Fanny while Fanny was with her, but eager for her return as soon as she went away from her. Fanny knew some of her troubles, and administered what consolation she could by letter; of other troubles she may not have known—anyway they were of a nature not to admit of open sympathy. But before long they were together again at Streatham, to the satisfaction of both; and Mr. Crisp, who considered that Fanny had had enough of "flattering idleness," could only get her away by coming himself to fetch her. She remained at Chesington, working steadily at "Cecilia," till the beginning of 1781, when she was called home to assist in the preparations for the wedding of her sister Susan; and

immediately Mrs. Thrale's invitations began again. But Dr. Burney made a stand against them, and did what he could to keep Fanny at work. Upon which she wrote to Mrs. Thrale:

"I think I shall always hate this book, which has kept me so long away from you, as much as I shall always love 'Evelina,' who first comfortably introduced me to you."

And Mrs. Thrale wrote in her Diary:

"What a blockhead Dr. Burney is to be always sending for his daughter home so ! What a monkey ! Is she not better and happier with me than she can be anywhere else ? Johnson is enraged at the silliness of their family conduct. I confess myself provoked excessively, but I love the girl so dearly, and the Doctor too for that matter, only that he has such odd notions of superiority in his own house, and will have his children under his feet forsooth, rather than let 'em live in peace, plenty, and comfort anywhere from home. If I did not provide Fanny with every wearable—every wishable, indeed—it would vex me to be served so : but to see the impossibility of compensating for the pleasures of St. Martin's Street makes me at once merry and mortified."

It was in the spring of this year that Mr. Thrale died. Though Mrs. Thrale had never pretended to love her husband in any romantic sense, or to fancy herself so loved by him, she felt keenly the loss of her "oldest friend," and Fanny never doubted the sincerity of her grief. She replied very tenderly to the little note that bade her, "write to me, pray for me," and held herself ready to go to her as soon as her company should be desired. Through the



summer she was constantly with Mrs. Thrale ; but in October Mr. Crisp interfered once more, and got her to Chesington, where she settled down to "Cecilia" again. From this time she appears to have worked industriously, refusing invitations, so that she might "live almost alone with Cecilia," until the book was finished in June, 1782. Her first festivity, after finishing her task, was the dinner, at Sir Joshua's house on Richmond Hill, where she met Burke. She has described the occasion at length, both in the *Diary* and the *Memoirs*. Of Burke himself she wrote to her sister Susan, now Mrs. Philips :

"Captain Philips knows Mr. Burke. Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is ? if he has not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy ; if he has, pray ask him if he will subscribe to my account of him which shall herewith follow : He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful ; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful ; his language is copious, various, and eloquent ; his manners are attractive ; his conversation is delightful. Since we lost Garrick, I have seen nobody so enchanting."

Burke had already paid her the compliment of sitting up all night to read "*Evelina*;" before long he was devoting three whole days to "Cecilia," and writing the letter of fine praise that now makes part of the introduction to the novel. Gibbon was also of the Richmond party, but he was so completely eclipsed by Burke that Miss Burney could remember nothing to record of him.

The success of "Cecilia" left nothing to desire. Those who had admired "Evelina" admired its successor more. Those who had feared a second venture, after a first hit of such rare effect, were satisfied that Fanny's talent was well rooted. Her publisher paid her a handsome sum, and the measure of her own and her friends' content was full. But the close of this year was clouded over by the uncomfortable feelings to which Mrs. Thrale's attachment for Piozzi gave rise. Fanny stayed with her at Brighton in the autumn, and received her confidences, but could not give sympathy or approval. Johnson was at Brighton also, and she found him extremely irritable and overbearing; so much so, that people were pointedly excluding him from parties to which Mrs. Thrale and her other guests were bidden. "To me only is he now kind," wrote Fanny; "poor Mrs. Thrale fares worst of all." The spring brought a new trouble in the death of Mr. Crisp. Then Johnson had a paralytic stroke, and anxiety on his account cast a gloom over the whole circle of her acquaintance. She still went to the usual houses, and met distinguished people, but she had no spirit to enjoy herself. In the beginning of 1788 she wrote:

"I have lately spent a great deal of time at home, for I have now a little broke my father into permitting my sending excuses; and, indeed, I was most heartily tired of visiting,

though the people visited have been among the first for talents in the kingdom. I can go nowhere with pleasure or spirit, if I meet not somebody who interests my heart as well as my head, and I miss Mrs. Thrale most wofully in both particulars. . . . The heart fascination of Mrs. Thrale, indeed, few know ; but those few must confess, and must feel, her sweetness to them is as captivating as her wit is brilliant to all."

In May Mrs. Thrale came to London, and Fanny devoted almost the whole of a week to her "whose society was truly the most delightful of cordials to me, however at times mixed with bitters the least palatable." So things went on till August, when the long-debated marriage became an accomplished fact; and Mrs. Piozzi wrote to ask for congratulations from Fanny and her father. Dr. Burney, like a wise man, seeing the thing was done, pocketed his objections, and cordially wished her joy. Fanny felt that her plain-spoken opposition before the event made this course impossible to her ; and wrote what she felt. Mrs. Piozzi was hurt, and Fanny wrote again more sympathetically ; and with the second letter the friendship of the two women practically ended. For several years they neither met nor wrote ; then accident brought them together again, and from that time to 1821, when Mrs. Piozzi died, they held an intermittent intercourse, dependent upon chance circumstances. Each considered the other answerable for the breach, which both regretted ; but neither saw her way

to returning to the old relations, and it is easy to see that such a return was impossible. If Mrs. Piozzi's marriage had been in truth the criminal act one might suppose from the tone her friends took about it, she might have repented and been reconciled to her judges. But as it was only an inexpedient step, of which the inexpediency arose from the fact that it involved a loss of respect in the world to which her judges belonged, she could not accept their forgiveness without suffering a much more serious loss of dignity than she incurred by marrying the singer.

Through this marriage, the Burney's lost, not only Mrs. Thrale's society, but much of Dr. Johnson's. His irritability on the subject was so great that Fanny and her father kept out of his way, in order to avoid hearing his bitter condemnation of their old friend. But Johnson could not do long without his "little Burney," and he wrote to rebuke her for her neglect. She came at once to see him, and was welcomed as the "dearest of all dear ladies." And for the few remaining months of his life she was with him frequently.

### III.

With the winter of 1784, closed the most brilliant period of Fanny Burney's life. The death of Johnson was the last of a

series of losses and changes that had been gradually breaking up the circle of congenial friendships, under whose protection she had enjoyed her first honors. It is with an uncomfortable sense of having passed into a strange world that one opens the volume of the Diary that begins the new life, without Mr. Crisp, without Dr. Johnson, without Mrs. Thrale. Burke, too, though his friendship to Fanny and her father was constant and active to the end of his life, was for a time practically lost to their society, through his absorption in the labors of the Warren Hastings prosecution.

But as the old circle melted away a new one formed itself. Fanny was becoming intimate with the Locks, of Norbury Park, and spending much time in the company of Mrs. Delany. She made the acquaintance also of Warren Hastings and his wife, and was fascinated by both. Other friends of this time were Mr. and Mrs. Smelt,<sup>1</sup> through whom, as well as through Mrs. Delany, the way was quietly preparing for her Court appointment. It was through Mrs. Delany's praises that she first became known to Queen Charlotte, who conceived the desire to have her about her, from seeing how much she possessed the gift of making her friends love her. There are very lively and elaborate descriptions in the Diary of some interviews

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Smelt had been sub-governor to the Prince of Wales.

with the king and queen that took place in the course of Fanny's first visit to Mrs. Delany, after that lady's establishment at Windsor. Fanny was much flattered by the condescension of the royal personages, and entertained by their conversation; and she amused herself afterward with writing to her sister some burlesque rules of Court etiquette:

*"Directions for coughing, sneezing, or moving before the king and queen:—*In the first place, you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must avert it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough. In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose-membranes feel a great irritation you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel—but not sneeze. In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir either hand or foot. If, by chance, a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter. If the blood should gush from your head by means of the black pin, you must say nothing about it, etc."

In the spring of 1786 she paid a second visit to Windsor with her father, who was soliciting the place of Master of the King's Band. They were advised to waylay the king and queen upon the terrace, and they did so; but the result was not quite satisfactory:

"My dear father was not spoken to, though he had a bow every time the king passed him, and a courtesy from the queen. But it hurt him, and he thought it a very bad prognostic ; and all there was at all to build upon was the graciousness shown to me, which, indeed, in the manner I was accosted, was very flattering, and, except to high rank, I am told, very rare."

On their return home they learned that the place had been given to another man, upon which Miss Burney remarks, "This was not very exhilarating."

Within a month of this fruitless visit of solicitation, the office of Keeper of the Queen's Robes was offered to Miss Burney. Writing to a friend while the question of accepting or refusing was still open, she states the situation and her own feelings about it fully :

"You cannot easily picture to yourself the consternation with which I received this intimation. . . . I frankly told Mr. Smelt that no situation of that sort was suited to my own taste or promising to my own happiness. He seemed equally sorry and surprised ; he expatiated warmly upon the sweetness of character of all the royal family, and then begged me to consider the very peculiar distinction shown me, that, unsolicited, unsought, I had been marked out with such personal favor by the queen herself as a person with whom she had been so singularly pleased, as to wish to settle me with one of the princesses, in preference to the thousands of offered candidates of high birth and rank, but small fortunes, who were waiting and supplicating for places in the new-forming establishment. Her Majesty proposed giving me apartments in the palace, making me belong to the table of Mrs. Schwellenberg, with whom all her own visitors—bishops, lords, or commons—al-

ways dine ; keeping me a footman, and settling on me £200 a year. ' And in such a situation,' he added, ' so respectably offered, not solicited, you may have opportunities of seeing your particular friends, especially your father, such as scarce any other could afford you.' . . . This was a plea not to be answered, yet the attendance upon this princess was to be incessant, the confinement to the Court continual. I was scarce ever to be spared for a single visit from the palaces, nor to receive anybody but with permission. What a life for me, who have friends so dear to me, and to whom friendship is the balm, the comfort, the very support of existence ! "

The advantages of the post were too solid to allow of serious hesitation ; the place was accepted, and the appointment was shortly announced in the newspapers. Congratulations poured in from all sides, and none were more appreciated than those of Burke, who, calling one day when father and daughter were both out, wrote on a card : " Mr. Burke—to congratulate upon the honor done by the queen to Miss Burney—and to herself."

Fanny took up her appointment on the 20th of June, 1786, and on the same day, after her formal reception by the queen, she wrote to her father :

" What my difficulties *are* to be I know not, nor what my dangers ; but everybody speaks of this as a situation abounding in both, and requiring the most indefatigable prudence and foresight. At present, however, I see *none*. I am happy, indeed, to tell my dearest father that my road has grown smoother and smoother, and that whatever precipices and troubles I may have to encounter, they have not appeared to terrify me on the outset."



A very little time, however, revealed troubles and precipices enough for her danger and discomfort. In August she was writing to her sister of the misery she suffered through the jealous and exacting temper of Mrs. Schwollenberg. It had cost her a hard struggle to resign herself to separation from her family and friends, and to submit to the many restraints and constraints that are inseparable from life at Court, even under the most favorable auspices. But the uniform kindness of every member of the royal family, the friendship of Mrs. Delany, and of one or two other persons about the Court, in whose company and conversation she took real pleasure, would probably have comforted her in a little time; and though she must have always preferred the freer conditions of her former life, it cannot be doubted that she would have found the means of reasonable happiness in her new circumstances, but for the persecutions of Mrs. Schwollenberg, whose insane jealousy prevented her from enjoying such society as was still open to her, and whose selfishness robbed her of the hours of leisure, during which she should have rested from the fatigues of her attendance upon the queen. She was hardly her own mistress for a single hour of the day, and her official day began at six o'clock in the morning and did not end before midnight. The strain was too much for

her health and spirits, and she very soon began to break down under it. It is impossible to read without sympathy her account of herself, written within a month of beginning residence at Court. But it is equally impossible not to see that the one circumstance that made her lot so miserable, was of a kind that could not reasonably have been anticipated by her friends when they advised her to accept the post.

"Oh, my beloved Susan," she writes, "'t is a refractory heart I have to deal with ! It struggles so hard to be sad—and silent—and fly from you entirely, since it cannot fly entirely to you. I do all I can to conquer it, to content it, to give it a taste and enjoyment for what is still attainable ; but at times I cannot manage it, and it seems absolutely indispensable to my peace to occupy myself in any thing rather than in writing to the person most dear to me upon earth ! 'T is strange,—but such is the fact,—and I now do best when I get with those who never heard of you, and who care not about me. If to you alone I show myself in these dark colors, can you blame the plan that I have intentionally been forming—namely, to wean myself from myself—to leave all my affections—to curb all my wishes—to deaden all my sensations ? This design, my Susan, I formed so long ago as the first day my dear father accepted my offered appointment. I thought that what demanded a complete new system of life, required, if attainable, a new set of feelings for all enjoyment of new prospects, and for lessening regrets at what were quitted or lost. Such being my primitive idea, merely from my grief of separation, imagine but how it was strengthened and improved when the interior of my position became known to me ! when I saw myself expected by Mrs. Schwellenberg, not to be her colleague, but her dependent deputy ! not to be her visitor at my own option, but her companion, her humble companion, at her

own command ! This has given so new a character to the place I had accepted under such different auspices, that nothing but my horror of disappointing, perhaps displeasing my dearest father, has deterred me from the moment that I made this mortifying discovery from soliciting his leave to resign."

She adhered bravely to her resolution not to disappoint her father by throwing up her appointment. And, indeed, though this is a point on which Madame D'Arblay never gives very distinct information, it is evident that there were strong reasons for such endurance in the pecuniary circumstances of her father. At different times of his life Dr. Burney had made a good income, but he had invested little, and that little not happily. In 1783 he had thankfully accepted at the hands of Burke the place of organist at Chelsea College with a salary of £50 a year; and though Madame D'Arblay, in relating the incident, throws all her emphasis on the satisfaction it was to her father to owe any thing to so good and great a friend, she betrays by the way that the money was exceedingly acceptable. Under these circumstances, however much we may honor his daughter for having concealed her troubles from him, we must have blamed her had she done otherwise. With the beginning of every new year she made heroic resolutions to be happy, but to keep them was beyond her strength; and through the whole record of her

five years' residence at Court there rings a note of increasing pain and despondency.

It was through her appearances in Westminster Hall, during the trial of Warren Hastings, that her friends first became aware of the degree in which she was suffering from her life at Court. Both Burke and Windham noticed her altered looks, and, without her knowledge, used their influence to persuade her father that she ought to come away. Their representations prevailed, and a resignation was drawn up and presented to Queen Charlotte. The queen was not easy to convince of the necessity of the step. But the resolution once taken, was firmly stood by, and on July 7, 1791, Fanny took leave of the Court.

In enumerating the friends who welcomed her return to the world, she mentions sadly that Burke was at Beaconsfield, and therefore his congratulations were wanting. She had a suspicion that he was angry with her for taking part with Warren Hastings, and the suspicion seems to have been in a measure shared by her father. However the publication of the "*Reflections on the French Revolution*"—a subject on which the Burneys sympathized with Burke as warmly as they differed about the prosecution—made an opportunity for coming together again. Mrs. Crewe, who was the confidential friend of both families, arrang-

ed a little dinner party at Hampstead, at which Dr. Burney and his daughter were invited to meet the whole Burke family. Owing to his short-sightedness, Burke did not see Fanny at first, and she made herself miserable by fancying that he had cut her. But at a chance mention of her name, he recognized her, and the misunderstanding was cleared up. He made her ample amends at dinner for her momentary mortification. In the course of some lively political conversation,—

“ Mr. Richard Burke narrated, very comically various censures that had reached his ears upon his brother, concerning his last and most popular work ; accusing him of being the *Abettor of Despots*, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the King of France ! and the *Friend of Slavery*, because he was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished ! Mr. Burke looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, not knowing, I presume, whither his odd fancy might lead him ; but, when he had finished, and so inoffensively, and a general laugh that was excited was over, he—The Burke—good-humoredly turning to me, and pouring out a glass of wine, said, ‘ Come, then, Miss Burney, here 's slavery forever ! ’ This was well understood, and echoed round the table. ‘ This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke,’ cried Mrs. Crewe laughing, ‘ if it could but get into a newspaper ! Mr. Burke—they would say—has now *spoken out* ! The truth has come to light *over a bottle of wine* ! and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged ! I should like,’—added she, laughing quite heartily—‘ to draw up the paragraph myself ! ’ ‘ Pray, then,’ said Mr. Burke, ‘ complete it by putting in that the toast was addressed to Miss Burney—in order to *pay my court to the queen* ! ’ ”

Toward the end of 1792, she paid a visit to the Locks at Norbury Park, and, while with them, made the acquaintance of a set of French refugees who had settled in the neighborhood. Among this society were Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, Monsieur de Narbonne, and his friend the Chevalier D'Arblay. Fanny found their conversation delightful, and before long she was engaged to marry D'Arblay. Her father questioned the prudence of the marriage on economical grounds. General D'Arblay had lost all his fortune in the Revolution, and Fanny had little to depend on except a pension of a hundred a year granted her by the queen on her retirement. But she and her general were both content to do with little, and they were married on the 31st of July, 1793.

They settled themselves in a cottage in Mr. Lock's park, and there Madame D'Arblay occupied herself, during 1794 and the greater part of 1795, in writing a novel, of which she had sketched the outlines while still at Court, "Camilla" was published by subscription in 1796, and it brought its author a sum of £3,000, besides a present of a hundred guineas from the king and queen. But other success it had not. The reviews were severe, and private criticism was not all that could be wished. Dr. Burney called on Horace Walpole to learn

his opinion, and got cold comfort, according to Walpole's account written to Miss Berry :

"He asked me about deplorable 'Camilla.' Alas ! I had not recovered of it enough to be loud in its praise. I am glad, however, to hear that she has realized about £2,000, and the worth, no doubt, of as much in honors at Windsor, where she was detained three days, and where even Mons. D'Arblay was allowed to dine."

A copy lay at Beaconsfield, beside the bed on which Burke was slowly dying ; and when Mrs. Crewe went to see him, he pointed to it and said : "How ill I am you will easily believe, when a new work of Madame D'Arblay's lies on my table unread !"

It was by Burke's suggestion that the plan of publishing by subscription had been adopted, and his cordial reply to Mrs. Crewe, when she invited him to do his part, makes a fit conclusion to the story of Fanny Burney's literary career :

"As to *Miss Burney*—the subscription ought to be for certain persons five guineas, and to take but a single copy each. I am sure that it is a disgrace to the age and nation if this be not a great thing for her. If every person in England who has received pleasure and instruction from 'Cecilia' were to rate its value at the hundredth part of their satisfaction, Madame D'Arblay would be one of the richest women in the kingdom. Her scheme was known before she lost two of her most respectful admirers from this house ; and this, with Mrs. Burke's subscription and mine, make the paper I send you. One book is as good as a thousand ; one of hers is certainly as good as a thousand others."

The paper was a £20 note ; the allusion to the two who were gone speaks for itself.

From this point the principal interests of Madame D'Arblay's life are of a domestic nature, her story is that of the happy which does not require to be written. She had brought a son into the world in the year before the publication of "Camilla," and the pleasures of maternity compensated her for the pain inflicted by unfriendly reviewers. Mrs. Crewe wanted her to undertake the editorship of a weekly paper to be called *The Breakfast Table*, which should aim at "laughing the world out of Jacobinism," and gave her an opening for a series of studies of life and manners. But she declined the enterprise on the ground that her husband's position obliged her to live out of the world, and society could only be painted effectively by one who lived in its midst. With the new century, new novelists of her own sex and of the school she had created came into fame and fashion. Maria Edgeworth, who had sighed hopelessly in 1783 for the "honor of Miss Burney's correspondence," published "Castle Rackrent" and "Belinda" in 1801 ; in 1811, Jane Austen brought out "Sense and Sensibility." Each in her different way, and very different degree, was a greater artist than Miss Burney. Miss Edgeworth excelled in



grasp of moral principles ; Miss Austen was supreme in literary form. But when the next place to Shakespeare is claimed for Jane Austen as a painter of human nature, I cannot help asking whether in one quality Frances Burney does not come nearer to deserving this high honor. She painted human nature with a more genial touch than Jane Austen. She certainly wants the quiet and terrible power with which her successor lays bare and withers the follies and the meannesses of mankind. But, on the other hand, she does what Miss Austen fails to do—she warms our hearts toward our fellow-creatures in their folly even more than in their wisdom. Her fools—and they are many—are as ridiculous and tiresome persons as it is possible to conceive, and yet the result of jogging along with them through her voluminous novels is that, as we turn the last page, we realize that, after all, we have a kindly feeling and a sense of kin toward each and all of them. She had a pure artistic delight in character, which enabled her to enjoy, and make others enjoy, every genuine manifestation of it. As her husband wrote under her picture :

“ La Raison, si souvent tranchante, atrabilaire,  
Toujours dans ses ecrits plait autant que 'lle éclaire,  
L' indulgence, l' amour, allument son flambeau,  
C' est la Sagesse enfin, non l' Ennui peint en beau.”

All her good work belongs to the eighteenth century; all her inspiration came from the day when society still had animal spirits to fortify it against boredom; when people laughed merrily because they were amused, not satirically to show themselves cleverer than the rest. But with the deeper tendencies of her age she was not in sympathy, and she had neither courage nor power to deal adequately with its serious problems. In her last novel, "The Wanderer," which appeared in 1814, she was led by the influence of the new time to attempt more profound things than she had ventured upon before, and the result was a grotesque sensationalism, even more "deplorable" than the flatness of "Camilla."

Madame D'Arblay died on the 6th of January, 1840, at the age of eighty-eight, having outlived her son three years and her husband two-and-twenty. Her father had died in 1814, and from 1818 to 1832 she was occupied in writing his Memoirs from the papers he left behind him.

## SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

By SIR. G. W. DASENT.

IN July, 1873, Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, met his death by a fall from a stumbling horse on that "cruel sloping meadow," or, as Lord Granville, the bishop's companion, called it, "on a smooth stretch of turf," near Abinger, in Surrey. That fall called forth an echo of wailing all over England. It was felt that one who, take him for all in all, was the foremost prelate in the English Church, had been called away in the twinkling of an eye, in the midst of a career which might have been as useful for the diocese of Winchester as the earlier portion of it had been for that of Oxford, to say nothing of what he might have accomplished in that Primacy for which many of his admirers deemed him specially fitted. It was natural, therefore, that with rare exceptions the death of Samuel Wilberforce should be regarded as a national loss. Writers of all opinions and speakers of every degree of merit vied with one another in extolling the great qualities of the man; and first and foremost in this latter class, the present Prime Minister of England offered what has been well called "a

magnificent tribute to his memory," in an oration worthy, in its justice and felicity, of Pericles himself. We are now in 1883. Ten years have not passed since Samuel Wilberforce was laid with such honor in the grave amid the lamentations of England. The cruel spectre, however, which dogs the mighty dead has appeared in the shape of three bulky biographical volumes which, however truthful in the main, contain such indiscretions and awkward revelations that a battle is raging over the bones of the bishop; whose memory has been handed over afresh to the great assize of public opinion, which differs from that final judgment which all Christians expect, in that its sentences—pronounced as they are by fallible creatures—are seldom tempered with either charity or mercy. In this state of things the fame of the late bishop is in danger of being stained by vulgar obloquy, and the beauty of his character obscured by a cloud of apocryphal anecdotes which have sprung up in the heat of controversy like midges after a summer shower. It will be well then to survey the life of Samuel Wilberforce, and without extenuating his faults to sketch the character and career of one, who, beyond all doubt, filled for so long a time so prominent a position in the world and the Church.

And first and foremost let us discard all consideration of what Samuel Wilberforce might

have been, and look steadfastly on what he was. Of him, as of Cardinal Newman, Bishop Philpots, and so many other great men, it has been said that he had mistaken his calling, and ought to have been Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor. Something of this belief, if he ever had one, may have passed through the mind of Lord Westbury when he told the bishop that he was the only clergyman he had ever met "who had a mind"; nay, it may have presented itself to Samuel Wilberforce himself when he wrote early in 1846 to his dearest woman-friend, Miss Noel: "I took my seat, as I think I told you, in the House of Lords on the first day of the session. You know how all such real business interests me, but I feel as if I should never take any part in debate, though some day I shall. The impediment of the lawn sleeves must be very great and entangling." In saying this Samuel Wilberforce only showed that he was many-sided, and could have turned his hand or his tongue to other cares and duties than those which concern the Church; but our business is with what he was, at first a parish priest, and at last a great prelate of the Church; as for his Premiership or Chancellorship, they must remain in the limbo of unconditional possibilities.

Brought up carefully and tenderly by his famous father, Samuel Wilberforce soon showed

a resolution and determination of character and, let us add, a common-sense, which were wanting in his brothers. For an instance of his determination, when only twelve years old, the world is indebted, not to Canon Ashwell or Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, but to Mr. Mozley—no great admirer, as far as we can judge, of Samuel Wilberforce. At that early age he quarrelled with his tutor, and demanded to be sent home at once. When the tutor demurred, the boy threw himself in the road, in the very track of a score or two of London coaches, and “announced his intention of staying there till he was sent back. After he had remained there several hours the tutor struck his colors and Samuel was sent home.” Such an obstinate wicked boy in a story-book would infallibly have been eaten up by a lion, like Don’t-Care, but in real life, as we shall see, he became Bishop Wilberforce, no doubt owing his advancement to that determined spirit which in after-years kept him straight in the Established Church, while his weaker relatives rushed one after the other down the steep place to Rome like a flock—of sheep.

For other particulars of the bishop’s early life we must also turn to Mr. Mozley. Even as a young man Samuel was distinguished from his brothers, and especially from Henry, by his self-confidence—some may call it conceit; but

that is only the same thing called by a bad name by those who try to find a stick to beat a dog. How was it that Henry Wilberforce, when he went to meeting, was sometimes late, and always a listener; while Samuel, though he was often as late as his brother, was always asked up on the platform and always a speaker? This question was answered, we are told, by Samuel himself. "He was perfectly aware that he had something to say, that the people would be glad to hear it, and that it would do them good." Full of this conviction, while his brother shrunk back, Samuel gradually worked his way through the crowd and caught the eye of some friend on the platform. Presently there would be a voice heard: "Please make way for Mr. Wilberforce!" Once at the elevation which some people who cannot speak have found so dangerous, we have no doubt that Samuel Wilberforce poured out to the delighted meeting the first-fruits of that persuasive eloquence which so enchanted his hearers on many platforms where he could speak with greater authority. In a word, he had that wonderful power of speech which, in our benighted days, so largely supplies the want of the miraculous gift of tongues of the apostolic age. To the very end he felt sure that he had something to say, that it was good for his hearers, and that they would be ready to listen.

These great gifts, added to a first-class in mathematics and a second in classics, might have condemned Samuel Wilberforce to an Oxford fellowship, where, like Isaac Williams, Oakeley, and even his censor Mozley himself, he might have become one of the satellites revolving round the eccentric orb of Newman, attracted by its as yet uncertain light. But this was not to be; human nature exerted her sway, and shortly after taking his degree in 1828 Samuel Wilberforce was married to Miss Sargent, to whom, indeed, he had been for years virtually engaged; and having interest in the Church, was in 1830 presented to the pleasant living of Brighstone in the Isle of Wight. We say that he had interest in the Church, for the two Bishops Sumner, who were related to him, contended which should secure him for his diocese. J. B. Sumner, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, offered him Ribchester, near Stonyhurst, in the northwest, while Charles Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, carried him away to Brighstone. Thus, while still under five-and-twenty, Samuel Wilberforce was already married, and entering on his career as a beneficed clergyman. Under these circumstances, and with such friends on the bench of bishops, many a man would have rested idly on his oars and waited for preferment. At the end of his career he might have aspired to be



an archdeacon, and his wildest dreams of clerical ambition would have been realized if he had attracted the attention of a prime minister and been named a dean. Samuel Wilberforce was not the man to rest on his oars; to use a vulgar expression, he knew how to paddle his own canoe; and having made himself known and appreciated, not only by his diocesan but by the rest of the world, he had not long to wait for preferment. We say not long, though he stayed nearly ten years at Brighthelm; but what are ten years in the life of an average clergyman, vegetating, as most of them are doomed to do for thirty or forty years, in the most uncongenial surroundings! During these ten years his worst enemy could not have accused the rector of Brighthelm of vegetating. On the contrary, as Canon Ashwell says, it would be difficult to imagine a mind or a temperament of more ceaseless activity. He was neither a great reader, nor a mere student, nor a profound thinker, but he was a man of action, and public questions were his delight. If he had any relaxations he found them in botany, and especially in ornithology. Then, as all his life through, his love of birds as well as his knowledge of their notes and habits were most remarkable. Once indeed, he was known to have forgiven a little boy for the heinous offence of breaking through a hedge because he

did it to show the bishop a rare bird. As to his religious opinions, he was a Churchman, and what is called a High Churchman, from the first; but he soon learned to mistrust the Tractarian movement in Oxford, and like many other men who maintain an independent line of their own, he fell as it were, between the two theological schools. The Low Churchmen, or old Evangelicals, led by Golightly, regarded him on the verge of Romanism, while the adherents of Newman, Pusey, and Keble looked on him at best as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Thus, in 1836, he writes to his friend Anderson as to the Oxford movement: "I fear they are pushing things too far; it is the view of baptism which seems to me to be pushed too far: I mean the deadly state to which they picture sin after baptism to reduce men." In the same spirit he did all in his power to persuade Newman and his party to add their names to the committee for erecting the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford; but his efforts were fruitless, and the breach between him and the movement party was widened by Newman's refusal to accept his articles for the *British Critic*. Meantime his worldly affairs prospered; his works, such as "Agathos," and his Sermons, and, though last not least, his father's Life, were profitable. By the death of both his wife's brothers he became possessed of the estate of

Lavington, and continued for the rest of his life to pride himself on being a Sussex squire.

During his incumbency of Brighstone various attempts were made to lure him away from that peaceful rectory where his existence, surrounded by his wife and children, was purely idyllic. Now it was dingy St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; now Tunbridge Wells Chapel, dedicated, as we believe it is, to that doubtful saint King Charles I; now, most perplexing of all, Leeds, with its wide sphere of usefulness and in his own Yorkshire too, but also with its load of heavy work and its suffocating coal smoke. All these were, for one reason or another, declined with thanks. Samuel Wilberforce was happy in his rectory and in his favor with his bishop, though even then he wished his diocesan had more advanced Church views. His was indeed a proud position; he was everywhere a favorite, fast rising to be the most popular preacher and speaker of the day, with full liberty to go where he chose and to speak as he chose—a liberty, indeed, of which on one occasion at least, he availed himself to the full when, at the meeting of a Diocesan Church Building Society, he measured swords with the veteran Lord Palmerston; attacking him with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away his hearers, but with so much vehemence that the Duke of Wellington, who was in the chair, would

have called him to order had he not feared to divert the stream of indignant eloquence on himself. "I assure you," he said, "I would have faced a battery sooner." This was the beginning of the bishop's rooted antipathy for Lord Palmerston, whom he considered as untrustworthy in Church matters as he believed him to be time-serving in his general policy. In the one opinion he was probably as right from a High Churchman's point of view as he was wrong in the other as a politician. On his own part he met with some trouble from the hostile criticisms with which his father's *Life*, the most laborious literary work on which he was ever engaged, was received by some of the old slave emancipationists. One of his letters to his brother Robert on this subject ends thus: "*Quære*, have I hardness enough not to be ground to powder between the Evangelical and Newman mills?"

He was now drawing near, unconsciously to himself, to the period at which he was destined to leave Brighstone. He was made for a wider and more troublous sphere than that peaceful parsonage. "No man," says one of his biographers, "was ever more devoted to his calling, first as a simple clergyman, and afterward as a Bishop of the Church of God, than Samuel Wilberforce; but no man ever realized more thoroughly the fact that social institu-

tions are a portion of the providential order of things, and that the spiritual and the so-called secular ought to be reciprocally strengthened and benefited by mutual connection and alliance." To do this, like St. Paul, Samuel Wilberforce made himself all things to all men ; and this will account for the fact that this consistent High Churchman spent a great part of his life in the company of men such for instance as the mystical Bunsen, whose religious notions varied very widely from his own. For the same reason, probably, he joined about the same time the "Sterling" Club, which, by leave of Canon Ashwell, if in the Elysian Fields he can give any leave, was called after John Sterling, the founder, and not from any pun on the intrinsic worth of its members. "Birds of a feather," the proverb says, "flock most together," but a list of the original members of the club will show how widely different those birds were in their plumage and opinions. But neither the cheery diocese of Winchester nor the social life of London was sufficient for his spirit. The end of his Brighthelm incumbency was signalized by an adventurous autumn flight, in 1839, into the diocese of Exeter on a roving mission on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. At first Henry of Exeter "screamed" at the idea that he was to attend the "Deputation" as it was called, and

listen to the same speaker for weeks together. He seemed to think that it was possible to have too much even of a Wilberforce. But though he screamed he yielded, and when it was all over declared that, whereas he expected to be dreadfully bored, he had on the contrary been greatly instructed. For ourselves, we are not bishops, and we humbly think that if it be part of a prelate's privilege to accompany the same man over 1,500 miles for ten weeks of incessant speaking and preaching, we would much rather that any one than ourselves should be elevated to the bench. Be that as it may, this progress of the bishop and the Deputation through the diocese was most cheering, the pecuniary results were large, and the moral worth enormous. It was while Samuel Wilberforce was on this tour that the Archdeaconry of Surrey fell vacant, and the Bishop of Winchester, after ample consideration, as was the manner of prelates in the good old time, bestowed it, with universal approbation, except from the *Record*, on Samuel Wilberforce. Shortly afterward he made his first great appearance in London on moving a resolution on behalf of the Propagation Society in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House. By this time, perhaps by the practice acquired during that autumn tour, his voice and manner had reached their full perfection, "and the effect of

his profound fervor was heightened rather than diminished by his youthful appearance." "From that day," says Canon Ashwell, "his reputation as a public speaker was established," and now preferments and honors fell fast upon him. He attracted the notice of Prince Albert, who made him one of his chaplains; the Canonry of Winchester with which the Archdeaconry was to be endowed, fell vacant, and he was installed. The Heads of Houses in Oxford appointed him to preach the Bampton Lectures for 1841; and though last, not least, the bishop offered him the important living of Alverstoke, which he accepted, thus severing that happy connection with Brighstone which had lasted ten years and three months.

Hardly had he removed to Alverstoke, when, in the midst of all this happiness and prosperity, a blow fell upon him which taught him how inscrutable are the ways of Providence in dealing with man. On the 15th of February, 1841, his fourth son, Basil, was born. On Monday, the 7th of March, the archdeacon entered in his diary, "Finished Bampton Lecture No. 2"—the second of a series destined never to be delivered. Next comes "serious alarms" for his wife—Locock summoned from London on the 8th—and on the morning of the 10th she had passed away. To any man of ordinary feeling such a blow must be crushing

for the time, but to Samuel Wilberforce the effect was, we are told—and we believe it—deep and permanent. The idle and the cynical, those who only saw him in the heyday of society in after-life, will say that his loss was soon forgotten. They little know—no one knew till those diaries and letters were published, which throw such light into that Holy of Holies in which Samuel Wilberforce treasured up his most sacred things—how constant his affection for his lost wife continued to the end. That sad anniversary never passed by without due commemoration; and his children well remember how, in after-years, amidst all the tide of business, the day was strictly kept; the great sorrow remaining as fresh as if it had only just befallen the family. So that, on his very last visit to Lavington, scarce a month before he died in 1873, he wrote thus to his daughter-in-law: “My dead seemed so near me in my solitude; each one following another and speaking calm and hope to me, and reunion when He will.”

In one respect the year 1841 was a turning-point in the career of Samuel Wilberforce, in that it called him from the joys of domestic to more stirring scenes of public and religious life, while the sorrow which had seared his heart steeled and hardened it for the conflicts and contradictions which it was his lot thenceforth



to undergo. His first troubles came from Oxford, where, as we have seen some years before, he thought the movement party were pushing things too far. 1841 was the year of Tract No. 90, of the Protest of the Four Tutors, and of the hurried resolution of the Heads of Houses. The *odium theologicum* was let loose, and, to make matters still worse, there was a contest for the professorship of poetry, in which Isaac Williams was put forward by Newman's party, and Garbett by the Heads of Houses. We need hardly say that Archdeacon Wilberforce sided with Garbett and maintained his position, though it led to a difference of opinion with Mr. Gladstone, who proposed that both the candidates should withdraw from the contest. In the end the Heads prevailed, and Mr. Garbett, who, as Mr. Mozley asserts, had never written a line of poetry in his life, was elected in preference to Mr. Williams, who had. Besides this triumph, the archdeacon's sorrow was relieved by the necessity of a visit to Windsor to preach before the Queen and Prince Albert. There he gave the greatest satisfaction, and beyond doubt was, up to his appointment as Bishop of Oxford, the most popular ecclesiastic about the Court. Nothing could be kinder than the way in which he was received by the royal family. It was even hinted, and perhaps expected, that he

would undertake the onerous duty of becoming the Prince of Wales' tutor. Meantime there was more trouble at Oxford, arising out of the outrageous "*Ideal of a Christian Church*," published by Mr. Ward. The strength of parties was again tried on the condemnation of the book and the degradation of its author; both of which were carried in Convocation, when the Archdeacon voted against his old friends, supported by Mr. Gladstone.

In 1845 more promotion was put upon him. In March he was appointed Dean of Westminster, and in October Bishop of Oxford, both under the premiership of Sir Robert Peel, on which occasion Prince Albert wrote him a very remarkable letter, imparting his views on the position of a bishop in the House of Lords. After this elevation it cannot be said that he was ever so popular at Court as he had been as archdeacon and dean. Though he had been hard enough to escape crushing by the Newman or upper millstone, it remained to be seen whether he would be as fortunate with the Low Church, or nether millstone.

As Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce entered into possession of what would now be called a very neglected diocese. In those days it was very much in the condition of Israel when every man—and certainly every clergyman—did what was right in his own eyes.

Perhaps it was not so bad as when Bishop Bagot had refused to take over the county of Bucks, because his brother of Lincoln described the condition of the clergy in that county as "Top-boots of Exeter Hall," but still it had no real episcopal supervision. This lax rule especially favored the views of the Romanizing party, but it was too pleasant to last; and though Dr. Pusey, who after Newman's succession, in A.D. 1845, became the head of the party, in a coaxing letter which he wrote to the bishop-elect after his election by the Chapter of Christ Church, reminded him that God's providence had been wonderfully shown in the character of the bishop "whom he has given us for the last sixteen years, and now again in our not having one such as some with whom we have been threatened," "and trusting that your coming here is an act of the same graciousness," Samuel Wilberforce was too wary to fall in with that view of things. On the contrary, his opinion of the late bishop's rule was pretty plainly expressed to one from whom he had no secrets. Writing to Miss Noel, even before he was enthroned, he says: "I have read the Bishop of Oxford's (Bishop Bagot's) parting charge; I should have liked it in ordinary times; but feeling that his conduct had, more than any secondary thing, helped on our fearful troubles and divisions, I could not but

regret its tone." To Pusey himself he replied shortly, while acknowledging the kindness of his tone, that "the language held in his published writings was not to be reconciled with the doctrinal formularies of the Church of England. That was his deliberate view, and to that he adhered to the end. But he had other work to do in his diocese than to correspond on the doctrinal differences, however important. To his organizing mind the see of Oxford was as a cornfield run to waste, and he set about reclaiming and tilling it to the best of his power. Even in those comparatively modern days, a working bishop was an ecclesiastical phenomenon, a *lusus Providentiæ*, which to some minds seemed to portend the downfall of the whole Episcopal bench. Even at the present day there are members—or at least there was one member—of the University of Oxford, a year or two ago, who could recollect "when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in by himself, without so much as a groom behind him! I met him myself to-day." All this was quite shocking to the ideas of propriety of an elder but more dignified generation, who were not at all shocked at hearing that the Bishop of Llandaff could reside permanently in the Lake

district ; that Confirmations were few and far between ; that on those rare occasions the candidates were brought into county towns by thousands, like cattle driven to a fair, and with as much disorder and indecency as prevails at any fair. A candidate for Orders only had to write a bit of Latin prose and was passed by the bishop, if the family were so fortunate as to be acquainted with such an excellent personage, with an inquiry as to the welfare of his father and mother. All these things were possible—nay, they were probable—in almost every diocese in England before Samuel Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford ; but it was not his ideal of a bishop that he should live idle on an ecclesiastical Olympus, like the Gods of Epicurus. His ideal of a bishop's life was work ; up to this ideal he lived, and in this ideal he died. According to him, as Canon Ashwell well says, "the bishop was to be as much the mainspring of all spiritual and religious energy in his diocese as a parochial clergyman is bound to be in his parish. Incessant in his visitations and accessible to all, he insisted on his clergy following the same rule." "*Esse quam videri* is a maxim," he said to Mr. Ashwell, "which has its application ; but for a clergyman the *videri* is essential to his having even the chance of realizing the *esse* in his actual work. How are people to come to you for

what you are ready to *be* and to *do*, if you *do* not take care that what you are and what you do be seen and known?" Do we not here see, in this young bishop raised to be the terror of his indolent elders, the resolute and determined boy who threw himself flat on the road, the pushing, ready young man who always made his way to the front and on to the platform, the zealous parish priest, the indefatigable arch-deacon, the eloquent and unwearied speaker who could melt the stony heart and satisfy the critical taste of Henry of Exeter,—at last promoted to his proper place when he became a working bishop of the Church of England? Even his own relatives feared that he would become what they called a hack bishop; but he held on his course, ready to hack and be hacked for the sake of the Church, as he conceived it ought to be. He imagined it as that lofty city set on a hill with its foundations rather deep than broad, the light of the world, to be seen of men, not put under a bushel. Like other men, bishops must be judged by their works. During the quarter of a century before the episcopate of Bishop Wilberforce, official records show that only twenty-two new churches had been built in Oxfordshire, Berks, and Bucks, four rebuilt, and eight restored and enlarged. For the four-and-twenty years of his episcopate the corresponding totals are:

new churches, 106; churches rebuilt, 15; churches restored, 250. As for the patronage of the see, that most powerful means for providing for a deserving working clergy, the bishop found himself at first with only fourteen livings to give away, but owing to his exertions and intercessions he left it with one hundred and three, of which no less than ninety-five were in his diocese.

Compared with these labors and successes, his trials and tribulations as a bishop were as dust in the balance. They were, no doubt, mortifying to him as a man, but as a model bishop it mattered little to him whether he were faced by the passive resistance of Dr. Pusey or by the sullen obstinacy of Dr. Hampden, aided by the Broad-Church views of Lord John Russell and the Ecclesiastical Courts. From whatever cause, it is certain that he never was such a *grata persona* at Windsor after his "insincere," as some called them, proceedings in the Hampden Controversy. This naturally was a great grief to one of his sympathetic and self-asserting nature. He had carried forbearance to weakness in his dealings with Pusey, and he had prepared not one but several bridges for that sullen elephantine heretic Hampden to pass over, but he would not. What could it all mean? Did men think him insincere? Why did not the

sun shine so brightly on him at Windsor as before? At the close of the Hampden difficulty he sought counsel of Sir Robert Peel, who gave him the same advice as a particular, which Prince Albert laid down as a general, rule: "In a doubtful case do nothing." Peel himself had been called "insincere," but the bishop knew he was honest, and that was a consolation. He was not worse off than a prime minister. But the cold shade at Windsor continued and chilled his blood, not, as his son explains, because he expected any "personal advantage" from court favor, but because it deprived him of "unrivalled opportunities of usefulness." He felt this so keenly that, in 1855, when his friend Lord Aberdeen went out of office, he begged him to disabuse the minds of the Queen and the Prince of any distrust which they might entertain of his honesty. "If that honest heart of our Queen could once believe that I would die rather than breathe a dishonest thought, I should be a happier man." The interview which the Earl sought on this occasion with the Queen and the Prince, ended by the Prince saying: "He, the bishop, does every thing for some object. He has a motive for all his conduct." To which Lord Aberdeen rejoined: "Yes, sir, but when a bad motive?" This was not very satisfactory, but worse remained behind. In October,



1855, at Balmoral, the Earl renewed the conversation, when it became evident that the cause of Prince Albert's change of opinion toward the bishop arose from a suspicion on the Prince's part as to the bishop's "sincerity or disinterestedness." One instance was, that in earlier life he had sought the preceptorship to the Prince of Wales. Another, that after preaching on a well-known text, he had somewhat unduly modified his own views to suit those advanced by the Prince in an after discussion. We need hardly say that when these points were stated to the bishop he had a satisfactory explanation. As for the preceptorship, the thought of it had been his "special horror." He did not "think himself fit for it," and that it would draw him from things for which he was fit. As for the sermon, it was on the herd of swine, preached long ago when the Prince was "most friendly." The Prince had raised all possible objections to spirits of evil, which Bishop Wilberforce contested, saying at last that it was far better to "believe in a devil who suggested evil to us," for that otherwise we were driven to "make every one his own devil." That was the story how the dark cloud arose, but there must have been something more. No one, much less a prince, is bound to give all his reasons when driven into a corner. It is satisfactory to think that in

later days that cloud passed away, and that if Bishop Wilberforce never quite resumed his old place in the royal favor, he was still so graciously treated by the Queen and the rest of the royal family that he might well have been an object of envy to many of his brethren, and even have been satisfied himself.

But these were mere vexations and mortifications—thorns in his flesh sent to humble and chasten him. He had greater griefs, besides that abiding sorrow for his wife. Death came again to his house, and carried off Herbert, his sailor-son. One of his daughters-in-law, of whom he was very fond, was carried off at an early age; and, though last not least, one after another his brothers died, as it were, to the English Church and went over to the Church of Rome, which, in the agony of his heart when the last blow fell on him in the secession of his daughter and her husband, he might, with his conviction of her dangerous doctrines, be forgiven for calling “that *cloaca* of abominations.” We very much doubt whether the death of Robert Wilberforce, in 1857, affected him nearly so much as his secession, for he considered the slavery and death of the mind as much worse than mere bodily decease. Even these great griefs, however, he wrestled with and put under his feet. No doubt it was a great trial to miss at least

one Archbishopric, and to see one of Palmerston's bishops, whom in 1861 he enters in his diary as "very disagreeable," promoted over his head to the northern Province. Again on Archbishop Longley's death, that "ignorant" and "utterly unprincipled" Disraeli, so far from offering him the Primacy, would not even mention his name to the Queen for the see of London vacated by Tait. Had he gained that he might have waited for the "crowning mercy" of Canterbury,—of course not for any other reason than that it would have offered him "unrivalled opportunities for usefulness." But even for those disappointments he had some compensation when, in September, 1869, his constant friend, Mr. Gladstone, in a "most kind letter," told him that "the time was come for him to seal the general verdict," and asked if he might name him to the Queen for Winchester. The work was harder, there was a diocese to organize afresh, added to all the cares and troubles of South London. It was a hard trial to leave that Oxford which he had builded out of the most discordant materials, and to set to work to raise a fresh fabric in Winchester; but he never shrunk from work. He accepted the new see with all its toil, and even in the few years of his episcopate did wonders in reorganizing the diocese. In one thing he was strong

beyond measure—in the number of his clergy who were devoted to him. “There is one thing,” said Mr. Disraeli in 1868, “in the Bishop of Oxford which strikes me even more than his eloquence: it is the wonderful faculty he possesses of gathering round him so many like-minded with himself for work.”

But even before his elevation to Winchester he had ample compensation. At Cuddesdon, in his humble palace, close by the religious seminary which he so loved, he could console himself as he looked at his diocese with the sight of new churches rising and old ones restored, while under his very eye such men as Liddon were training students who would fill them with worthy worship. For five-and-twenty years that ecclesiastical fabric grew day by day, till it was almost perfect, when he handed it over to his successor. If he went to town he found himself a power wherever he might be; in the House of Lords a statesman-prelate, a trusty ally, and a dangerous opponent. All who remember his passages of arms with his great antagonist, Lord Westbury, will know that he administered many a castigation to that able and unscrupulous peer, who with all his dexterity was utterly wanting in that moral force which, wedded to persuasive eloquence, so often convinced his hearers that the bishop must

be in the right. It was often the bishop's fate to be worsted in debates on Church matters, even in his own creation Convocation; but it was generally felt that while the divisions might be against him the force of argument was on his side. Two pet aversions he had, and this feeling is warmly exhibited in his diaries and letters. These were Palmerston and Disraeli. We have seen how early in life he attacked the former with a vehemence which later on was turned into bitterness at what he termed his profligate episcopal appointments. With Disraeli in Church matters he had no patience, thinking him utterly ignorant of the very meaning of a Church, and only caring how he might fill up vacant sees so as to best serve electioneering purposes. Had he lived a little longer he might have seen this same Disraeli placing some of the fittest clergymen in the country on the Episcopal bench. But by that time both the bishop and Lord Beaconsfield might have become more wise. Sir Robert Peel he respected; Lord Aberdeen he looked on as his firmest friend; but the great object of his love and admiration was, beyond all doubt, Mr. Gladstone, whose future greatness he predicted, like a true prophet, long before the idea of its fulfilment had even risen on the coming Premier's mind. It is a test of such true

friendship that differences of opinion on what each considered very vital matters never veiled this lasting friendship with more than a passing cloud. They were friends in youth and friends in death. Nor let it not be forgotten that it was given to the bishop to elicit from Mr. Gladstone, when Oxford and the Church rejected the worthiest of her sons, one of the noblest letters that could be written on that sad separation, in which he says: "There have been two great deaths or transmigrations of spirit in my political existence—one very slow, the breaking of ties with my original party; the other, very short and sharp, the breaking of the tie with Oxford. There will probably be a third, and no more." When the bishop, with the importunate eagerness of affection, asked what those mysterious last words meant, all the answer he got was: "The oracular sentence has little bearing on present affairs or prospects, and may stand in its proper darkness." Well might the bishop and all who heard these dark words feel as though they were facing the sphinx, and say: "We cannot tell what he means"; but then we remember that the sphinx had an awkward habit of swallowing up those who could guess her riddles. Mr. Gladstone is more merciful to his admirers; he sets them riddles, and swallows up his opponents or tears them to pieces, which was another habit of the sphinx.

We have said of Samuel Wilberforce that he was many-sided. Narrow-minded people, who only knew one side of him were as amazed when he turned round and they found he had another side, as astronomers would be if the moon were to turn and show us her back. Those who only knew him as a hard-working bishop devoted to his diocese could scarcely believe the stories which were told of his brilliancy in society by those worldlings whose conception of a bishop and his duties were of the haziest kind. But it has been well said that it is a poor musical instrument that has but one tune. There are barrel-organs, no doubt, that have but one tune, just as there are bores who are incessantly harping on the same theme, but with Bishop Wilberforce in social life the difficulty was to find any subject on which he could not discourse with fascinating eloquence. He seemed, too, as he sat by your side, to know you better than you knew yourself, and to worm himself into your confidence almost against your will. It was this magnetic power which made him so powerful as a preacher, so that his sermons were, as it were, addressed to each individual in the church, and not to the congregation at large. "Did I not know," said the Prince of Canino, after hearing a sermon preached before a meeting of *savans* at Oxford—"did I not know that auricular con-

fession was forbidden in the Church of England I should have thought the bishop had been the father confessor of every one of us wise men, he did know so well all our little faults and sins." Lady Lyttleton, too, no mean observer, wrote, in 1842, during that golden time at Windsor when no one had yet called Samuel Wilberforce "insincere:" "The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man, and if such a Hindoo were to be found I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut. . . . He never parades his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian." For another instance of his versatility and self confidence, we must again turn to Mr. Mozley. The scene is laid at Grindelwald, and Mr. Mozley was an eye witness. It was Sunday, and the bishop had preached in English in the morning, on the duty of English people showing themselves Christians in a strange country. A very necessary injunction, we may remark, not only then, but now; for as foreigners, very respectable at home, have suddenly developed murderous propensities when birds of passage in England, so Englishmen, often when abroad, seem to have left every sign of their being, not to say Christians, but even gentlemen, behind them.



But to return to the bishop. In the afternoon Mr. Mozley stayed away, but the bishop went to the German service. When it was over Mr. Mozley saw from his window, which commanded the road, the congregation streaming out of the church headed by two figures, the bishop and the pastor, deep in discussion of "a deep sonorous utterance." "One could not but be struck with the courage of an Englishman," says Mr. Mozley, "entering into a controversy with a German in German, for such I suppose was the language, in the midst of his own people. The bishop gave us an account of the conversation as if it had been all in English." Very remarkable, no doubt, but the man who had faced so many opponents on platforms and in debate could not have found a simple-minded German pastor such a very formidable antagonist, even in his own parish. Once only in our own recollection do we remember the Bishop of Oxford silenced by a rejoinder. In general, after he appeared to have spent all his shafts he had still one bitter arrow left to pierce his foe. It was at a meeting for the restoration of the Chapter House at Westminster, now, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Gladstone when Chancellor of the Exchequer, most beautifully restored, but then in a deplorable state of ruin. All present were agreed that the the building must be restored,

but where was the money to come from? "Certainly not from us," cried the Dean and Chapter. "Our Chapter House was taken away from us by King Edward I. It is no child of ours. We look upon it altogether as a *damnosa hereditas*." "That being so," said a very insignificant person at the meeting, "why should not the Ecclesiastical Commission restore it?" "Ah!" said the bishop with a sneer, "that is a cow which everybody wishes to milk." "Yes, my lord," retorted that very insignificant person; "but you cannot deny that it is a cow which eats an enormous quantity of grass,"—and the bishop was speechless.

We have now nearly fulfilled our purpose. Our view is that Samuel Wilberforce, after his adversaries have said their worst of him, was a very great man, an honor to the Church, and, what is better still, an ornament and even a glory to England in his generation. Of course he had faults, but what man has not? He was called "insincere," but that only means that neither extreme in what used to be called the Church of England were content with his persisting in that *via media* which used to be the boast of our Protestant Church. He suffered much the same treatment at the hands of those two contending factions as moderate partakers of wine have to bear from the advocates of total abstinence. With them

moderation is the downward path ; and so it was with Samuel Wilberforce between the two millstones worked on the one hand by Dr. Pusey and on the other by Mr. Golightly. Each party tried to crush him in its peculiar way, but he proved the sincerity of his convictions by the courage with which he maintained them to the end, after having exhausted, both in the case of Dr. Pusey and of Dr. Hampden, every means to get them to reconcile their teaching with what he conceived to be the doctrines of the Church of England. He failed in each case, but that was rather on the principle that you may bring a horse to the water but no power on earth except himself can make him drink. His consolation must have been that day by day in the Church of England, more of the moderate party came over to his views. "How is it," said a layman of high position and undoubted sincerity, a year or two ago—"how is it that I, who half a century ago was called a High Churchman, am now looked upon by some young men who shall be nameless, as little better than a Dissenter?" The reason, we think, is not far to seek. There are "developments" in the Church of England as well as out of it. The thing that has been is not the thing that shall be, either in politics or religion ; but until the outposts shall have been engaged in many a struggle with varying success, the

great bulk of the army which represents the common-sense of the nation is content to stand at ease until the day comes when it too shall feel called on to strike ; though it will remain to be seen whether it will use its weapons for or against those who have been so long skirmishing at the front.

A word or two about the "indiscretions" which have been complained of in these volumes. No doubt the revelations and personal remarks with which the bishop's diaries are full might have been avoided by more careful editing. The conversations of the bishop with the late Dean of Windsor, with Lord Amthill, and with Mr. Nisbet Hamilton on the Scotch Church in general and on the Rev. Norman Macleod in particular ought not to have been published, the two first as being strictly private and confidential, and the last because Mr. Nisbet Hamilton was in no way a representative of the Church across the Border. But having admitted this, we must add that those of the public which have raised this outcry are very hard to please. They expect their curiosity to be tickled by such revelations, and having devoured them with glee, they say: "Out upon such a fellow and revealer of secrets ; he has added a new terror to death." Now we for good reasons have very great sympathy with an unfortunate literary

executor placed in the position of Mr. Reginald Wilberforce. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind" to him, and we quite share his feeling of disappointment when, having used the pruning-knife so freely, and thrown a much greater mass of "indiscreet" matter under the table, this tumult should have arisen over a few stray leaves that may have escaped his notice during the process of excision. If the reading public are so eager to see how great men have lived, and to be in a position to behold them working like bees in a glass hive in the broad light of day, they must not blame editors who consult their tastes by publishing some indiscreet scraps of gossip for their edification. Perhaps they would like to return to the days when nothing was to be printed till fifty or a hundred years after the writer's death; that is, until it had lost most of its interest. As we none of us expect to attain to the years of Methuselah, or even to those of the Venerable Dr. Routh, we think it is better to let things stand as they are; that great men's lives should be published within a reasonable period after their death, due regard being had to the difficulty of the undertaking in each case; that editors should endeavor to discharge their duty with proper discretion, but that public opinion should not be too severe on them if they are occasionally caught

tripping. A little more of such indignation as has been expressed against Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, and all future biographies, letters, and diaries, will be published in the United States, where, if readers are as curious as ours, they are not so hard on those who provide them both with instruction and amusement.

# LORD WESTBURY AND BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

---

A LUCIANIC DIALOGUE.

By H. D. TRAILL.

WEST. How strange, Bishop, that we should never have met before ! I arrived here in the very next boat after yours ;<sup>1</sup> our obols must have clinked together in the ferryman's pouch. Yet a decade has nearly passed, according to earthly reckoning, ere we have fallen in with each other. Surprising !

WILB. Hardly so to me, my lord. I have never sought—forgive me—the society of lawyers.

WEST. Nor I. I found them but depressing company on earth ; and, though death could scarcely add to their dulness, it seemed paradoxical to suppose that it would enliven them.

WILB. As sarcastic as ever, I observe, my lord.

WEST. Say as outspoken, my dear Bishop,

---

<sup>1</sup> July 20th and 19th, 1873.

and add, as little malicious on that very account. Malice is a natural exudation in every mind, and it will remain there as a poison if it is thrown off as an excretion. It is only the sarcastic, as they are called, who get rid of it by its proper eliminator—the tongue.

WILB. The excretory function was admirably active, then, in your lordship's case ; and your mental health, if that, indeed, will ensure it, should have been excellent.

WEST. You are good enough to say so. But health is one thing and popularity another. It would have been far better for me, of course, to have only thought what are called ill-natured things of my neighbors than to have said them. Or, if some relief was necessary, I should have committed them only to the direct guardianship of a diary. But then, to do that, one must be a man of discretion ; and that, my dear Bishop, is a quality which, unlike yourself in both respects, I neither inherited nor bequeathed.

WILB. Your mind seems secreting very rapidly, just now, my lord ; and the activity with which you are throwing off its products is rather—well it scarcely tends to enhance the long-deferred pleasure of this interview.

WEST. Indeed ! I would not willingly do any thing to diminish it. But our subject is for me, perhaps, a somewhat too stimulating one.



Shall we change it for something a little less personal to myself than the mental and moral characteristics of your lordship's very humble servant? Would you discuss with me the position and prospects of the Church of England?

WILB. With *you*, my lord? Impossible!

WEST. Why so? We have more than once exchanged views upon that matter in the House of Lords.

WILB. Yes; as ships exchange broadsides. But I do not care to revive old quarrels in the shades; and an amicable, mutually helpful discussion of such a subject with *you*, is, I repeat, impossible.

WEST. With *me*? The emphasis on that word is neither complimentary nor altogether—but I refrain. It is not for me to instruct your lordship in the obligations of charity.

WILB. My dear Lord Westbury, it is not a question of charity. One may wish to discuss colors with a blind man, and may most sincerely lament the affliction that keeps our minds apart. But apart they must remain, and not all the charity in the world will bring *them* together.

WEST. Your lordship's metaphors are discouraging.

WILB. Literal language would, I fear, be more so.

WEST. Not necessarily. I can hardly ac-

count it a privilege to be compelled to fit the cap on for myself, especially when the hatter is present, and might relieve me of the task. I should have deemed it more truly polite of you to to have said in plain terms that I am spiritually blind.

WILB. Well, suppose me to have said so; what then?

WEST. Then I should only have replied that your lordship pays but an ill compliment to the constitution of a State Church in which for several years I filled a high judicial office.

WILB. That, alas! is true.

WEST. *Alas?* Your interjections, Bishop, are as discouraging as your metaphors. For which was your *alas!* intended? For the affliction of the judge, or for his infliction on the Church? Or for your own indiscretion in speaking evil of dignities?

- WILB. You have rebuked me for not dealing plainly with you, Lord Westbury. I trust I shall not now be blamed for the opposite fault. I yield to no one in admiration for your consummate judicial powers, but I confess I shared the view taken by most good Churchmen of your position with respect to the Church.

WEST. Which was?—

WILB. Nay, you cannot be ignorant of it. Why this pressure upon me to speak plainly?

WEST. Why this need of pressure after your promise of plain speech?

WILB. Well, then—which was that your lordship's presence and influence on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, at a time of sore trial for the Church of England, was a misfortune of the first magnitude.

WEST. Because of my "consummate judicial powers"?

WILB. Because of your lordship's known laxity of moral principle and complete indifference, or rather utter insensibility, to religious ideas.

WEST. I hesitated just now to remind a bishop of his charity. I am even more loath to recall to him the name of another of the cardinal virtues—that of faith. You surely cannot think that Providence abandoned the cause of the Church to a perverse and ungodly judge?

WILB. God forbid! I have always believed—it would have been impious to doubt—that you were an instrument in the Divine hand

WEST. I have always believed it myself.

WILB. I have never doubted that the judgments of the Judicial Committee, during your term of office on it, were overruled for good.

WEST. You mean in a theological sense. Technically, of course, they were final. But if our judgments were divinely protected from

error, why object to me as a judge? Must I remind your lordship, not only of scriptural virtues, but of ecclesiastical formularies? The Twenty-sixth Article declares, if I recollect it rightly, that the efficacy of the sacraments is not diminished by the unworthiness of the minister, and surely what is true of an officiating priest in the discharge of his sacred duties must apply *à fortiori* to that (spiritually speaking) far lower minister—a lay Chancellor acting as an ecclesiastical appellate judge.

WILB. The comparison savors somewhat of profanity. But your lordship should have finished the Article: “Nevertheless it appertaineth to the discipline of the Church that inquiry be made of evil ministers, and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their offences; and finally, being found guilty, by just judgment be deposed.” You had forgotten the conclusion of the Article, perhaps?

WEST. Ahem! No, Bishop, no. We lawyers are not in the habit of quoting a part of a passage without knowing the whole. But, I repeat, I fail to understand the ecclesiastical objection to Gallio, even from the ecclesiastic’s own point of view. The ruling of the proconsul of Achaia has always seemed to me a very sound one, and his indifference to religion—if indeed that were predicated of him by the inspired historian, which, in fact, it is not—

would, always assuming his subjection to the Divine guidance, have been immaterial.

WILB. There are such things as weak brethren, my lord. Your lordship's authority in matters of faith and ceremonial was a stumbling-block to many.

WEST. Yes; and many a bitter sectary, thirsting for the discomfiture of his opponents, was tripped up by it. The tables are turned now, Bishop, and it is your own party who are on the defensive. Well would it be for them if a Gallio or two of my unworthy type could return to stand their friend.

WILB. I own I should prefer some of your lordship's contemporaries to yourself. But, alas! they cannot return "to teach the laws of death's untrodden realm."

WEST. No, or they would take back more jurisprudence than they brought with them. But if clerically minded judges are all you want you have nothing to complain of. The interests of the Church are surely safe in the hands of Lord Selborne. He has made its songs, or at least collected them, and can be trusted therefore with the less important duty of declaring its laws.

WILB. Lord Selborne, however, is not immortal.

WEST. No, in spite of his devotion to what is understood to be the chief employment of

eternity. But the immortality of a Chancellor would derange our whole political system.

WILB. He is a sound Churchman. But who is to succeed him?

WEST. Have you not Lord Cairns?

WILB. Lord Cairns!

WEST. There is a significance in your lordship's intonation which I cannot affect to misunderstand. We will say no more of Lord Cairns. And he, after all—as for that matter the Chancellor too—is but one member of the much-maligned court whose deliberations I used once, under Providence, to attempt to guide. Moreover, there are Archiepiscopal assessors in Church cases upon whom at least you can rely. The Archbishop of York—

WILB. The Archbishop of York!

WEST. More accentual eloquence! Let us say no more, then, of the Archbishop of York. There is Lord Coleridge, however, among lay judges. He, I should imagine, is sound. He has, at any rate, plenty of clericalism, inherited and acquired. But Lord Coleridge, I think, exhausts the list of—

WILB. Completely, my lord. You need not pursue your inquiries further. The race of eminent lawyers and successful politicians who are also sound Churchmen is becoming extinct. One shudders to think that some mere unforeseen accident of politics might raise that—how

shall I describe him?—that burly Erastian, Sir William Harcourt, to the woosack.

WEST. Aha! I welcome the importation of that name into our colloquy.

WILB. Indeed! The name of Sir William Harcourt?

WEST. No; of Erastian. Do you know, Bishop, I have been called an Erastian myself?

WILB. You distress rather than surprise me. The world is very censorious.

WEST. I do not fear its censures, but I confess I like to comprehend them. Your lordship will recollect Dr. Johnson's famous triumph in the fish market. Obscurity may lend such a sting to vituperation, as not even the most callous can endure. I have smarted under "Erastian" like the Billingsgate lady under the contumely of "noun-substantive"; and have sought far more patiently for a definition. Am I right in believing that "Erastus" is simply a Græco-Latinized form of the name of Lieber, a German physician of the sixteenth century, who opposed the Calvinistic system of ecclesiastical discipline?

WILB. Yes, your lordship may so far trust the theological encyclopædia which you have been evidently studying.

WEST. I thank you for the assurance, Bishop, and forgive you the sneer.

WILB. In the modern political usage of the

word, Erastianism need not take long to define. It is the name of a system which is at once a usurpation and a despotism, an encroachment of Cæsar upon the kingdom of Christ, and the imposition of a heavier tax upon His people than the hardest of the Cæsars ever levied from a conquered race. It is Tiberius exacting the tribute money, only with the souls of the faithful for denarii.

WEST. Thanks, Bishop. I admire the rhetorical fervor of your analysis. But I have noticed that the definitions of Churchmen are often as animated as lay invectives. Meanwhile, however, though I now know that my enemies did not mean to compliment me in calling me an Erastian, I know little more.

WILB. Perhaps it would be simplest to define an Erastian as one who would degrade the Church into a "Department of the State"—one who holds the State to be not only the creator and arbiter of the temporal rights of the Church, but to have supreme authority over her as regards her spiritual functions also.

WEST. Is *that* an Erastian, Bishop? "*Par ma foi,*" as M. Jourdian says, "*il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien.*" Why, the man you meet in the omnibus has been an Erastian all his life without knowing it.

WILB. That is likely enough, my lord ; but



it is lamentable to find such ignorance in high places.

WEST. Enlighten it then, Bishop. Explain these things to a benighted master of Israel. Delineate, I beg of you, this sharp boundary between the temporal rights and spiritual functions of the Church, this landmark which it is Erastianism to overstep. Is its recognition traceable in the suit instituted by one of your lordship's right reverend brethren against a certain essayist and reviewer? Was there no Erastianism in the conduct of a bishop who asked us to examine the defendant's doctrines for heresy, and to deprive him of his benefice as a heretic? Or was the only Erastianism ours for deciding against the episcopal promoter, and, as profane jesters described it, dismissing his formidable client "with costs"?

WILB. The tone of your questions is hardly seemly, Lord Westbury, but I will answer them. It is, doubtless, the function of the State to affirm, through its judges, the doctrines of the Church; but it is for the Church herself to define them.

WEST. Where and when has she done so independently of the State? In which of the transactions or documents of the Reformation was any such claim allowed? Did the policy of Henry VIII or of Elizabeth recog-

nize it? Do even the Articles themselves assert it?

WILB. Unquestionably. "The Church," says the Twentieth Article, "hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith."

WEST. Where, then, does this authority reside? In convocation? Take care, Bishop. It was once my painful duty to rebuke you for an attempted encroachment on the ecclesiastical authority of the Crown; and I am not clear as a lawyer that, even *here*, it might not be possible for you to expose yourself to the penalties of a *premunire*.

WILB. I told you at the outset, my lord, that it would be useless for me to discuss the question with you. We Churchmen, at any rate, recognize a "living voice of the Church."

WEST. And we laymen, Bishop, can distinguish at least half a dozen. There were nearly as many at the Reformation, and they had all to be listened to. The Church itself is founded on the policy of comprehension, and that is a policy which only laymen can administer.

WILB. Comprehension, my lord, may be carried too far by those who care not whom they include.

WEST. Any distance, Bishop, will seem too far to those who think that the hurdles are being opened at the wrong end of the fold.

WILB. Nay, enlarge the fold at the latitudinarian end as much as you please, I say as a High Churchman : only let it remain a *fold*—a real enclosure and not a sham one, opening wide over its prostrate hurdles on to the bleak moorland of infidelity.

WEST. And enlarge the fold at the High-Church end as much as you please, say I as a latitudinarian : only let it remain a *sheep* fold, not one whose hospitable gaps invite everywhere the entrance of the Roman wolf. But metaphorical controversy, my dear Bishop, is an idle game of battledore. The argument is as easily bandied to and fro as a shuttlecock, and has not much more weight. Shall we discontinue it ?

WILB. As you seem from your choice of metaphor to charge me with Romanizing, most certainly. No man has denounced the errors and pretensions of Rome more unreservedly than I have.

WEST. And yet, after all, it is the very type of Church Government which you most favor.

WILB. Most favor? I ?

WEST. To be sure. A Pope who claims to be the vicar of Christ is—

WILB. Popes hardly bear themselves as His vicars nowadays.

WEST. Pardon me. That is exactly how they do bear themselves, it seems to me. A

modern Pope behaves as Christ's vicar in the sense in which we speak of an English incumbent as being the vicar of his curate.

WILB. The wholesome purpose of that last sarcasm, my lord, will, I trust, procure forgiveness for its irreverence.

WEST. I trust so too. Elijah, you will remember, was permitted the use of irony in testifying against the prophets of Baal. But what, to return to our subject, could afford a more perfect type of spiritual independence than the Church of Rome? There you have a "living voice of the Church" indeed.

WILB. A living voice, but not "of the Church." Hers was hushed forever in 1869; and nothing now is audible through the silence of that vast communion, but the voice of a single bishop.

WEST. There is much to admire in your lordship's disinterested rejection of so attractive an ideal. And yet I have known English prelates who seemed continually striving to realize it.

WILB. The voice of the Church will in future mean the deliverances, ill or well considered, of a solitary Italian priest.

WEST. So much the better, surely, if the Church has agreed to recognize his voice as hers. The solo has natural advantages over the chorus, if only that it leaves less doubt about the tune.

WILB. I cannot reply to ribaldry, my lord. Let it be enough to say that whatever be its merits, the form of the spiritual government which prevails in the Church of Rome is by no means to the taste—speaking for myself, at any rate—of English bishops.

WEST. Oh, as for the bishops themselves, I can well understand that. I thought we were speaking of the discipline of the Church at large. To really relish a Papacy from the point of view of the ruling ecclesiastical class, one ought to be Pope one's self. What your lordship would doubtless prefer to a spiritual autocracy of that kind would be a sort of right reverend Venetian oligarchy.

WILB. I am certainly of opinion that doctrines should be defined not by a single head, but by "the heads" of the Church, after full synodical deliberation.

WEST. Impossible. The heads would be by the ears in no time. This sort of Episcopal Home Rule that you seem so much to long for, Bishop, would be found as unworkable in the ecclesiastical as in the political order, and would lead to just the same disagreeable alternative between resumption of the grant and the total separation of grantor and grantee. And you do not really desire a "Repeal of the Union" between Church and State, I am sure. You are loyal, I am persuaded, to the estab-

lishment which you so conspicuously adorned.

WILB. There, in truth, you do me no more than justice. How indeed could I be otherwise than loyal to the Church of Hooker and Andrewes, of Ken and Herbert—the Church which has enlisted the fervent devotion of so many saintly hearts, the reasonable service of so many powerful minds; the one Church of Christendom which has steered successfully the middle course between the despotism of authority and the anarchy of private judgment?

WEST. I must admit that it is pre-eminently the Church of a gentleman, and a man of culture. But I feel sure that it would almost wholly lose its attractions in this respect and become narrow and sectarian if once it were separated from the State. Its Bishops, too, would probably decline in social status, and by consequence in their acceptability to the world of fashion.

WILB. Why do you address that argument so pointedly to me, my lord?

WEST. I must apologize for addressing an argument of so worldly a nature to your lordship at all; but you cannot, I know, be insensible to the consideration that high social popularity must greatly enlarge a Bishop's sphere of usefulness, and that there is nothing unworthy of his Apostolic mission in courting it.

WILB. I know not, my lord, whether you

say that in good faith or in irony; but, in any case, I hold it to be true.

WEST. Irony, Bishop! Never, I trust, shall I use that weapon so unskilfully, and I may add so profanely, as to blunt its edge against the informations of Holy Writ.

WILB. St. Paul was made all things to all men, that he might by all means save some.

WEST. Your lordship has anticipated my quotation. Social success is in this sense a proof of Apostolic succession, and was doubtless sought by you only for such evidential purpose. But be that as it may, the Pauline descent of your lordship's versatility was unmistakable, and it must indeed have been gratifying to you to reflect that the display of those accomplishments which so charmed our dinner-tables was indirectly tending to establish the validity of Anglican orders.

## CORRESPONDANCE

DE GEORGE SAND, 1812-1847.

THE greatest poetess of our century, indeed of many centuries since Sappho loved and sang on the sunny shores of Greece, has paid a tribute to the subject of this article which is worthy of the pen that wrote it, and of the genius to whom it was addressed. "Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man, self-called George Sand, . . . ." the "Recognition" begins, in words which adequately express the noble qualities of the authoress of "Consuelo" and "Mauprat"; for, large-brained as a man in her generous defence of her own sex, large-hearted as a woman in her love for all that was weak and oppressed, George Sand's voice rang clear and eloquent above the clash of arms and din of intellectual activity that reigned in Europe from 1830 to 1876.

In France, above all other countries, a tropical luxuriance of literary production sprang up in the earlier half of this century. Victor Hugo, like some huge forest-tree, stretched forth great branches, overshadowing all around him; Théophile Gautier, with his brilliant color-



ing and fragrant perfume, delighted the eye and intoxicated the senses ; while Alfred de Musset, in semblance of some graceful clinging plant, twined in festoons from tree to tree, beautifying and softening the ruggedness of their strength. In the midst of this dense and verdant vegetation there suddenly appeared a slender sapling, a *demoiselle de la forêt*, which soon surpassed all but the greatest in height and abundance of foliage. There she stood, side by side with her more powerful compeers, preserving her individuality intact and unimpaired, drinking in the dew and the sunshine in company with them, but allowing none to overshadow or intercept her natural development.

An ill-natured critic, parodying Buffon's saying that "le style c'est l'homme," has inferred that George Sand's literary genius was invariably under the tutelage of some stronger male influence. We think, however, that it only needs a fair and impartial study of her earlier novels to see that they inaugurated a new school of fiction, and that, although "Indiana" was published after "Eugénie Grandet," and "Valentine" after "Notre Dame de Paris," they are distinct in character and aim from either of these works. Her writings, like the life of their author, are full of great faults and great qualities ; one is, as it were, the mirror of the other.

When we blame her for passionate want of restraint and fickleness of conduct, we find the pages of her novels defaced by the same stains. When, on the other hand, we admire the large-hearted magnanimity, the tolerant knowledge and pity for human weakness of her latter days, we take up "*La Petite Fadette*" or "*Les Dernières Pages*," and find these virtues in every line. A study of her life is therefore a necessary condition to a proper understanding of her works; and in spite of its isolation and eccentricity we shall find her history to be the history of so many of her century, with its struggle and revolt against the narrowness of existence, its striving toward compensation by the help of art and work, and, lastly, after much blundering by the way and tossing to and fro, its rest in nature, and in communion with simple and unsophisticated minds.

"Listen, reader," she says, "my life is yours, for if you are involved in the interests and occupations of the world, you will throw down this volume impatiently. They who study what I write must be dreamers like myself, then those problems which puzzle me will puzzle them also. You have tried, as I have, to discover the final causes of your existence, and have come to the same conclusion. Compare my experience with yours, weigh and judge both sides. Truth can only be found after much searching."

Putting aside, therefore, a biographer's natural partiality, let us examine the career and work of this remarkable woman, not ticketing

her virtues and vices as though they were specimens in a museum, but looking at them as manifestations of a vital force, the product of a necessary development, and the natural result of ascertainable causes. We shall then, perhaps, have to confess that her general course of conduct, whether defensible or indefensible, was admirable in many of its results, and often placed her above the level of those who judge her with most severity. The study will be useful as well as interesting, for when the impetuosity of youth was over, and she was able calmly to review the past, none could more earnestly and persistently warn others off the shoals and quicksands on which she had wrecked her own happiness.

“ L' Amour est régi par un code qui semble reposer, comme les codes sociaux, sur cette terrible formule: ‘ Nul n' est censé d' ignorer la loi.’ Tant pis pour ceux qui l' ignorent en effet ! Que l' enfant se jette dans les griffes de la panthère, croyant pouvoir la caresser : la panthère ne tiendra compte de cette innocence ; elle dévorera l' enfant parce qu' il ne dépend pas d' elle de l' épargner. Ainsi des poisons, ainsi de la foudre, ainsi du vice. Agents aveugles de la loi fatale que l' homme doit connaître ou soubir.”

Few people have left materials so ample for the study of their life and character as George Sand. First in order of time come the earlier novels, in whose pages, intentionally or unintentionally, she has reproduced her own indi-

viduality; next, the autobiography, where she has minutely chronicled the sayings and doings of her childhood; and lastly, the series of letters just published, which begins when she was eight, and brings us down to the year of her death, 1876. The "*Histoire de ma Vie*" was rewritten years after the events related had taken place, and she herself declares it to be an incomplete history. "I do not like the egotism or cynicism of confessions, and I do not think we ought to reveal the secrets of our hearts to men, who are worse than ourselves, who would be disposed to find an immoral instead of a moral lesson in our disclosures; besides which, my life is so intimately connected with all those around me, that I could never justify myself without blaming some one else, and that some one might be my best friend. I have determined that my book shall be free from personalities, as well as from egotism and baseness."

The letters, therefore, bearing the impress of the thought and mood that dictated them, are incomparably more interesting as a psychological study than the autobiography. Like all women, George Sand was fond of writing words of affection, of monition, of wisdom, to those she loved. With the new light afforded by the "*Correspondance*," therefore, we see the feminine side of her character more completely than we ever did before, and we assert now, what we

always supposed from studying her works, that, in spite of her own showing, in spite of the masculine pretension she affected in her youth, she was no "sweet marble of both sexes," no "illustrious hybrid," but a woman in her strength and her weakness, in her tenderness and her instability—a "femme artiste," gifted with genius and a passionate heart, who, placed by fate in unfavorable circumstances for the development of her powers, exaggerated the appearance of the independence she achieved, and masqueraded as a "literary amazon," thus giving rise to much adverse criticism, and in many instances gross misrepresentation of facts

"I would wish to make myself as large as a pyramid," she writes to Louis Uhlbach in later years, when she saw things more clearly "but I cannot raise myself. I am only a well-meaning woman, to whom people have ascribed an imaginary ferocity of character; I have even been accused of incapacity to love passionately. It seems to me I have lived on tenderness, and that my friends ought to be content with the affection I have lavished on them. Thank goodness, those who care for me have never complained of my deficiency in that respect."

She thus sums up her character in far more concise and expressive words than we hope to do :

"Je suis de nature poétique et non législative, guettrière au besoin, mais jamais parlementaire. On peut m'employer à tout, en me persuadant d'abord, en me commandant ensuite. Mais

je ne suis propre à rien découvrir, à rien décider. J'accepterai tout ce qui sera bon qu'on me demande, mes biens et ma vie, mais qu' on laisse mon pauvre esprit aux sylphes et aux nymphes de la poésie."

George Sand was born at Paris on the 5th of July, 1804, the last year of the Republic and the first of the Empire. Her mother had been dancing in a rose-colored gown, while her father was playing the violin for their guests, when suddenly Madame Dupin, not feeling well, left the room. Her sister-in-law announced to Maurice a few moments later that he was the happy possessor of a beautiful little girl. "She shall be called Aurora after my mother," he said, as he received the child in his arms, "Alas! she is not here to bless her, but shall bless her some day." "Aurora is born amid music and rose color," added her aunt. "Surely she will be happy!"

The future authoress was descended on her father's side from Maurice de Saxe, natural son of Augustus II King of Poland; while her mother was a daughter of Antoine Delaborde, naturalist and bird-catcher on the "Quai aux oiseaux" in Paris. Physiologists may speculate, therefore, how much of the sustained power and eloquent passion of "Indiana," "Valentine," and "Lélia" is owing to the dauntless energy of the victor of Fontenoy and the excitable temperament of the Parisian

“grisette.” Thus speaks the disciple of Pierre Leroux on this point in after-days :

“ The blood of kings is mixed in my veins with the blood of the poor and lowly. And as what we call fatality is the character of the individual, and as the character of the individual is his organization, and as the organization of each of us is the result of a mixture or joining of races, and the modified continuation of a succession of types, I have always concluded that affection between our progenitors establishes an important ‘ solidarity ’ between us.”

Her father, she tells us, had artistic instincts, loving music, languages, drawing, and poetry; he was an accomplished violinist, and frequently sang to his own accompaniment. He seems to have been warm-hearted, impulsive, courageous, and affectionate; loving both his mother and his wife devotedly. A fall from his horse, unfortunately, killed him four years after his daughter's birth. He might have repeated on his death-bed the last words of his ancestor, Maurice de Saxe: “*La vie est un songe: le mien a été court, mais il a été beau.*”

The Château of Nohant, where George Sand passed her childhood, is situated near La Châtre, in Berri. The country immediately surrounding it is fruitful and pleasant to the eye, with its waving cornfields and shady lanes, but not strikingly picturesque. When tourists or young poets came from the neigh-

boring towns to enjoy the beauties of nature, they generally forsook, she tells us, the shores of the "*chère petite Indre froide et muette de dos prairies*" for those of the Creuse, some miles off, where they could climb high hills and imagine themselves amidst the Alps or the Apennines. In spite of the tameness of its scenery George Sand and her father and grandmother loved Nohant, with its tumble-down cottages, grassy church-yard, red-tiled belfry, background of dark-colored fields, and time-worn elm-trees that stretched away beyond. The Château stood in the midst of the village, and was surrounded by the dwellings of its poorer neighbors; it is needless to say, therefore, that the greater portion of the girl's youth was passed in communication with the people. "Poor Jacques Bonhomme," she says, "let others revile thee. Never will I forget how, a child, I was carried asleep on thy shoulders; how I was given over to thy care, and followed thee everywhere—to the meadow, the river, the farm; I shall ever love thee." The days of her childhood were thus spent amidst the woods and the fields, taking into her heart those pastoral sights and sounds which she was afterward destined to give forth to the world in her country stories. Later, she wandered away to the great city to cull the "sacred flowers of her crown of glory," but



quitting it again as soon as her object had been attained, she shook the dust of its streets off her feet, and returned to the misty mornings, sunny days, and tranquil evenings of her southern home.

At five or six years of age religious doubt first assailed the brain of the youthful Aurora. It suddenly occurred to her that it was her mother, and not Father Christmas, who put the cake into her shoe. From that moment the beneficent spirit lost his beauty and goodness, and poignant regret pierced her heart, because she could no longer believe in the "little man with the white beard." She soon, however, replaced this broken fetish by a higher development of idolatry, and raised altars of stone and moss in a corner of the garden to an imaginary deity, whom she named Corambé. For many years she did not relinquish her belief in this romantic person; indeed, he was, in embryo, the great spiritual being she afterward worshipped under the leadership of Pierre Leroux.

During what we may call the Corambé period she began the practice of telling rambling stories aloud, which her mother called her romances; they were disconnected and incomprehensible in consequence of their long-windedness and numerous digressions—"A fault which I contracted then, and have never lost,"

she adds. When only eight she first tried original composition, and wrote a description of the "Vallée Noire," which her grandmother declared to be a work of genius; but she herself frankly confesses it to have been bad in style and composition, from the only portion she remembered, which thus inelegantly refers to the planet of night: "La lune qui labourait les nuages assise dans sa nacelle d'argent." The first letter of the "Correspondance" is dated the same year—1812—and reveals to us the dissensions that had existed for some time between her mother and grandmother. It is sent to the former on the occasion of her leaving Nohant.

"Que j' ai de regret de ne pouvoir te dire adieu ! Tu vois combien j' ai de chagrin de te quitter. Adieu ! pense à moi, et sois sûre que je ne t' oublierai point. TA FILLE.

"Tu mettras la réponse derrière le portrait du vieux Dupin."

She here alludes to the likeness in pastel of M. Dupin de Franceuil which hung in the drawing-room at Nohant, and which the conspirators evidently used as a clandestine post-box.

It would be impossible to imagine a greater contrast than these two women, arbiters of the fate of our heroine: one dark, pale, irritable, embarrassed in the society of "people" above her in station, but proud as Lucifer, and ready

to resent with passionate quickness any slight that was put upon her; the other fair, calm, and dignified, holding an exaggerated idea of her position as descendant of the Königs-marcks and Châtelaine of Nohant. Between these warring forces the girl's happiness was sacrificed, for, unable to agree on the subject of her education, they sent her away from home to the convent of the Augustines, Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor, in Paris. The intellectual discipline to which she was here subjected did not prevent her from exercising her reasoning faculties on the subject of religion, and after a brief period of hysterical devotion, during which she cast herself on the floor of the convent chapel and believed herself called to the Church as a vocation, she suddenly became lukewarm, and on her return to Nohant rushed impulsively into a course of philosophical reading, in which Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Confessions," tempered by Chateaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme," principally figured. These last ramparts were soon broken down, and the girl shortly became a deist, never returning to the fold of the Church again, although indulging in paroxysms of religious fervor all her life. Her grandmother died in 1820, and in 1822 her mother persuaded her to marry Monsieur Casimir Dudevant, son of a baron of the Empire, and an officer in the army.

For the first year or two of her married life things went smoothly enough ; she entered into the joys and anxieties of maternity with all the eagerness of her ardent temperament, and we can see by her letters that the occupation of manufacturing soothing syrup for her son Maurice, and counting his teeth as he cut them, sufficed for a time to occupy her restless spirit. It is only when we find her sitting up all night, looking at the stars through her tears, and coming to the conclusion "*A quoi sert de pleurer ? Il faut s' habituer à avoir la mort dans l' âme et le visage riant,*" that we begin to see trouble ahead. M. Dudevant was a man of very ordinary intellect ; she had never loved him, and he certainly cherished no deep sentiment for her. "*Paresseux de l' esprit et enragé des jambes, le froid, la boue ne l' empêche point d' être toujours dehors, et quand il rentre c' est pour manger et ronfler,*" is her impatient account of the partner of her existence at this juncture, and we know that, although his affection had not yet sufficiently cooled to make him openly unfaithful to his marriage vows, he frequented low company, and often indulged in habits of intemperance, which latterly made life in his company intolerable. The small and restricted circle also of the country village soon became distasteful to the high-spirited young Châtelaine.

"You know," she writes to Jules Boucoiran, "how we live at Nohant. Tuesday is like Wednesday, Wednesday like Thursday, and so on to the end of the chapter. The change from winter to summer is the only thing that disturbs this state of permanent stagnation. We have the feeling, or rather the sensation, of cold and heat to warn us that the years are flying away, and that life is rushing past us like water. . . . It is a sedentary, almost an animal existence."

"The men," she adds, "are superficial, and the women uninteresting." In the spring of 1824 she was seized with a fit of causeless despondency. Her husband had been busy improving the property. He made it more orderly, tidied the garden, cut down trees, and did up the house.

"I approved of it all, and really was obliged to confess things were better, but, such is the inconsistency of human nature, when the transformation was effected, when I saw poor Phanor, the dog, no longer take possession of the chimney corner, and lay his muddy paws on the carpet; when they told me that the old peacock, which had fed out of my grandmother's hand, was no longer to be allowed to eat the strawberries in the garden, and that the dark and mysterious corners where I had played as a child and wandered as a girl were to be swept away; when, in short, new surroundings foretold a future divested of all the joys and griefs of my childhood, I was weighed down with sadness and a hatred of life. One morning at breakfast, for no reason, I suddenly broke into tears. My husband was astonished, and the only reason I could give was that I was subject to hysterics, and that I thought my brain was softening. In which he entirely agreed, and we arranged to leave Nohant and live elsewhere for a time."

What she herself calls the "Transition from Mysticism to Independence" was now rapidly effected. "Le mariage est le but suprême de l'amour. Quand l'amour n'y est plus, on n'y est pas : reste le sacrifice. Très bien pour qui comprend le sacrifice. Cela suppose une dose de cœur et un degré d'intelligence qui ne courent pas les rues." She certainly seemed no longer inclined to attempt the self-abnegation required. An accident brought the misunderstanding between husband and wife to a crisis. M. Jules Boucoiran, the tutor of her children, is again her confidant, and to him she relates the following inexplicable occurrence as the definite reason for her departure from Nohant :

"I must tell you a startling piece of news ! . . . . In spite of my apathy and carelessness, in spite of my facility in forgiving and forgetting sorrows and insults, I have at last made up my mind to take decided action. I am in earnest this time, but beg you to keep it a profound secret. You know how intolerable my home has been lately. You have often wondered how I had the courage to raise my head after one of our scenes. There is a limit to every thing ; besides which, unexpected events have arisen to fortify me in my resolution. . . . . There has been no open scandal. No one knows what has taken place. I found a packet while looking for some papers in my husband's desk. This packet looked mysterious, and on the outside was written, "Not to be opened until after my death." . . . . I disobeyed these injunctions, and, good Heavens ! what a document ! Nothing but imprecations. He had collected into a few pages all his feelings of resentment against me, all his reflections on my

perversity, all his contempt for my character—and this he bequeathed to me as a proof of his affection. I have made up my mind now irrevocably. I refuse to live any longer with a man who has no esteem for me, no confidence in my rectitude."

We confess that after reading the above we are at a loss to understand whether M. Dudevant, knowing that she meddled with his private affairs and examined his papers, purposely left the packet there to annoy her; or whether she, conscious of the reprehensible step she was about to take, made a pretext of this unimportant occurrence to justify herself in the eyes of the world. The latter we think the most probable solution, for, according to her own statement, she had been trying some time before to earn a pittance by the exercise of her powers as a seamstress and draughtswoman, in order to facilitate her flight and secure her independence. Whatever the real or apparent reason may have been, the fact remains that about this time the indignant wife left her home, and never returned to live there permanently again, until a judicial separation from M. Dudevant had conferred upon her the guardianship of her children and the exclusive possession of her inheritance. Brandishing the flag of liberty in her tyrant's face, and singing the song of "*Enfin je suis libre*" to the tune of "*Ça ira*," had so far, therefore, gone well; but amidst the turmoil and the stress of

life in the great city the triumphant strains soon relapsed into the piteous refrain, "Il faut vivre." Her own marriage portion of fifteen hundred francs a year, with the wretched addition her husband made to it, was quite insufficient to meet the requirements of life.

Pegasus must be impounded, and her genius turned to the employment of grinding flour for the manufacture of daily bread. She called her powers as a draughtswoman—which had already been essayed at Nohant—into requisition, but the talents of Consuelo were unequal to the task of earning ten sous a day by the execution of pastel likenesses. Another method must be tried. After frequent experiments she at last ascertained that small snuff-boxes and cigar-cases in Spa wood, with birds and flowers painted on them, were popular with the public. One, indeed, realized eighty francs. This, then, was her vocation, and she applied herself to it in real earnest. Alas! after expending a great deal of time and trouble in mastering her art, the fashion of these trifles passed away, and on going one day with a number to the great shop that had purchased the others, she was told there was no longer a market for her goods. As yet literary composition is not mentioned as a possible means of existence. Her artistic faculties, however, were expanding. She paid a visit to the



Louvre, and stood entranced opposite Titian's and Tintoret's pictures, unable to analyze her sensations, but feeling that a new world was opened to her—an enchanted region peopled with visions of beauty. "J'avais l'idéal logé dans un coin de ma cervelle . . . je le portais dans la rue, les pieds sur le verglas, les épaules couvertes de neige, les mains dans mes poches, l'estomac creux quelquefois, mais la tête remplie de songes et de mélodies."

Early in the morning she went to the museum, only leaving when it was closed in the evening, dining off a "brioche," but realizing mentally the "foie gras" and "truffles" of intellectual enjoyment. At last the solution is found for all her doubts and difficulties. We find a letter written to Jules Boucoiran: "Je vous écrirai plus au long dans quelques jours, pour vous dire ce que je fais ici. Je m'embarque sur la mer orageuse de la littérature. Il faut vivre! Je ne suis pas riche, mais je me porte bien, et quand de longues lettres de vous me parleront de votre amitié et de mon fils, je serai gaie." In 1831 her friend M. C. Duvernet sent her an introduction to his cousin M. Delatouche, editor of a newspaper, and from that moment she was embarked on the "stormy sea of literature." Delatouche set her down to a table with pen and ink, in a corner of his editorial office, telling her to write on any and

every subject artistic and political. She obeyed, covering reams of foolscap, but producing little that was of any avail: for this drudgery she received about twelve or fifteen francs a month, "et encore était-ce trop bien payé."

Having been in the office some months, she one day summoned up courage to show Delatouche her first attempts at imaginative composition. The scene is thus described in a letter to a friend, M. C. Duvernet: "Il m' a dit que c' était charmant, mais que cela n' avait pas le sens commun: à quoi j' ai répondu, ' C' est juste.' Qu' il fallait tout refaire: à quoi j' ai dit, ' Ça se peut.' Que je ferai bien de recommencer: à quoi j' ai ajouté, ' Suffit.' " In the same letter she touches on her literary partnership with Jules Sandeau, who was one of her Berri compatriots. They wrote several short articles together, and then published a novel, "Rose et Blanche," under the name of "Jules Sand." When "Indiana" was finished, Jules protested against his accepting the paternity of a work in which he had had no hand. She arranged, therefore, according to his advice, to adopt the *nom de plume* of "George Sand," which was destined to become famous by the first book it ushered into the world, and to supersede henceforth with the public her former appellation of Aurore Dudevant.

When the young authoress first arrived in Paris, her circle consisted principally of friends from her own country of Berri. Gradually, however, it expanded, and in a very short time after her entrance into the literary world comprised some of the best-known names in the France of that day. She describes in the most graphic manner the characters and peculiarities of some of the individuals with whom she came in contact, showing that she already possessed those powers of scrutiny and observation which enabled her later to diversify the pages of her works of fiction with so many varied studies of human nature. Amongst them figure Balzac with his hallucinations and his vanity, his envy of trifles, but his pleasure in the real success of his friends; Saint Beuve, "qui était toujours tourmenté des choses divines," and who had "trop de cœur pour son esprit, et trop d'esprit pour son cœur;" M. de Kératry, who, when she went to seek his literary aid, frankly told her she had better not write books, but bear children—"Ma foi, monsieur, lui répondis-je en pouffant de rire et en lui fermant la porte sur le nez, gardez le précepte pour vous-même, si bon vous semble"; last, but not least, her gruff old friend Delatouche, who at one time had told her to burn all her novels, and then writes to her the morning after he had read "Indiana": "George, I

beg your pardon, and am at your feet. Forgive the hard things I have said to you for the last six months. I have sat up all night reading your book. Oh, my child, I am proud of you."

She had worked at "Indiana," she tells us, aimlessly, heedlessly, setting up no author as a model and no living individuality as a type. Carried away by her enthusiasm, she never even considered the social problems she was attacking, and wrote under the empire of an emotion rather than the hatred of a system. It was intended as a protest against tyranny in general, and not against the particular form of tyranny represented by the bonds of matrimony. Her aim was to take the realities of modern life, the life amid which she lived, and describe every-day loves and hates, the suffering and the joys of domestic existence. What more natural, therefore, than that the interest of her story should turn on the dissensions between a husband and wife? The misinterpretation of her intentions and the unexpected popularity that greeted this first-fruits of her unaided genius filled her with dismay. *Noblesse oblige*. Her pen must be watched and guarded, and no longer allowed to obey the inspirations of her genius. Had she, then, but escaped from bondage, voluntarily to forge chains to put upon herself? All pleasure in the exercise of her art was suddenly taken away, and the

gratification of her highest ambition turned, like Dead Sea apples, to dust and ashes in her hand.

Nor was this the only penalty she had to pay for "her crown of glory," which, alas ! on a woman's head is so often a crown of thorns. Her private life and character were soon attacked ; the wildest stories were circulated and believed respecting this assailant of the institution of matrimony and subverter of all social laws. Scandal reached its height when it was known that the young and beautiful rebel added to her other enormities the impertinence of wearing men's clothes. "A long gray overcoat," she tells us herself, "a woollen tie, and—and—a pair of boots!" These boots were the delight of her heart. "I longed to sleep with them. On their little iron-shod heels I was firm on my feet, and trotted from one end of Paris to the other." A cigarette, sometimes even a cigar, was a necessity to complete the costume ; and then, forsooth, she was astonished that all husbands and fathers, De Kératry & Co., raised their voices against her. "A woman who goes to the bad and remains a woman, we know how to deal with ; but a woman who usurps our position, wears those habiliments we have hitherto looked upon as a sign of our superiority, and writes better books than we can—out upon her as an

impudent pretender ! We will have none of her." Unhappily, she too soon justified these animadversions, and laid herself open to the worst that could be said.

At the time of the publication of "Indiana" George Sand was about twenty-nine, "and," Henri Heine says, "beautiful as the Venus of Milo. Her features were regular, her forehead low, shaded by rich bands of chestnut hair; her eyes were dim, perhaps because of the many tears she had shed, or because their brilliancy had been expended on her novels, which had set fire to so many female, and, history said, so many male brains, causing conflagrations that had been extinguished with difficulty."

Although possessing such ease with her pen, the great mistress of prose had little of the fluency of her nation in conversation. The same excellent judge says of her when speaking on this point :

"Cette particularité de savoir, par avarice, ne rien donner dans la conversation, et y recueillir toujours quelque chose, est un trait sur lequel M. Alfred de Musset appela un jour mon attention. 'Elle a par là un grand avantage sur nous autres,' dit Musset, qui, pendant de longues années d'intimité, a eu les meilleurs occasions de connaître à fond le caractère de l'auteur de 'Lélia.'"

Aurore Dudevant might transform herself into George Sand, she might adopt male habil-

iments, and swagger about with her hands in her pockets and a cigar between her teeth—she remained fatally, inexorably a woman, dowered with a woman's tenderness and a woman's weakness—dowered, besides, with many charms and great fascinations for the sex that was her enemy. But the eccentricity of her habits and her ostentatious affectation of manners repugnant to the strict usages of French society, made her a pariah as well as a prodigy, and threw her into the company of men far more radically vicious than herself. In fact, Madame Dudevant never had access to the cultivated and polished society of France. Her life was divided between the peasants of Berri and the Bohemians who infest the lower ranks of literature. Hence, whenever she speaks of simple country life, she is accurate, natural, and charming; whenever she describes the upper classes, she writes of them with bitter hatred, and distorts them with passionate extravagance. Her characters in that rank of life are unreal, for they are disguised in the masks of revolutionary intemperance.

In the summer of 1833 the listlessness of satisfied ambition and the emptiness of a life devoid of all domestic duties began to pall upon her in spite of her vaunted ambition. It was now no longer poor M. le Baron, with his agricultural tastes and his snoring, who was in

fault, but her own *imbécile personnalité humaine*—her own foolish woman's heart. Again she began to sit up, watching the stars through her tears, and again she began to give way to causeless fits of despondency. Surely another crisis in her life was approaching.

In the autumn of the same year she met Alfred de Musset for the first time, at a breakfast given by the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. As the party was breaking up she asked him to come and see her. He acceded to her request, and from that time was a constant visitor. In December, to the astonishment and scandal of Paris, they started for Venice together. We have only one letter from her during the period of their stay at the ancient city of the Doges. It is dated March 6, 1834, and written to M. Hippolyte Chatiron. In it she declares Venice to be delightful, and expresses her intention of spending several winters there. Alfred kept up a continual correspondence with his family until the middle of February, when all letters ceased, and six weeks afterward the poor poet thus announced his sudden return home: "Je vous apporterai un corps malade, une âme abattue, un cœur en sang mais qui vous aime encore." When it was known in Paris that De Musset had returned without his travelling companion, there was no end to the insinuations and conjectures



that were made upon the subject. It was not only a case of "Elle et Lui," said the "myrmidons haineux et criards," but a case of "Elle et *Eux*." She had been faithless to her lover, and had sent him back to die of a broken heart. Public opinion, as it generally does, sides with the weakest, and, the weakest on this occasion being the man, the verdict was universally given against the woman. Alfred himself remained silent, but his shattered health and altered appearance pleaded his cause sufficiently well. Five years afterward he wrote the following:

"Ce fut un beau moment dans ma vie, et je m'y arrête avec plaisir. Oui, ce fut un beau et rude moment. Je ne vous ai pas raconté les détails de ma passion. Cette histoire-là, si je l'écrivais, en vaudrait pourtant bien une autre, mais à quoi bon ? Ma maîtresse était brune ; elle avait de grands yeux ; je l'aimais, elle m'avait quitté ; j'en avais souffert et pleuré pendant quatre mois ; n'est-ce pas en dire assez ?"

And what is our judgment against these two famous lovers ? We think it must be the one that is generally given on such occasions. There were faults on both sides. Alfred, according to his own showing in the "Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle," was an "amant insupportable," afflicted with all the weaknesses and wilfulness of a child, and all the unrestrained passion of a man. Hers was infinitely the stronger and more vigorous nature of the

two. He was already a "jeune homme d'un bien beau passé." She was a woman with all her future before. Alas that in the future we must include the publication of that celebrated libel "Elle et Lui"! The motive that could prompt so magnanimous and generous an intellect to commit such a blunder (for the deed was certainly worse than a crime) will ever remain one of those mysteries of the human heart, which we may seek in vain to solve. It could hardly have been to justify herself, for from the beginning to the end of the book there is no justification attempted, and we shrink from the idea that she wantonly sold her own reputation and the reputation of the man she loved, as she sold her "blood and her ink" to satisfy the unworthy curiosity and unwholesome tastes of the readers catered for by M. Buloz. The publication of "Lui et Elle," by M. Paul de Musset, was but a fit retribution, and the loyal defence of a dead brother's reputation. George Sand in her old age is said to have declared "J'ai trop bu la vie." She would, as a French critic has said, have formed a truer appreciation of her own character had she said, "J'ai trop bu le rêve." In her childhood, she tells us, the bright-colored pebbles that lay at the bottom of the brook at Nohant had fascinated her, and she had insisted on obtaining possession of them.

As soon as they dried and lost their brilliant coloring she threw them back, impatient at the supposed deception. At twenty-nine she retained the same yearning toward perfection, toward the "roses bleues" of life, and it was the same source of continual bitterness and regret.

This Venetian adventure with Alfred de Musset was the worst passage in Madame Dudevant's life. She had fallen into the hands of one of the most dissolute sensualists who ever sank a high poetic faculty in debauchery and drunkenness. The grace of Alfred de Musset's poetry cannot make us forget his disgraceful life and his degrading end. It is a marvel that the woman who consented to be his mistress escaped utter contamination and ruin. If she did escape, it was mainly due, we are convinced, to her power and love of *work*. Whilst Alfred was throwing off a few love-sick roundelays, she was nourishing within her the strength of a great writer, whose fictions were to embrace a thousand aspects of life and society, and to this work she applied herself with unremitting labor for thirty years. She woke from the dream of passion, and she woke in time, full of resentment against herself and against her accomplice.

After the love episode with Alfred de Musset was past, this strangely composite nature

underwent a complete change. The storm of passion seemed silenced in her heart, and the past obliterated from her memory. She writes to Jules Boucoiran from Venice :

" Having conducted Alfred as far as Vicenza on his return to France, I came back here alone. . . . Do not disturb the calm I have acquired," she adds, referring to a duel that had been fought to defend her literary honor by her friend M. Planchet. " From this distance, and after so many momentous events, the small affairs of life disappear, as the details of a landscape are invisible to the eye that contemplates it from a great height. Large masses alone loom through the indistinctness of space. The susceptibilities, the small quarrels, the thousand petty trials of every-day life, now vanish from my memory ; the remembrance alone of serious things remains with me. . . . Ah ! to cast myself on the bosom of Nature, to look upon her as mother and sister ! To expunge all vanity and frivolity religiously from my life, to resist pride and spite, to become humble with the poor and lowly, to weep with suffering and want ; not to believe in any other God but Him who demands justice and equality from men ; to reverence all goodness ; to judge wrong-doing severely ; to live inexpensively and give up every thing to others ; to re-establish primitive equality and revive divine institutions ;—this is the religion that I will proclaim in my small corner of the world, and that I hope to preach to my twelve apostles under the lime-tree in my garden."

While Madame Sand was thus, however, with much solemnity and many sonorous phrases, turning over a new leaf, that "gamin" George, always her inseparable companion, was committing himself to the following unseemly language in a letter to Madame d'Agoult

on the subject of the approaching judicial separation from M. Dudevant:—"Ainsi à l'heure qu'il est, à une lieue d'ici quatre milles bêtes me croient à genoux dans le sac et dans la cendre, pleurant mes péchés comme Madeleine. Le réveil sera terrible. Le lendemain de ma victoire, je jette ma béquille, et je passe au galop de mon cheval aux quatre coins de la ville." Why a person who had persistently disregarded public opinion all her life should think it necessary now to adopt the *rôle* of a Magdalen in tears, it is difficult to say, and we feel we can only regard this sally as one of George's practical jokes.

After the separation was made absolute, and she obtained the guardianship of her children, the husband and wife met but seldom, and Henri Heine in his Parisian letters suggests that he ought to be shown for money, because he once saw Madame and M. Dudevant under the same roof. He thus describes the baron:

"Je lui trouvai une figure d'épicier parfaitement insignifiante, et il me sembla d'être ni méchant ni brutal, mais je compris aisément que cette tiède vulgarité, cette nullité banale ce regard de porcelaine, ces mouvements monotones de pagode chinoise, qui auraient, il est vrai, pu être assez amusants pour une femme ordinaire, devaient nécessairement à la longue devenir insupportables pour un cœur de femme profondément sensible, et ne pouvaient manquer de la remplir à la fin d'horreur et d'épouvante au point de la faire se sauver à tout prix de cet enfer matrimonial."

However badly she may have behaved to her "Chinese pagoda" of a husband, George Sand never ceased to be a mother. Her letters to her son Maurice, inciting him to work and endeavoring to imbue him with her own artistic spirit, are among the most interesting in the "Correspondance." Henri describes how he assisted for hours at the French lessons which she gave both to her son and daughter, and regrets in his sarcastic way that all the French Academy were not there to hear, as it would have done them no end of good.

She makes a touching appeal to M. Dudevant, dated Paris, November, 1836, after she had obtained her separation, begging him not to injure her son's health by imparting to him the dissensions of his parents.

"It is no longer now a question of our personal misunderstanding, it is a question of an interest that ought to be all-important to us, the health of our child. In Heaven's name don't let us throw it away in a rivalry of affection which overexcites his extremely sensitive nature. I encourage his tenderness for you ; why should you try to destroy his tenderness for me ? Come and see him here as often as you like. If it is disagreeable for you to meet me, nothing is more easy than to avoid it. For my part I have no objection whatever. The state in which I see Maurice silences every other feeling but the desire to calm him and cure his moral and physical health. I shall remain with him until he is well, and will do nothing without your approval. I implore you to second my efforts. You love your son as much as I do. Spare him emotions which he has not the strength to bear. If I said any

thing against you, I should do him a great deal of harm. Let this precaution be reciprocal. What motive can we have now for disputing with one another the heart of this gentle, affectionate child? It would be pushing strife too far, and for my part such acrimony is foreign to my nature."

M. Dudevant, in spite of the decree entrusting the children to her charge, made several efforts to repossess himself forcibly of them. On one occasion, while his wife was in Paris at the death-bed of her mother, he succeeded in carrying off the girl from the school where she had been placed. The poor mother rushed off immediately, and, armed with all the authority of the law, regained possession of the child. The scene is thus described in a letter to her friend, M. Duteil: "My husband had been warned of my approach, and had prepared to fly. But the house was guarded; and Dudevant, suddenly forced into a corner, led out Solange to the threshold of his royal dwelling, having previously asked me to enter, an offer which I *graciously* declined to avail myself of. Solange was placed in my hands like a princess on the borders of a state. The baron and I exchanged some pleasant words. He threatened to take possession of his son, legally, and we parted, mutually charmed with one another."

Except for a few such storms as this which swept across the blue serenity of her heaven,

George Sand passed henceforth, with few intermissions, a tranquil, laborious existence at No-hant, surrounded by her children and friends, happy in the manifold occupations that her "books and her pigs" entailed upon her, happy above all, in the enjoyment of the "nuits étoilées et les champs d'Arcadie" of the home of her childhood. She writes to Jules Janin in 1837 :

"My desires are for the moment fixed on one thing, to sell what I have done, and enjoy indolence and rest for the future. You have no idea, my friend, of the disgust I feel for literature (I mean my own, of course). I love the country passionately. Like you, I have domestic tastes—dogs, cats, and, above all, I adore children. I am no longer young ; I want to sleep all night, and wander about all day. Help me to escape from Buloz' clutches, and I will bless you all the days of my life. I will scribble manuscript that you can light your pipe with, and I will rear grey-hounds and Angora cats for you. If you will entrust your granddaughter to my care, I will make her strong, healthy, and as wicked as the devil ; for I will spoil her to the full extent of my power."

Male human nature is, in all conscience, unstable enough upon religious and philosophical subjects, but there seems no end to the vagaries of female human nature which has once worn a coat and trousers, and in later life assumes sometimes the toga of a philosopher and sometimes the vestments of a priest. George Sand, having, acquired, as we have seen, tranquillity, so far as her exterior life was concerned,



now indulged in the most startling changes of opinion and doctrine. She first coquetted with communism in the person of the "philosophical father confessor," Pierre Leroux, dabbling in ideas of a great social reform, destined to ameliorate the condition of the human race. We find her disfiguring her clear and unaffected prose by using the phraseology of the sect, "solidarity," "social evolution," "differentiation," etc. The influence, happily, was only transitory, and seemed rather a striving after a fuller, wider life, than real conviction of the beneficial effects of any social scheme in particular.

"I am enrolled under no special flag," she writes to M. Adolphe Gueroult; "and although I have the greatest esteem, respect and admiration for all who nobly profess any religion, I am convinced that there is no man under heaven, whatever his merit, before whom one ought unreservedly to bend the knee. . . . Try to become wider in your views; narrowness is what destroys all religious systems. Persevere! progress! Try to carry if only one stone to an edifice that will never be perfect or complete, but at which future generations will work to more advantage than we have done."

And then, with a touch of sarcasm she adds: "It is not impossible that in the midst of my sermonizing, I shall set to work myself, to cultivate the field of the future with a *black pin and a toothpick*"! After a certain period spent in the study of Pierre Leroux's obscure philosophical theories and sterile dissertations on

half-digested formulæ, she turned with relief to the passionate rhetoric and religious rapture of M. de Lamennais. Under his inspiration she wrote the "*Lettres de Marcie*," and almost returned to the pious devotion of her girlhood, when she had lain in trances and seen the Virgin Mary floating above her. "Now," she says, "the atmosphere around me is full of stars; I hope visions will soon be revealed to my inner consciousness. I try to pray, but am only on the lowest rung of Jacob's ladder." The first step toward philosophy is said to be incredulity, but, with the strange vacillation of her nature, George Sand floated between the irreconcilable forces of religion and scepticism all her life. Although thus occupied with abstract and metaphysical questions, she did not lose her interest in the world that lay beyond the blue hills encircling the Vallée Noire. The mysteries of the human heart were still more fascinating than Pierre Leroux's "*Contrat Social*," or Lamennais' "*Paroles d'un Croyant*." Her own sufferings had been so great that she felt the more fitted now to give advice to those following along the uneven path of life. "Maître," she writes pathetically to Lamennais, "il y a par là des sentiers où vous n'avez point passé, des abîmes où mon œil a plongé. Vous avez vécu avec les anges, moi, j'ai vécu avec les hommes et les femmes. Je

sais combien on pêche, combien on a besoin d' une règle qui rende la vertu possible."

In the second volume of the "Correspondance" we have letters written to literary comrades full of affectionate interest; letters to friends in moments of trial, urging them to take courage; letters to her children, endeavoring to penetrate them with her own kindly benevolence. Certainly the deference and tenderness for trouble and weakness that are here revealed; the seeking out of all that is dull, sad, and in want; the exhorting and stimulating of those less energetic than herself, must appeal to us as some compensation for the blunders, the failure, and the wrong-doing of her earlier years.

She thus endeavors to influence Prince Louis Napoléon in a letter written to him in the fortress of Ham:

"Devant un guerrier captif et un héros désarmé nous ne sommes pas braves. Sachez nous donc quelque gré de nous défendre des séductions que votre caractère, votre intelligence et votre situation exercent sur nous, pour oser vous dire que jamais nous ne reconnâtrons d' autre souverain que le peuple. . . . Cette souveraineté nous paraît incompatible avec celle d' un homme; aucun miracle, aucune personification du génie populaire dans un seul, ne nous prouvera le droit d' un seul. . . . Parlez-nous donc encore de liberté, noble captif! Le peuple est comme vous dans les fers. Le Napoléon d' aujourd' hui est celui qui personnifie la douleur du peuple comme l' autre personnifiait sa gloire."

Then she addresses Joseph Mazzini in terms so humble that they almost seem affected, although affectation was foreign to her nature, asking him, as a friend and brother, to come to see her, and give her advice about the social problems which she cannot solve; while she writes to the Archbishop of Paris (although she knows her name will be "but a bad recommendation") to ask him to help a poor priest who has fallen into monetary difficulties. "Il y a du moins," she says, "un point qui rassemble les âmes engagées sur les routes diverses. C'est l'amour de la justice, et comme toute justice émane de Dieu, peut-être ne suis-je pas une âme impie ni indigne de merci."

Her advice to her young friend, the poet M. Charles de Poncey, who asks her aid and advice, ought to be studied by every one waiting to do literary work:

"As long as we are in the happy age of progression we lose every moment on one side what we gain on another. Although this is inevitable, we must nevertheless keep a strict watch over ourselves, and examine and correct our faults. In painting we study the best models; in literature we must do the same. Rest, since you are fatigued, and study Corneille, Bossuet, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, even Boileau; they will be an antidote to the superabundance of metaphor and exaggeration of expression which are in vogue nowadays. Being a young man and an ardent poet, you often lack 'taste,' that subtle gift which it is so difficult to define, and yet without which there is neither true art nor true poetry. If you read good prose and good poetry without imitating any author exactly, you will un-

consciously contract the habit of severer discrimination and greater purity of form."

To a romantic girl, who asks if it is in love or in marriage that she can hope for happiness, the authoress of "*Indiana*" answers:

"I only know of one belief and one refuge: faith in God and in our immortality. My secret is not new. There is none other. Love is a bad thing, and at the best a dangerous experiment. Glory is barren, and married life odious. Maternity is full of ineffable delights, but, whether by love or marriage, must be bought at a price I would counsel no one to give."

After her return from her ill-fated visit to Venice in company with Alfred de Musset, George Sand affirmed, with a persistency and frequency that almost seemed to challenge contradiction, that "her life as a woman was finished." In 1838, however, we find her spending the winter at Majorca, in company with her son Maurice, and Frederick Chopin, then in the zenith of his fame. Ill-natured people, in spite of her asseverations and the maternal affection she always expressed for the great composer, maintained that it was a repetition of the old "*Elle et Lui*" story. Let us hope that, like a great many, she had to suffer—shall we say unjustly?—for the sins of the past.

The visit to Majorca was not a success. Their lodgings and food were wretched; it rained incessantly; and Chopin showed not

only signs of pulmonary disease, but also of that weakness to which the "jeune blondin" had been so prone—"the love of his own way." Alfred had been an "amant insupportable;" Frederick became a "malade détestable." Their stay at the Chartreuse de Valdemosa was therefore a punishment for him and a torment for her. They returned to Paris in the spring, "poor little Chopin," as she calls him, spitting blood, and his companion worn out in body and mind from the fatigue and anxiety of nursing him. Some years afterward a difference of opinion arose between Maurice Sand and the wayward Polish genius. She did not hesitate between the latter and her son, and Chopin left Nohant never to return. His friends declared that he died of a broken heart, and laid the crime of having killed him at her door. She, on the other hand, said that he was turned against her by mischief-makers, and that, although he asked to see her on his death-bed, and she longed to bid him a last farewell, they were kept asunder by others. When touching on the subject in the "*Histoire de ma Vie*" she indulges in a peroration which reads a little like the moralizing she indulged in after her separation from Alfred :

"Je ne suis pas de ceux qui croient que les choses se résolvent en ce monde. Elle en font peut-être qu'y commencer, et, à coup sûr, elle n'y finissent point. Cette vie d'ici bas est un

voile que la souffrance et la maladie rendent plus épais à certaines âmes, qui ne se soulèvent que par moments pour les organisations les plus solides, et que la mort déchire pour tous."

It is scarcely worth while to advert to the part which George Sand was tempted at one moment to play in politics, for, as she says herself, no woman was more incapable of political conduct and judgment. She had formed to herself what she called a political creed from the socialist theories of Paul Leroux and Louis Blanc, the plots of Barbès, and the mystical schemes of Mazzini. The Revolution of February 1848 turned her brain, as, indeed, it turned the heads of many wiser people; she fancied that the moment was come to realize these fantastic visions of the regeneration of France and Europe; and she hastened to place her pen and her literary reputation at the service of Ledru Rollin and the group of madmen who formed for a few weeks the Provisional Government of the day. She wrote the celebrated "XVIth Bulletin of the Republic"—a proclamation which excited no small attention at the time, for it placed France at the mercy of a gang of desperadoes armed with "unlimited powers." Her letters to Barbès and Mazzini, written at this time, burn with revolutionary enthusiasm, and she speaks like the Madame Roland of a second Reign of Terror. Happily the defeat of the revolutionary insurrection on the barri-

cade of June terminated that convulsion. Madame Sand narrowly escaped the fate of her accomplices, but the Government thought her, politically speaking, beneath its notice; and before the close of the year she saw the cause of "the people" personified in a military despot whom she had addressed with so much sympathy when he was within the walls of Ham. This seems to have extinguished Madame Sand's politics.

Her last years were spent happily in the midst of her family; now and then disturbed by personal sorrows, death, disloyalty, and the political state of affairs in France. She lost two beloved grandchildren,—the daughter of her daughter, and Maurice's son; death, however, spared the three others. Her daughter-in-law was almost as dear to her as to him, and she gave the entire control of household matters into her hands. Her time was passed amusing the children, botanizing a little in summer and making long excursions on foot. During her forty years of continual literary labor she had earned a million francs, of which she had only laid by twenty thousand. If this is true, the result of her incomparable literary talent and her industry was not larger, for it only amounts to a thousand pounds a year.

She thus ends her own account of her latter days:



"I have retained my cheerfulness, but have no initiative for amusing others. I am sure I must have many serious faults, but, like every one else, I am unconscious of them. I do not know either if I have good qualities and virtues. I have meditated a great deal on all that is true ; and in this investigation the perception of my own individuality becomes weaker every day. I have come to the conclusion that we are only logical when we do right, and if we do wrong it is against our better judgment, I do not believe in sin. I only believe in ignorance."

It is impossible to imagine any thing more dignified than this calm, benevolent old age. The errors and eccentricities of her youth were forgotten, and she lived honored and respected by her children and friends, exercising to the last that generous hospitality that was so congenial to her nature. Visitors to Nohant were astonished on their first visit to see a large, tranquil-eyed woman, dressed in the simple Berri-chon costume, sitting indolently in the old hall of the Château. She never was without a cigarette and seemed absorbed in watching the smoke as it floated away in blue clouds. She liked nothing better than to be forgotten in her own drawing-room, listening to what was said, but not speaking much herself. As soon as her guests departed for the night she shut her door, and, like the celebrated author of the "Leviathan," fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours, sometimes, indeed, until day broke. She says in a letter to Ma-

dame d'Agoult: "I pass long hours *tête-à-tête* with 'dame Fancy'; I never go to bed before seven o'clock in the morning, and see the sun rise undisturbed in my solitude." She ends her letter, "bon jour; il est six heures du matin, le rossignol chante, et l'odeur d'un lilas arrive jusqu' à moi." The great artist breathed her last on the 8th of June, 1876, and was buried in the little church-yard of the village of Nohant, amidst the people that she described so faithfully and loved so well. Neither marble slab nor headstone marks the place where she lies, for one of her last injunctions to her children was to let nought but grass and flowers cover her grave. There, beneath the time-worn elm-trees, in which she had so often heard the sighing of the wind during her long and solitary vigils, and close to the old belfry that had chimed out so many sad and weary hours of her strangely checkered existence, she at last found a haven,—the only one that remains a certainty to all of us, however dark and troubled the sea of life may be.

We must now turn to George Sand's works, and endeavor to give a sketch, however slight, of her literary career. She was perhaps one of the most prolific writers of fiction that ever lived. During the forty-four years of her life as an author she produced on an average two novels a year; putting aside, therefore, her

dramatic works, it is easy to see how impossible an analysis of such a vast number of volumes would be.

She was obliged by a contract with Buloz to spend all "her ink and her blood" in the service of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. "The galley-slave is chained to his work; if Buloz permits him to wander, it is on 'parole,' and 'parole' is a log of wood that the convict drags, chained to his foot." She exhorts her friend the Comtesse d'Agoult to write "while the gods dictate." We are afraid that she herself produced a great deal of work which Buloz and the want of money alone dictated. In spite of this forced and often hasty production, she never lost that subtle, inexplicable beauty of style which makes the commonest description she attempts vivid and delightful. Her prose is flowing, but not diffuse; polished, but not artificial; easy, but neither incorrect nor inelegant: it is the perfection of language, and makes us forgive the many fallacies in argument and faults of construction that abound, especially in her earlier novels. Later critics have expressed their astonishment at the success of "Indiana," and have asked what charm there was to stir men's minds so singularly in this badly constructed, unnatural work of fiction. French authors had often treated the subject of matrimonial unhappiness before; it

was a hackneyed theme : and if we analyze it, it is impossible to imagine any thing more far-fetched than this history of a "femme incomprise" married to a bear, falling in love with a blackguard, and seeking peace and rest in communion with a solemn prig, whose love she discovers at the moment they are about to commit suicide together. Nothing but the fervent eloquence of style and passionate energy of personal conviction which pervade every page, could have induced an exacting public to overlook the improbabilities of such a plot. Although she strenuously denied that "Indiana" was a prototype of herself, the character bears so strongly the impress of her individuality that it is impossible not to believe that she lived through all the different phases of thought portrayed in her heroine ; and it is this fact that gave the book its charm, and proved her to have all the gifts of a great writer of fiction—fresh imagination, facility of expression, and extreme sensibility. Immediately after "Indiana" she published "Valentine," and from that moment her literary fame was established. By this second work she showed that she could develop varied motives of action, and not only write the history of her own life, but throw herself into the lives of others. Men were transplanted into a real, living world, a hundred miles away from the false rhetoric

and spurious mediævalism of the novels they had read before. Old methods and old traditions were shaken off, and a new era of romantic literature inaugurated.

Although there is, unfortunately, a want of reserve in the great artist's treatment of subjects which are prohibited in England, any one who reads and studies her works adequately must, we think, come to the conclusion that their tendency is not altogether immoral. She understood the complexity of human life and human character; perhaps her enemies will say because she permitted herself to see every side of it. She lived through each intellectual phase of her different novels, and occupied herself all day thinking out some social problem, while the night was spent putting it on paper for the benefit of the public. It is in her delineation of the tender passion, however, that George Sand so immeasurably surpasses all her contemporaries; from the ideal love of Consuela and Lélia, to the simple unsophisticated affection of Germain and François, we have every possible treatment of the eternal "Elle et Lui." We can almost classify her novels according to the phases of love portrayed: turbulent and insubordinate passion reigns in the pages of "Indiana," "Valentine," and "Lélia"; controversial and polemical affection in the pages of "Mdlle. de la Quintinie," "Spiridion," and

"Ma Sœur Jeanne"; romantic and sentimental love-making in "Mauprat," "La Petite Fadette," and "La Mare au Diable." It is difficult in short quotations to give an idea of the eloquence and ease of diction that are the particular gifts of this writer. Her prose, like some rich southern fruit, seemed to ripen and develop under the warm rays of the Italian sun; in word-painting she never surpassed "Les Lettres d'un Voyageur," or "Consuelo." The following description of the kitchen garden that the gypsy singer and her companion Joseph pass through on their way to the audience with the Chanoine, is evidently inspired by her memories of the garden at Nohant:

"C'était un beau jardin potager, entretenu avec un soin minutieux. Les arbres fruitiers, disposés en éventails, ouvraient à tout venant leurs longs bras, chargés de pommes vermeilles et de poires dorées. Les berceaux de vigne arrondis coquettement en arceaux portaient comme autant de girandoles d'énormes grappes de raisin succulent. Les vastes carrés de légumes avaient aussi leur beauté. Des asperges à la tige élégante et à la chevelure soyeuse, toute brillante de la rosée du soir, ressemblaient à des forêts de sapins lilliputiens, couverts d'une gaze d'argent; les pois s'élançaient en guirlandes légères sur leurs rames, et formaient de longs berceaux, étroites et mystérieuses ruelles où babillaient à voix basses de petites fauvettes encore mal endormies; les giraumonts, orgueilleux léviathans de cette mer verdoyante, étalaient pesamment leurs gros ventres orangés sur leurs larges et sombres feuillages."

We turn, however, with a sense of relief from the harmonious periods of the letters and

the supersentimental emotion of "Consuelo" to the calm simplicity of her country stories.

There is a modulated soft music in the opening of "François le Champi" that reminds one of a symphony of Mozart :

"R—— and I were walking home by the light of the moon, which fell with silvery light on the paths of the dusky landscape. It was a warm and slightly misty autumn evening. We remarked the sonority of the air at this season of the year, and the subtle mystery that hangs over nature. It seemed as if every creature and every thing were secretly preparing to enjoy the short span of life and activity that was left before the fatal numbness of cold crept over every thing. Fearing to be disturbed or surprised by the fatal march of time, they proceeded silently and quietly to their midnight revels. The birds only uttered smothered cries instead of the joyous songs of summer. The insects hovering about the fields sometimes gave forth a slight hum, but stopped at once, and flew rapidly away to bear their chant elsewhere. The flowers hastened to exhale a last perfume, which was all the sweeter because it was held in reserve, and not given freely forth as in the spring. The fading leaves hardly trembled in the wind ; and the flocks grazed in silence, uttering neither amorous nor combative sounds. My friend and I walked silently along, observing the softened beauty of nature, and listening to the delicious harmony of the last chords, which died away in an imperceptible pianissimo. Autumn is a melancholy 'andante' preceding the solemn 'adagio' of winter."

And then they both enter into a dissertation on the vexed question of realism and idealism in art, which is a fit answer to M. Zola and his school, and a corollary to her statement to Balzac : "En somme, vous voulez et savez peindre l'homme tel qu'il est, sous vos yeux,

Soit ! moi, je me sens porté à le peindre tel que je souhaite qu' il soit, tel que je crois qu' il doit être."

At no time does George Sand prove herself so true an artist as in the dignified restraint she puts upon herself in these exquisite idyls. We know how fond the authoress of the "Maîtres Sonneurs" is of describing beautiful scenery, yet she never forgets that the story is being told by a peasant, in whose mouth any poetic expression would be out of place. Only once does he show he is conscious of the beauties around him, and then he prefaces his remarks by saying: "Le site était ravissant pour moi, *qui avait peu à peu appris à comprendre la nature.*" In Etienne's account of his wanderings she gives a touch which, for knowledge of rustic character, is worthy of Sir Walter Scott: "Il y avait beaucoup d' herbes et de fleurs qui sentaient bon, mais ne pouvaient en rien amender le fourrage !"

"This is a fine scene," the Duke of Argyle remarks to Jeannie Deans, when showing her the valley of the Thames from Richmond Hill. "It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here," replies Jeannie. George Sand has been called the Walter Scott of Berri, and certainly she often resembles the great Scotch novelist in her vivid descriptions of scenery and her keen appreciation of the



pathos of humanity in the humbler paths of life.

It is in the "Mare au Diable," however, that she touched the zenith of her literary work. This piece is as finished as Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea"; as fresh and strong as Tennyson's "Northern Farmer." Whatever Buloz and the want of money dictated formerly, the gods and her own genius dictated this. It is so true and beautiful, so simple and pure, that we should like our readers to accept it as a propitiatory offering for so much that was reprehensible and unworthy in the great artist's life.

The story is woven out of the slightest materials. The laborer Germain, a widower of twenty-eight, father of three children, goes into a neighboring village to seek a second wife, and gives little Marie, who is on her way to a place as farm servant, a lift on his horse. Pierre Germain's eldest boy, waits behind a hedge until they pass, and insists on accompanying them. Night comes on; they get lost in the wood that stretches round the "Mare au Diable," and are obliged to encamp for the night. Marie shows such practical skill in putting Pierre to sleep, in lighting the fire, and in concocting a meal, that Germain by degrees becomes aware of her charm, and finishes by proposing to marry her. She thinks

he is not in earnest, and declares he is too old. They discuss the question gently and wisely in the silence of the night, while the child lies asleep in the girl's arms. Germain of course refuses the wife that his father destined for him; Marie does not remain with her new master; and the story ends by Marie falling in love with Germain, whom she no longer thinks too old for a husband. The prelude to the story is pitched in the minor key, as we can see by the quatrain which she quotes from an old engraving of Holbein's:

" A la sueur de ton visaige,  
Tu gagnerois ta pauvre vie,  
Après long travail et usaige,  
Voicy la mort qui te convie."

She then describes the engraving, which represents a laborer ploughing a field, with the sun setting behind the dark and distant hills. It is the end of a hard day's work; the peasant is old, feeble, and in rags; every horse in the team which he drives is weary and thin; the only gay and alert figure is a grim and fantastic skeleton, who, armed with a whip, runs in the furrow beside the frightened horses, and urges them along. This spectre is Death, so often introduced by Holbein into allegorical and religious subjects.

"But we," she cries, "artists of another century, what shall we paint? Shall we seek for the reward of the humanity

of our day in the idea of death? Shall we invoke it as the chastisement of injustice, and the recompense of suffering? No; our business is not with death, but with life. We no longer believe in the annihilation of the tomb, nor in the salvation bought by a forced renunciation. We wish life to be good because we wish it to be fruitful. Lazarus must quit his dunghill, and then the poor man need no longer rejoice in the death of the rich. All must be happy, so that the well-being of some may not be a crime accursed in the sight of God. The laborer, while sowing the seed, must feel that he is working in the cause of life, and must not rejoice because Death walks by his side. The tomb must neither be the chastisement of luxury nor the consolation of distress."

Having thus struck the key-note of the story, she describes how one autumn day she was walking along by the edge of a field and saw the peasants preparing for the approaching sowing of the seed:

"The background was wide, like Holbein's picture, and was flecked with great patches of green and gold. It had rained a short time before, and thin lines of water lay shining in the furrows like silver threads. The day was soft and warm, and a light mist hung above the earth, freshly turned by the ploughshare. At the top of the field, an old man, whose bent back and tall figure recalled Holbein's picture, but whose appearance was prosperous and happy, drove solemnly a pair of tranquil-eyed oxen, real patriarchs of the field, with their yellow coats and long twisted horns. . . . At some distance from him his son guided a magnificent team, four pairs of young animals with dark coats mixed with rusty black, and small curly heads that reminded one of their untamed ancestors. Their large eyes were full of fierceness, and by their sudden movements it was easy to see that they were trembling with rage and indignation at the yoke that had been imposed on them, and the prod that they felt for the first time.

The man who drove them had to perform the task of bringing under cultivation a corner that had been pasture-land, and was full of the roots of trees ; an athletic feat requiring all his youth and energy and the exertions of the eight oxen. A child of six or seven years of age, beautiful as an angel, his shoulders covered with a lamb-skin, which made him look like the pictures of the young St. John the Baptist, walked in the furrow beside the plough, and pricked the oxen's flanks with a long pole armed with a spike. The untamed animals dashed forward under the little hand of the child, making the leathers and yokes to creak again.

"When a root stopped the plough, the laborer called in a loud voice to each beast by its name, rather to calm than to excite them, for the oxen, irritated by the obstacle, strained forward, breaking the earth with their hoofs, and would have thrown themselves aside, dragging the plough across the field, if the young man, with his voice and whip, had not kept the first four together, while the child managed the rest. The little fellow called out also, with a voice which he endeavored to make terrific, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was a vigorous and graceful picture ; the landscape, the man, the child, and the oxen. When an obstacle was vanquished and the team began again its slow equal progression, the laborer, whose pretended violence was only an exercise of energy and a superabundance of activity, returned again to the simple serenity of his usual expression, and gave his child a look of paternal content, which was returned with a smile by the little fellow. The young father then began chanting with his strong voice the solemn and melancholy song that the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all laborers, but to those who are most skilful in inciting and driving a team of oxen. . . . I knew this young man and this beautiful child, I knew their story, for they had a story. All the world has one, and every one could interest us by relating the romance of his life, if he understood it. I asked myself, therefore, why I should not write down what I had heard of these two people, though it might only be as straight

and simple as the furrow they were cutting. Next year this furrow would be filled up by another one, for thus is the trace of the greater portion of mankind effaced from the field of humanity. A little earth covers it, and the furrows we have dug succeed one another like the tombs in a church-yard. Is not the furrow of the laborer as worthy of notice as that of the idler, who has gained a name and a reputation in the world by some speciality or eccentricity?"

Thus does this country idyl open, and we only regret being unable to give more extracts from its delightful pages. We should like to let our reader hear the low-voiced conversation between Germain and Marie, both as yet unconscious of the love that is in their hearts, while the mystery of the darkness, the whispering of the trees, and the throbbing of the stars, seem all to breathe the secret in their ears. Or the last scene where the young laborer, hopeless of making Marie reciprocate his passion, comes to say good-bye for ever:—"Sans attendre son arrêt, il se leva pour partir; mais la jeune fille l'arrêta en l'entourant de ses deux bras, et cachant sa tête dans son sein. 'Ah! Germain,' lui dit-elle en sanglotant, 'vous n'avez donc pas deviné que je vous aime'?"

Her other novels—"Lélia" and "Consuelo"—were popular when they first appeared, for they put into language what had hitherto remained unspoken in some men's and in all women's hearts, but the dust will be allowed

to lie on the cover of both of these, while "La Petite Fadette" or the "Mare au Diable," will be devoured with eagerness and wept over in silence.

Some well-known writer has said that a notable book, by its cumulative influence, is more important in the history of the world than the greatest battle ever fought. To this statement we can certainly add that the only works bearing cumulative influence are those animated by true feeling and true sentiment; posterity must find its own trials and its own sorrows, divested of all artificial surroundings, ere it will bestow immortality on any artistic representation. By her "bergeries," therefore, will George Sand ultimately be judged, and will be found to have left a furrow, neither so straight nor so simple, perhaps, as that of Germain the "fin laboureur," but a furrow that will never be effaced from the surface of the labor-field of humanity; for good grain was sown there, which, as the years went by, grew up and fructified in the hearts of men,

## LITERARY BOHEMIANS.

THE limits of the literary Bohemian are undefined, though it may be said to lie somewhere between savagery and the highest civilization—or, as Murger puts it, between misery and doubt; but unquestionably Paris is its natural capital. As for the inhabitants, Murger, who is an undeniable authority on the subject, claims for them an illustrious descent from the most remote antiquity. They have been of all races, nations, and tongues. They have numbered among them the most transcendent geniuses of the world, who have left us imperishable monuments in the shape of immortal works; while the names of the Bohemian *demos* in all ages, have passed through a probation of suffering in obscurity, to oblivion in unknown graves. The blind old Homer was a Bohemian *par excellence*, when, wandering from city to city with his lyre, he had food and shelter in exchange for his war-lays. He was the glorious precursor of the gay Troubadours and Minnesingers, who took to the roads in the middle ages with swords and lutes; and with the lightest of baggage,

and neither credit nor coin, even found their way in the trains of the Crusaders to Palestine. Types of the earliest of the straggling professors of literature, when arms were beginning to give place to the gown,—the lives of the errant minstrels were often as criminally adventurous as those of the outcast Zingari, who belonged to the Lesser Bohemia. As necessity is the mother of wiles and invention, their craft was not unfrequently superior to their poetical gifts: they flattered themselves into the perilous favor of the great, or they managed to slip through the iron fingers of those robber-knights who looked on each solitary wayfarer as their lawful prey. Those masters of the joyous science made love as a matter of course; and the terrible penalties incurred by their daring amours furnished thrilling themes for their tuneful successors. And we may be sure that their veritable autobiographies would be about as edifying reading as any thing Le Sage has imagined in “Gil Blas,” or as Murger has narrated from his melancholy experiences. These roving minstrels have led us, from force of sympathy, into a digression; but if we overleap the intervening ages at a bound, passing from Homeric times to Elizabethan England, and from the cities of Ionia to Stratford-on-Avon, we are landed with that other notable Bohemian, who broke into a deer-park, held horses at the



theatre-doors, haunted the bear-gardens in Southwark and the taverns in Eastcheap, dashed off his immortal masterpieces of life in dramatic action by heaven-sent inspiration, and described, in the freshness of analogous recollections, the revels of the mad Prince and Poins, as he depicted his Falstaffs, Bardolphs, and Dames Quickly from the fulness of personal knowledge.

Shakespeare had Bohemian blood in his veins, as had most of the masters of early English literature and the drama. Even Beaumont and Fletcher, both gentlemen by birth, and apparently in the enjoyment of a certain fortune, remind us of the literary communism of the Quartier Latin, since they had their chambers, their purses, and even their wardrobes in common. And in the days which Macaulay painted so vigorously in the essay on Johnson, there was much of the harder and more material aspects of Bohemianism in the struggle for existence among the English booksellers' hacks. As he points out, the golden age of liberal patronage had gone by, while, as yet, there was no reading and paying public. The struggling author helped himself out by subscriptions, which he had probably spent before the appearance of a work which might possibly indeed be but a prospectus, *et preterea nihil*. Or he wrote dedications, in which

a grain or two of truth was wrapped up in sonorous sentences of the most fulsome flattery. He translated works, of which the solidity was surpassed by the dulness, and which seem to us to have been foredoomed to fall stillborn from the press; and in short, the hack-of-all-work was always glad to be employed for a trifle upon any piece of literary drudgery. When a genuine poet made such a hit as Johnson in his "London," he was tolerably satisfied if the success, which could seldom repeat itself, brought him in such a sum as a dozen of guineas. Of course, adventurers of the kind led the most unenviable lives, and were pre-engrossed with keeping body and soul together. The recklessness born of their wretchedness made them incapable of forethought; they were harassed by their debts and hurried into dissipation by their anxieties; while in the orgies that left headaches and regrets behind, they recompensed themselves for melancholy weeks of privation. And we find that life to these Englishmen, unless when they forgot themselves under the influence of strong liquors, was invariably a sadly serious business. Wit, they might have, but they wanted *verve*. They had little of that French *gaieté de cœur*, the outflow, perhaps, of shallower and more emotional natures, which makes the thorough-paced Bohemian pretend,

at least, to laugh at life's sorrows, even in the very miseries of the morning after the debauch, or when tossing on a solitary sick-bed in his den under the tiles. Not unfrequently they may have had a restless conscience which worried them, reminding them that they had been born for better things. Or they had once aspired to the *bourgeoise* respectability which the French Bohemian affects to detest, or to a higher social station. Johnson may be taken as a man of the former class, as his early boon-companion, Savage, represented the other. The great moralist reformed and purged, although he never learned to live cleanly in the literal sense. But though he died, as he well deserved, in the odor of religion and a good worldly repute, he could never efface the marks of the reckless days of his wretchedness. Moreover, the old habits would cling to him; and when Garrick's good-nature produced the "Irene," when its author had become frugal though generously charitable, Johnson, who was any thing rather than a dandy, thought it indispensable to invest a portion of his gains in a waistcoat blazing with gold and crimson. That gay piece of dress must have contrasted oddly with the famous snuff-colored coat and the full-bottomed wig. But the inconsistencies of the costume were suggestive of the man, as he had been, and

as comparative prosperity had changed him. While as to Savage, he was naturally a social outlaw, who set the *convenances*, and even the laws of his country, at defiance, so far as he dared to do so with impunity; who would never, with any accession of good fortune, have emerged from what we may call the crimson-waistcoat stage; who sponged on acquaintances in taverns, and slept off his liquor on benches in the parks; and who, acting easily on his passionate impulses, drew his sword lightly in tavern brawls. A Bohemian in many respects, if ever there was one; but, nevertheless, a Bohemian who had a business-like method in his recklessness, whose geniality was either assumed or skin-deep, and who was brutalized instead of being brightened by criminal excess. We know, on his own confession, that the French Bohemian is perpetually guilty of acts which it is no lack of charity to describe as mean, as well as immoral. But he would have the grace to be ashamed of them, as they would be condemned by his comrades, unless they are excused by a certain humor in the execution, which will raise a laugh against the victim. He would have disowned the brotherhood of a man whose malignity kept pace with his meanness; and who, after having abused and calumniated a justly offended benefactor who,

on extreme provocation, had withdrawn his hospitality, came again crawling to his feet with the most abject entreaties and apologies. Savage, no doubt, was an extreme and most unfavorable specimen of a disreputable class; but we have touched at some length upon his career, because we can generally rely upon the details in the "Life" by Johnson, and because he is popularly regarded in England as being pre-eminently an Anglo-Bohemian.

But when we cross the Channel, and whatever the date of our departure, we recognize at once that we are *en pleine Bohème littéraire*. In chroniclers, humorists, poets, dramatists, historians,—among the most famous writers, whose lives may have been irreproachable, and whom circumstances had placed far above penury,—there is a picturesqueness and almost a license of style or matter, which would, at all events, scandalize the severity of English taste, if it did not absolutely shock English morality. In Froissart, Brantôme, Rabelais, Molière, Beaumarchais, Voltaire, etc., etc., and with the ladies, too, as well as the gentlemen, it is a question of degree and subject, rather than of any difference more material. We do not speak of the sensuous or scandalous writers—the leading contributors to what French collectors call their *Bibliothèque Bleue*. Here, in England we can hardly conceive a priest in

holy orders, and moving in the best society, giving to the world the memoirs of an illustrious courtesan ; or a member of the most moral section of the House of Parliament priding himself on such a masterpiece as the "Memoirs of Faublas." For even the member for Aylesbury, when he composed his parody on Pope, merely had it printed for private circulation. Mademoiselle de Maupin throws altogether into the shade the most *risqué* scenes in "Don Juan"; yet, though Gautier professed to repent that youthful indiscretion, to the last it did him infinite credit with his compatriots. It would be far from edifying to multiply instances, referring our readers to what ought to be an *index expurgatorius*; though we may remind them that the author of "Candide" and the "Pucelle" received almost godlike honors from the populace of Paris. For, far from being of the opinion that "want of decency is want of wit," France is inclined to associate decency with dulness; and is ready to pardon almost any thing to the *écarts* of a gracefully indelicate genius. But, to have done with the substance of the lighter and most popular French literature, we may glance at the works of M. Emile Zola. Probably no French writer of the day enjoys a wider popularity, or realizes more satisfactory profits. His books are circulated in the shape of *feuilletons* in the leading

journals; they lie scattered everywhere on drawing-room tables; and where his most daring scenes are dramatized with cynical realism, they are sure to draw crowded houses. It was his supposed personalities rather than the moral treatment of his subjects which involved him in certain recent legal proceedings, that would have served admirably as an advertisement had he needed advertising. So far as we believe, there is nothing to blame in the habits of the author of "L'Assommoir" and "Pot-bouille." Indeed, we remember that recently, in an apologetic preface, when complaining of the narrow-minded prudery of certain of his foreign critics, he prided himself in living as a *bon bourgeois*. We make no doubt that he keeps his accounts methodically, and regularly invests his balances. So that being in habits and associates the reverse of a Bohemian, if he were an English novelist, his style would be inevitably purified by the irresistible force of a public opinion which no man of his standing would care to disregard; while in France, those who object to M. Zola's method of teaching are in an infinitesimal minority, and the *bon bourgeois*, without losing the sympathies of his respectable fellow-citizens, ranges the streets among the *chiffonniers*, a chartered Bohemian, in the license of his descriptions and the coarseness of his language.

And though the Academy persisted in rejecting the candidature of Theophile Gautier, it was chiefly because he had outraged their orthodoxy by his literary heresies; nor do we see any reason why, on the ground of a lack of precedent, they should refuse any vacant *fauteuil* to M. Zola.

Many of the most distinguished French novelists and dramatists show much of what we English would call Bohemianism in their habits. And if it be said that it arises in great measure out of the customs of the country, we must remember that their customs are but the outcome of the national temperament. They sit loose to the domestic hearth, and haunt *cafés* and night-houses in jovial company, which conduces, again, to unbusiness-like hours in the morning; when, thanks to the favor of the public, they have come to afford it, they have their country-houses in congenial colonies, where, living as a race apart, they are in the way of entertaining parties of eccentric visitors, to the scandal of the citizen neighbors they look down upon. The bearers of some of the greatest names in modern French romance might have been merged in the most miserable types of Bohemianism, had it not been for the transcendent talents which, by giving them a lucrative popularity, saved them from the worst con-



sequences of their imprudence. Dumas the elder, for example, showed himself a model man of business in one respect; and it was his bold originality that devised the idea of manufacturing fiction in piece-work by *employés* he inspired. From first to last he made an immense deal of money. But he was as free with his coins as his famous quartette of musketeers with their pistoles; and he lavished the results of his hard-driven bargains in the day without giving a thought to the needs of the morrow. Had his application been smaller, and his talents less picturesque, and his lot cast in the Quartier Latin, he might have been in perpetual straits like Henry Murger, though he would have shown more than Murger's ingenuity in extricating himself from them. Or if we turn back to the still mightier Balzac, we stand amazed at the work he accomplished under the weight of the difficulties he imposed on himself. By far the better part of his ample income went to swell the profits of the usurers. He wrote his "Balthazar Claes" and "Eugenie Grandet" with his staircase blockaded. He was always keeping creditors and bailiffs at bay; half the ingenuity that might have gone to the composition of masterpieces must have run to waste in making arrangements to meet engagements, or, more often, in devising the means of

evading them. That double wear and tear of the brain must have been tremendous; and he treated the chronic malady that came of impecuniousness with *douches* of the strongest coffee, swallowed at the most unseasonable hours. Turning day into night, he was forever burning the candle at both ends, and the forms of his greatest extravagances were characteristic. His subtle yet strangely disordered fancy became dependent on surrounding itself with the costly means of realizing the luxuries in which his imagination loved to revel. He crowded his rooms with rich tapestries, with carvings and laces and rare china; he never grudged the money for such an object of art as might have been among the heirlooms in Balthasar Claes' stately Flemish mansion: and the taste had grown upon him as his fancy began to flag." It was but another aspect of the carelessness which makes the Bohemian, who needs warmth by way of inspiring a halting sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, break up his bedstead to feed the fire.

We might indefinitely enlarge the list of the more or less well-known writers who have imitated or surpassed such extravagances as these. When men in a tolerant society are seeking any side-path that tends toward fortune and notoriety, it may be taken for granted that the eccentric extravagance of their conduct and

their writings will be in an adverse ratio to their talents. To the dispassionate spectator they only seem ridiculous or blameworthy. But with the struggles of the Bohemians, properly so called, though there is much to reprehend and to ridicule, with something to admire, compassion gets the better of every other feeling. Whatever their folly, once committed to the wandering path they seem driven forward by an inexorable fate ; and with little religion and less morality, they find their every-day Nemesis in a perverted conscience. It ought to be demonstrated to them each day that they made a fatal mistake when they decided that art or literature was their vocation. They shiver in summer garments in the winter ; they starve in the midst of luxury and plenty ; awakening from the nightmares pressing upon an empty stomach—metaphorically speaking, they take up a hole or two in their belts by way of breakfast ; their landlord, with sundry terms of their rent in arrears, is always pressing for the key of their garret, and offering them in exchange the key of the street. Their misery is mortal, as Murger expresses it ; it is long since they have pledged their last wretched resources at the *Mont-de-piété* ; and should the illness which is threatening them really lay hold, there is nothing for it but to retreat to the wards of the hospital. All the time they may have

well-to-do relations who are ready to kill the fatted calf if the prodigals will only go back to their native province, and give some practical proofs of repentance. *N'importe*; pride forbids that. Occasionally, under some passing urgency more severe than usual, combined with a temptation coming upon them in the hour of their extremity, they will yield by way of exception to the dictates of common-sense, and honestly earn a few francs. And unless they can carry off the transaction with a laugh, they conceal it from the confraternity as a crime. At the worst, it is only a backsliding, not likely often to repeat itself; for seldom have martyrs shown greater constancy than those poverty-stricken Bohemians to their delusive aspirations. But their constancy is the stoicism of the Red Indian, who affects to laugh in the middle of his torments, when his miserable body has been mangled beyond all possibility of healing. Set the Indian free from the stake, send the Bohemian back to try a reputable existence, and one and the other will be unfitted for work by the wounds and sufferings they must carry to the grave. We must remember, too, that it is the curse of the true Bohemian that he abandons himself to an exceptionally susceptible temperament. We are talking of those whom Murger assigns to his first class—"the obstinate dreamers,"—"the great family of poverty-

stricken artists, fatally doomed to submit to the law of the anonymous." These men may not be natures of *élite*; but they have the foibles of those natures, if they want their genius: self-restraint of any kind is unknown to them. They are impressionable, emotional, and singularly thin-skinned. No doubt they have become used to drain the cup of humiliation to its dregs, and their skins have, in a measure, grown callous to the strokes of ill-fortune, as the corporation of the *truands* of the Cour des Miracles used to break in their novices to the *métier* by beating them. But the sores which are being constantly chafed will break out and smart to the last; and their spirits are more sensitive than quicksilver to the depressing atmosphere that envelops them. Be sure that they pay the penalty of their spasmodic outbreaks of gayety in the profound reaction that invariably follows. Dreamers they are, as Murger says, and the very soul of successful art and literature in contemplation. The mind overstrained in some prolonged burst of inspiration, must rest itself in satisfactory retrospect to begin with, before taking its *élan* for future achievements. It is the misery of the Bohemian artist that he cannot think, because sordid cares are crowded in the foreground, to say nothing of the regrets or remorse that press behind. So he passes his life in a perpetual

fever, where the cold fits quickly succeed to the hot; and the dissipated body, inadequately nourished, succumbs to the fretting of the agitated soul. Nor can we recall a single well-authenticated instance where a Bohemian of the *pur sang* has assisted himself in the descent to Avernus. Like Murger, he may have occasionally checked himself on the slope, and may have left such proofs of what he might have accomplished behind him, as the "Vie de Bohème," or the "Poesie d'Hiver." But the abyss is infallibly yawning for him at the bottom; and after possibly making his last halt in the public hospital, he is sure to be landed prematurely in the *depths*.

Paris, as we said, has been naturally the capital of Bohemia, and that for many reasons. We have touched already on some metaphysical causes, and we do not mean to go deeper into them. But the love of excitement, the dreams of this city of delights, and the ambition of literary or political renown, have always drawn the French provincials to Paris. It has ever had a monopoly of ambitious talent from the dark ages, when Abelard, the knight-errant of speculative philosophy, made it the headquarters of his brilliant quest after intellectual adventure, down to the middle ages, when the blaze of its renowned university dimmed all the lesser lights of learning on the hither

side of the Alps. The University of Paris was as famous for its learning as for its independence and dogmatic intolerance; but it had always its Bohemian side as well. No one has described that better than Victor Hugo, whose poems and politics, by the way, showed his own Bohemian instincts; and he has painted it with his brilliantly picturesque breadth of touch in the "Notre Dame de Paris," which is undoubtedly his masterpiece. The system, or rather the want of system, of university education at Paris, was the model of our Scotch colleges—with a difference. Unlike the great English seats of academical learning, the Mother of French letters did not profess to look after her children and *alumni* out of class hours. She left them free to follow their own devices, and exposed to all the temptations of a capital which, even then, was the common sewer of Europe. The college was crowded with adventurers of all classes, and of less respectable antecedents than our Admirable Crichton, who left his paternal tower in Perthshire to attend its schools. The Paris of the dark ages was the seat of a dissolute and military court, which compelled the attendance of those who aspired to be courtiers, and retained regiments of ill-paid *quasi*-gentlemen, who had to find the means of employing their leisure in debaucheries. It had its organized troops of

ruffians and mendicants, who, lost in the labyrinths of its dark lanes and blind alleys, bade defiance to a truculent but feeble police; and were being perpetually recruited from those of their superiors whom vice or misfortune, had reduced to desperation. Yet even in those days there were many lavish *grand seigneurs*, who imitated the passing fashions of the court in extending a wayward patronage to talent. They had their poets-laureate, who were sufficiently, though spasmodically, paid for dancing attendance in antechambers, by the sums they received for sonnets and flatteries. There were ragged poets unattached, who, for a lucky hit, might receive a handful of crowns or the run of the kitchen. In these circumstances, and when vulgar dissipation was cheap, and the wants of the struggling aspirants were simple, such characters as the young Jehan Frolo, and the Pierre Gringoire of the "Notre Dame," were common enough. A more dangerous training than the young scholar received, though the brother and ward of a canon of the cathedral, it is hardly possible to imagine. He haunted the *mauvais lieux* and the lowest taverns; he was prompted to mischief and worse by the society and indiscretions of his fellow-scapegraces. On the one side, being of good birth and connections, he had made acquaintance with a dissipated cap-



tain of the *gensdarmierie* ; while on the other, in his cosmopolitan predisposition to do evil, he had made himself friends, in case of misfortune, with the potentates of the guild of cut-purses. As for Pierre Gringoire, husband in title to the fair Esmeralda, he had not the good fortune to be related to a beneficed Church dignitary, nor had he claims on a small family estate. None the less did he launch himself recklessly on the sea of sorrows that infallibly engulfs the frail barks of the Bohemians. One and the other represented, in another order of things, pronounced shades of the eternal Bohemian nature. A dash of his brother the canon's devotion to study might have made a Villon of the harebrained Jehan Frolo, as Pierre Gringoire would only have needed a foothold, in the modern system, to become one of the shifty *misérables* of the Pays Latin, and possibly even a Murger.

Failures of the kind have been continually repeating themselves in Paris, till we come down to the days of contemporary Bohemia. Paris has witnessed a succession of sorrows that have been gradually growing more acute as the demands of a more refined civilization have become more exacting and imperative. A Pierre Gringoire needed little, so long as his body was clothed and his belly was filled. Though no one could say, indeed, that the dissipations in

which he loved to indulge, came within the limits of the strictly indispensable. But Murger and his companions, sorely against the grain, have to submit at times to the tyranny of peremptory conventionalities. They may "dodge" the tyranny—and they try hard to do so—but they cannot altogether resist it. It may be a question of a dinner-party when they are on the brink of starvation; or of attending some momentous evening reception, where Cupid, as they hope, may have been kindling the wax-lights for them. Something resembling an evening costume is *de rigueur*: a pair of glaringly broken old boots would challenge vexatious attention before the extremities could be hidden under the dinner-table; nor is it easy to make love with self-respect in a pair of *pantalons Ecossais*, tattered at the knees, even had the wearer, by dint of audacity, succeeded in forcing the *consigne*. So that the unfortunate who is doomed to ape a dandy of the Boulevards in spite of himself, must exhaust his energies in devising preliminary combinations before he can array himself in a passable suit of clothes. We believe Murger's pictures to be faithful scenes from the life—perhaps slightly embroidered by a lively fancy; at all events, their *vraisemblance* has been recognized by those who ought to know best. In one of the most amusing of those scenes, the ragged edi-

tor of a journal of the fashions, and who for the moment is desperately at a loss for an evening coat, is helped to the coveted article by a friend conspiring with Providence. He has been consulting with the companion of his attic over the difficulty, and is on the point of abandoning himself to black despair, when a knock comes to the door. The door opens to admit a worthy citizen of Nantes, painfully blown with climbing the endless flights of stairs. When the visitor musters breath, he tells them he has been recommended to the artist to have his portrait taken. The spirit of friendship inspires the painter with a happy thought. He prepares to go to work on the instant ; seats the Nantois on the only available chair, and with the torrent of art-eloquence he has at his command, persuades him that he must be immortalized in artistic draperies. In the twinkling of an eye the welcome visitor is stripped of his coat, which is transferred behind the door to the shoulders of the confederate, and invested in the tattered remnant of a *robe de chambre*, which he regards at first with not unnatural loathing. He is calmed with the assurance that it was associated with the genius and powers of Horace Vernet ; while the conversation of the voluble artist is most fascinating. For, be it remarked, the *verve* of those beggarly followers of the Muses is always to be

relied upon in the hour of extremity. And in this case the practice of the cardinal virtue of friendship brings its immediate reward. The enthusiastic artist, painting against time, and loath to miss the happy moment of inspiration, persuades his employer to send out for a repast, and consents to charge himself with arranging the *menu*. So the strangely matched pair hold joyous festival, gradually growing more affectionate and brotherly; bottle after bottle of Burgundy is opened, and when the coat is brought back, having served its purpose, the rightful owner has forgotten all about it.

That is a touching study of a friendship remaining most sympathetic though it is nourished in a garret upon crusts and tobacco. But there is another scene connected with clothes in Murger's book, which illustrates a different side of the Bohemian character, and one scarcely creditable. A well-to-do literary gentleman has been left so much to himself, as ardently to desire admission to the band of free companions, whose eccentricities have banished all the other clients from the *café* they honor with their custom. The happy chance of settling a score for them offers an advantageous opportunity for an introduction. He imparts the long-cherished desire of his heart to the Bohemian who inspires him with least apprehension. The pro-

posal leads to a hot debate; for the fact that the postulant has a well-filled purse is far from being conclusive to their noble disinterestedness, although undoubtedly it sways their opinions. He is put on a probation which consists of associating separately with each of the companions for a day, and paying for the succession of meals which are to give fair opportunity for studying him. Finally, he is accepted, which seemed a foregone conclusion,—for flesh is frail, and money is seductive. And then the flight of rapacious friends settle down in his chamber one morning, while this M. Barbemuche is still sleeping off the effects of a feast of soul over-night, with those well-seasoned vessels. If he had doubted the thoroughness of his reception to all the privileges of a community of interests, he is at once reassured. His visitors overhaul the contents of a wardrobe, the riches of which absolutely dazzle them. They proceed to read their new friend a practical lesson on the abuse of the superfluous. One appropriates a coat and vest; another invests himself with a hat and a pair of trousers; and so the raid goes on, till the stupefied M. Barbemuche, in point of wearing apparel, sees himself almost reduced to the simplicity of Adam before the Fall. And he had invited a party to meet them that evening. “But you leave

me nothing—nothing,” he ejaculates piteously. “How am I to receive you?” “Ah! with you it is different,” said Rudolphe. “You are master of the house; you can afford to dispense with etiquette.” That shameless rapacity was punished in one instance, by the way, by the subtractor, who had bigger feet than M. Barbemuche, having to resign himself to the torture of the boots. Nor was it inconsistent with the self-sacrifice, which would share the last *sous* in the winter with a starving friend; which flung among them for their distraction through some days of debauch, the handful of *louis d’or* that had come as a wind-fall; and which would break up the furniture to fling on a stove if a friend had a cold and needed firing. And the outlaws had their principles, such as these were, which pulled them up short of absolute swindling. They will maliciously intoxicate the respectable master of the house, when coming to demand payment of the terms that are unpaid; they wheedle him out of signed receipts without handing him over any money. Next morning, however, the documents which mean a discharge, are scrupulously delivered to the proprietor’s family. To keep them, if not dishonorable, could hardly be considered *de bonne guerre*. But, on the other hand, it was not for nothing that they had poured their good

liquor down the proprietor's throat. He had grown voluble, and then confidential in his cups. He had madly confided his secrets, and the Bohemians have the means of making the hypocritical old miser possess himself in patience—unless, on the chance of squeezing them for a hundred or two of francs, he cares to provoke a domestic hurricane.

“Would you know the value of money,” says Poor Richard, who was once a popular professor of social economy, “try to borrow some.” One of the most entertaining and suggestive chapters in Murger's book is devoted to the chase of that “ferocious animal, the five-franc piece.” Shy, as it seems to us, would be a more suitable epithet than savage. The five-franc piece, when once it is collared, lets itself be pocketed easily enough; the difficulty is to lay the hands upon it. Rodolphe, one of the four inseparables of the *Cénacle de la Bohème*, is in need of that amount of capital,—not to buy himself a morsel of bread, though he is starving, but to take the mistress of his heart to the water-works at Versailles. And in the search for it in Paris—which is a big city, although smaller than London—he covers more ground than any deer-stalker in the Highlands; breathlessly scaling the heights of Montmartre at the one end, and bustling through the shady shrubberies of the Luxembourg at the other: while

severe though barren labors of the brain are interpolated through his peregrinations in the way of parenthesis, when he drops down upon a critic, whom he helps through his daily task, as a preliminary to his request for a modest loan. The critic is grateful, but *sou*-less ; hence he hunts up a stray volume or two, which Rodolphe finally pledges to his washerwoman for a couple of francs. And after a succession of labors, similarly herculean, with infinite difficulty and adroitness, he achieves the balance, though barely in time to keep his appointment.

It is evident that serious work becomes impossible under such conditions. The life has a ghastly pretence of false gayety, which least of all deceives the unfortunates who are leading it. They know in their hearts that they will never "arrive," except at the goal of the pauper's grave in the cemetery. In the grim and witty irony with which they discuss their troubles—it would be derogating if they were to treat trouble as anxiety—the talent runs copiously to waste which might have yielded a comfortable income. The sparkling dialogue that flows from over-stimulated brains and aching heads might have made the fortune of a Palais-Royal *vaudeville*. And the black shadow of privation stalks behind them wherever they go, following them into places of nocturnal amusement ; and unless some lucky hazard has put them in



funds, they have to count the coppers and deny themselves, even at a ball on the outer Boulevards. To do them justice, except at table, they seldom take to drink as an Englishman would almost infallibly do in their circumstances. Absinthe-sipping is a different thing, and absinthe is expensive. But tobacco-smoke is literally as the breath of their nostrils; and even from tobacco they have too frequently to abstain. What casts a sad and pitiful gleam over the abiding sorrows of their existence is their light relations with the other sex. For among those who used to be *grisettes*, and are now turned *lorettes*—or in the race occupying a debatable ground between the two—are girls whose temperament is sadly analogous to that of the male Bohemian. On the whole they are more practical-minded, and they lightly yield to the seductions of a luxuriant establishment; luxury, as we need hardly say, being comparative. But they are the creatures of the impulses which easily master them; and the society of the joyous *vivcurs*, who “make wood of every arrow,” and can always provoke a laugh, is irresistibly attractive. The sense of sacrificing themselves for love gives a savor to the ephemeral passion—the *liaison* need last no longer than they like; and they have always the resource of trying another love, or even a temporary return to their honest occupation.

As little as their male friends do they give any thought to the savings bank, or to what is to become of them when they lose their good looks. And what is saddest, perhaps—though it is a subject on which we must touch slightly,—is the utter absence of the most elementary ideas of religion, as influencing either their lives or their consciences. It is something when we have a warning feeling that we are doing wrong; it is more when that feeling leads to regrets, with some vague notion of their changing to penitence; and it is most when repentance ends in reformation. It is the utmost if the *feux follets* who flash across the paths of the Bohemians, occasionally, on some grand solemnity, dip their fingers in a basin of holy water. The only deity they worship is love; and love is a Cupid with the draggled wings, as they have known him. We have a pathetic scene of a girl who has come back to her lover, with whom she has lived, and from whom she has separated at least half a dozen times. She comes back to him for the last time, softened to single-minded devotion and constancy, because she knows that she carries in her bosom the seeds of a deadly disease. The hectic flush of the decline makes her more ethereally beautiful, as she fades with the falling leaves of the sickly tree that throws its shadow on her window. It is starvation that

has really developed the consumption—starvation, because, on a capricious show of regard for her artist-lover, she had quarrelled with a rich admirer. And now she knows that if he can offer her bare subsistence, it is all: he can neither give her the medicines nor the delicacies her condition demands. A removal to the hospital is her last desperate chance; but even to save her life she is loath to leave him. And to the last, she conspires with his friends to deceive him; and when deception is no longer possible, and he knows that her days are numbered, her only thought is to try to be bright, so that, for his sake, she may continue to be beautiful. More for his ease of mind than her own, she finally consents to be sent to the infirmary. And on her last night in the garret, the group of Bohemians gather round her bed,—they have sold every thing available to supply her with medicine,—and she says to them, “Faites-moi vivre, la gaité, c’ est ma santé.” Well may Murger add: “Rien de plus navrant que la gaité quasi posthume de cette malheureuse fille.”

Not that there is much to choose between her demeanor when dying, and that of the Bohemians themselves, when stretched on their death-beds in the hospital. The sad story of the end of Jacques D——, the sculptor, in the “Manchon de Francine,” is written avowedly

from personal recollection. Murger had made acquaintance with the sculptor in the hospital, and the story would seem to be the forecast of what was to happen to himself. The sculptor had labored in desultory fashion over some work to the last, in a spare chamber lent him by the hospital authorities ; and was seen out of the world of sorrows by the Sister of Charity who had nursed him. As for Murger himself, he had reached his thirty-ninth year when he died ; and if life is to be measured by the troubles that make it go slowly, he might pass for a veritable patriarch of Bohemia. He had begun, when very young, as the "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." A mere lad, he was cast upon world of Outre-Seine, and became one of the denizens of the Quartier Latin ; and he quarrelled with his father, who had other views for him. With his real genius and his irresistible bent toward letters in some shape, we can understand him objecting to take a servant's place. Had he been in all material respects a different man, he might have made himself a great name and a fortune. Many others before him have educated and raised themselves by sheer dint of resolution and consistent self-denial. But Murger had neither resolution, nor self-control, nor patience, nor perseverance, nor principles. Like so many of his scatter-brained fraternity, he wished but he

could not will. He had only the simplest rudiments of education. He spelled badly, and knew nothing of grammar; he was pleasure-loving and indolent; and, strange to say, he is said to have composed with extreme difficulty. So there was much to conspire against his success, even when he had found among his more earnest and indefatigable associates, men ready to assist him with advice and otherwise. Moreover, he took extraordinary liberties with a constitution which was always weak. He starved and indulged in excesses by turns. He says that he had sometimes lived on dry bread for days in succession; and no one knew better by personal experience the horrors of the fruitless chase of the five francs. He did what work he would settle to at abnormal hours; when he could afford it, he smoked incessantly on an empty stomach, as he steeped his brain in the strongest coffee. No wonder that he had paid frequent visits to the hospital in which he died, and from which he was buried.

But after the death there came a scene, infinitely more dramatic in its contrasts than any he had dared to imagine. The emaciated corpse of the deserted pauper was brought out from the public *Maison de Santé*, to be borne to the grave with the most imposing funeral honors. An ever-increasing crowd had gathered around the doors of the hospital chapel, which was closely

packed with a mixed but brilliant company. A pall, expressly embroidered in silver, with Murger's monograph, was thrown over his coffin. The pall-bearers were MM. Edouard Thierry, Baron Taylor, Théodore Barrière, and Labiche. In the procession that moved slowly forward through the press, the art and literature of the capital may be said to have been present *en masse* rather than merely represented. The Ministers of State and of Public Instruction had sent their secretaries. There were not a few of the Academicians, and among them Sainte-Beuve and Sandeau; while characteristically mingling in the mob of celebrities and respectabilities came the ragged regiments of students and literary scamps who inhabited the Pays Latin with the dead man. The funeral discourses over the open grave were delivered in the presence of a silent and respectful crowd by M. Thierry, who was then the president of the literary society, and by other representative men, who were scarcely less distinguished. Naturally enough we are tempted to moralize on the apparent irony of that gathering of the wealthy and successful to honor the hapless fellow mortal who had died of disease induced by want. The sum total of their *fiacre* fares might have soothed his last days, if it had not prolonged the life that was forfeited; and, at all events, it would have been more in accordance

with the fitness of things, had the *cortège* come to fetch him from a respectable lodging. Yet, possibly the impulsive moralist might be unjust. We would not deal harshly with the memory of the dead, but Murger was a Bohemian by deliberate choice, and if he died—as every Bohemian must look to die—there was no one but himself to blame. Unlike most of his fellows, he did not overrate his talents, but he neglected their use, if he did not absolutely abuse them. Prosperity to such a man is as fatal as adversity; for, in fact, a flush of the one means a direct relapse into the other. Had money been sent while he had strength to squander, squandered it would have been; and the beneficence of the State provided him with comforts which his forethought could in no circumstances have assured himself. In paying the last honors in full to the memory of the departed—in recognizing the talents with which their possessor might have treated so differently—literary France kept itself free from reproach. We feel that our subject culminates in that saddest of all sad stories; and those who are conscious of Bohemian instincts may read its pathetic lessons as they run.

THE END.

## LITERARY LIFE SERIES.

Edited by WILLIAM SHEPARD.

### I.—AUTHORS AND AUTHORSHIP.

16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.25

"A work of special interest to beginners in literature, treating of the profession of literature, its struggles, temptations, drawbacks, and advantages; the relations of authors, editors, and publishers, etc. A curious and interesting volume."—N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"The perusal of this volume affords rich literary recreation, and imparts much valuable as well as curious information."—HOME JOURNAL (Boston).

"It is brimful of interesting information concerning authors and their work, and is one of the most readable volumes of the year."—POST (Hartford).

### II.—PEN PICTURES OF AUTHORS.

16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.25

Contains lively descriptions and recollections of men and women noted in literature. Among these are Mr. Curtis' "Recollections of Hawthorne," Mrs. Kinney's "Day with the Brownings," Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Visit to Lowell," and Mr. John Esten Cooke's "Hour with Thackeray." Carlyle, Emerson, George Eliot, Swinburne, Butler, Charles Reade, Longfellow, and many others are on the list of authors sketched or "interviewed."

IN PREPARATION.

### III.—PEN PICTURES OF EARLIER VICTORIAN AUTHORS



## PUBLICATIONS OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

---

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE."

**HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.** By EDMUNDO DE AMICIS, author of "Constantinople," "Studies of Paris," "Morocco," "Spain," etc. Octavo. With 18 full-page plates. . . . \$2 00

In this volume of which editions are appearing at once in Florence, Paris, London and New York, the brilliant author of "Paris" and "Constantinople" has turned his steps to a land abounding in picturesque effects and whose history is full of dramatic interest, and his vivid descriptions of the Hollanders and their homes show that his pen has lost none of its eloquence or delicacy of touch. His analysis of the traits and characteristics of this sturdy race, which has played so important a part in the history of Europe, is most interesting and valuable.

"In descriptive passages, Signor Amicis is at home. A wealth of imagery flows from his pen and lightens the pages into prose poems. He has a quiet humor of the Latin type, a disposition to be amused; but he is quick to sympathize with the emotions of his Dutch friends, and if he smiles at their stolidity, admires the rugged qualities and native genius which have produced a William of Orange, a John De Witt, a Barneveld, and a Rembrandt."—*Boston Traveller*.

"Edmundo de Amicis has transformed the land of dykes into a land of beauty, of wonder, and of enchantment. He has written, in a word, a book in every sense charming."—*Chicago Times*.

"It is only simple justice to say that a more delightful volume of travel hardly may be found."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"His sparkling, graphic book is a thoroughly charming one, to which we give the most unaffected praise."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

**CONSTANTINOPLE.** 8vo, cloth, . . . . \$1 50

De Amicis is one of the strongest and most brilliant of the present generation of Italian writers, and this latest work from his pen, as well from the picturesqueness of its descriptions as for its skilful analysis of the traits and characteristics of the melody of races represented in the Turkish capital, possesses an exceptional interest and value.

"The most picturesque and entertaining volume contained in the recent literature on the Eastern question."—*Boston Journal*.

"A remarkable work \* \* \* the author is a poet, an artist, a wonder-worker in words \* \* \* his descriptions are given with rare skill."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

**STUDIES OF PARIS.** By EDMUNDO DE AMICIS, author of "Constantinople," "Morocco," "Holland," etc. 12mo, cloth extra, \$1 20

A series of wonderfully vivid and dramatic pictures of the great world's metropolis, by a writer whose previous books have gained a reputation for exceptional clearness of perception and facility in description. There is hardly a writer who can rival him in his power of reproducing for his readers the very atmosphere of the place he describes. These "Studies" include original and characteristic papers on the two authors whom he considers especially representative of the Paris of to-day—Hugo and Zola.

"Poet in prose, painter in phrases, subtle musician in the harmonies of language, de Amicis has comprehended the manifold amazement, the potent charm of Paris as no writer before him has done."—*Portland Press*.

"A marvel of intense, rapid, graphic and poetic description, by one of the most brilliant of modern Italian writers. The chapters on Hugo and Zola show the same power of description and analysis in dealing with mind and character."—*Christian Register*.

## PUBLICATIONS OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE."

**HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.** By EDMUNDO DE AMICIS, author of "Constantinople," "Studies of Paris," "Morocco," "Spain," etc. Octavo. With 18 full-page plates. . . . \$2 00

In this volume of which editions are appearing at once in Florence, Paris, London and New York, the brilliant author of "Paris," and "Constantinople" has turned his steps to a land abounding in picturesque effects and whose history is full of dramatic interest, and his vivid descriptions of the Hollanders and their homes show that his pen has lost none of its eloquence or delicacy of touch. His analysis of the traits and characteristics of this sturdy race, which has played so important a part in the history of Europe, is most interesting and valuable.

"In descriptive passages, Signor Amicis is at home. A wealth of imagery flows from his pen and lightens the pages into prose poems. He has a quiet humor, the Latin type, a disposition to be amused; but he is quick to sympathize with the emotions of his Dutch friends, and if he smiles at their stolidity, admires the qualities and native genius which have produced a William of Orange, a John D. Barneveld, and a Rembrandt."—*Boston Traveller*.

"Edmundo de Amicis has transformed the land of dykes into a land of beauty of wonder, and of enchantment. He has written, in a word, a book in every sense charming."—*Chicago Times*.

"It is only simple justice to say that a more delightful volume of the kind hardly may be found."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"His sparkling, graphic book is a thoroughly charming one, to which we give the most unaffected praise."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

**CONSTANTINOPLE.** 8vo, cloth, . . . . \$1 00

De Amicis is one of the strongest and most brilliant of the present generation of Italian writers, and this latest work from his pen, as well from the picturesque of its descriptions as for its skilful analysis of the traits and characteristics of the people of races represented in the Turkish capital, possesses an exceptional interest and value.

"The most picturesque and entertaining volume contained in the recent literature on the Eastern question."—*Boston Journal*.

"A remarkable work \* \* \* the author is a poet, an artist, a words worker in words \* \* \* his descriptions are given with rare skill."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

**STUDIES OF PARIS.** By EDMUNDO DE AMICIS, author of "Constantinople," "Morocco," "Holland," etc. 12mo, cloth extra, \$1 00

A series of wonderfully vivid and dramatic pictures of the great world's metropolis, by a writer whose previous books have gained a reputation for exceptional clearness of perception and facility in description. There is hardly a writer who can rival him in his power of reproducing for his readers the very atmosphere of the place he describes. These "Studies" include original and characteristic papers on the two authors whom he considers especially representative of the Paris of to-day—Hugo and Zola.

"Poet in prose, painter in phrases, subtle musician in the harmonies of language, de Amicis has comprehended the manifold amaze, the potent charm of Paris as no writer before him has done."—*Portland Press*.

"A marvel of intense, rapid, graphic and poetic description, by one of the most brilliant of modern Italian writers. The chapters on Hugo and Zola show the same power of description and analysis in dealing with mind and character."—*Christian Register*.

PUBLICATIONS OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

---

STANDARD WORKS OF TRAVEL.

**Roman Days.** By VIKTOR RYDBERG. Translated by ALFRED CORNING CLARK, with Memoir of the Author by H. A. W. LINDEHN. Octavo, cloth, illustrated . . . \$2 00

"We welcome this work from the hardy North for its broad scholarship, its freshness and ripeness. The articles betray an artistic discrimination rare in one not a sculptor by profession and experienced and enthusiastic in that art. Rydberg possesses the pure plastic spirit."—*N. Y. Herald*.

**Notes on England and Italy.** By Mrs. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (wife of the Novelist). Third edition. 12mo, cloth, \$2 00. Illustrated edition, with 12 Steel Plates. Octavo, cloth extra, gilt edges . . . \$5 00

"One of the most delightful books of travel that has come under our notice."—*Worcester Spy*.

"The grace and tenderness of the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' are discernible in its pages."—*London Saturday Review*.

**Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany.**

By KATHERINE S. and THOMAS MACQUOID. 8vo, very fully illustrated, beautifully printed . . . \$2 50

"The well-known author of 'Patty' has interwoven with some fascinating narratives of travel, a selection of Norman and Breton stories and legends, which are very quaint and characteristic, and which have been illustrated by her husband with a series of charming pencil sketches."—*Philadelphia Times*.

A NEW VOLUME BY "JOHN LATOUCHE."

**Portugal, Old and New.** By OSWALD CRAWFURD, British Consul at Oporto. Octavo, with maps and illustrations, cloth extra . . . \$3 50

Mr. Crawford, who is better known in literature under his *nom de plume* of John Latouche, has resided for many years in Portugal and has had exceptional opportunities for becoming thoroughly acquainted with the country and its people.

"The whole book, indeed, is excellent, giving the reader not information only, but appreciation of Portugal, its climate, its people, and its ways. It is not a book of travel, but a book of residences, if we may say so."—*New York Evening Post*.

"Mr. Crawford's admirable book is most opportune, and his long residence in the country, his intimate and critical knowledge of the language, history, poetry, and the inner life of the people, render him an authority as safe to follow as he is pleasant. \* \* \* The book is excellent in every way."—*Athenaeum*.

## MISS BIRD'S TRAVELS.

**Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.** An account of Travels on Horseback in the Interior. By ISABELLA L. BIRD. 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrations and maps . . . . . \$5 00

—— The same. Popular edition. 1 vol. octavo . . . . . \$3 00

"Miss Bird is one of the most remarkable travellers of our day. Penetrating into regions wholly unknown by the outside world, she has accomplished, by the force of an indomitable will, aided by great tact and shrewdness, a task to which few men would have been found equal; and she has brought away from the scene of her researches not only a lively tale of adventure, but a great store of fresh and interesting information about the character and habits of a people now undergoing one of the strangest transformations the world has ever seen. We doubt whether the inner life of Japan has ever been better described than in the pregnant pages of this pertinacious Englishwoman."—*N. Y. Daily Tribune*.

**A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.** By ISABELLA L. BIRD, author of "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," etc. Third edition, octavo, illustrated . . . . . \$1 75

"Of the bold dragoons who have recently figured in military life, bewitching the world with feats of noble horsemanship, the fair Amazon who rides like a Centaur over the roughest passes of the Rocky Mountains will certainly bear away the palm."—*New York Tribune*.

"Told with a gracefulness and an enthusiasm that render her work more entertaining and thrilling than any fictitious story of adventure."—*New England Farmer*.

**Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands.** Fourth edition, with illustrations. 12mo, cloth . . . . . \$2 50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

NEW YORK.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Continued from Page 4, Cover.

editor proposes to make the TOPICS OF THE TIME substantially a continuance of the excellent series entitled "Current Discussion," which was edited by Mr. Burlingame, but the present volumes will have the advantage of being more compact in size and much lower in price.

As well for the permanent value of their contents as for the neatness and attractiveness of their form, the publishers believe that they will meet the requirements of many readers.

Volume I, issued in May, is devoted to **SOCIAL PROBLEMS**, and contains the following articles:

**World-Crowding.** By Robert Giffen, President of the British Social Science Association.

**Europe in Straits.** *Blackwood.*

**Secret Societies in France.** By Jehan de Paris. *Fortnightly.*

**Home Rule, Socialism, and Secession.** By J. Woulfe Flanagan. *Fortnightly.*

**A Democrat on the Coming Democracy.** By Henry Labouchère. *Fortnightly.*

**A Politician in Trouble about his Soul.** By Auberon Herbert. *Fortnightly.*

**The European Terror.** By Emile de Laveleye. *Fortnightly.*

**The Nationalization of the Land.** *Edinburgh Review.*

Volume II, **BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES**, was issued in June.

Volume III, consisting of **STUDIES IN LITERATURE**, will be issued in July, and will contain the following articles:

**American Literature in England.** *Blackwood.*

**Hamlet. A New Reading.** By Franklin Leifchild. *Contemporary Review.*

**The Humorous in Literature.** By J. Henry Shorthouse. *Macmillan's.*

**The Bollandists.** By Rev. George T. Stokes. *Contemporary Review.*

**The Unknown Public.** By Thomas Wright, the "Journeyman Printer." *Nineteenth Century.*

**Isaiah of Jerusalem.** By Matthew Arnold. *Nineteenth Century.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS,

27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK;

18 HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

---

A Series of Representative Essays on Questions of the Day

---

EDITED BY TITUS MUNSON COAN.

---

Published in handsomely printed 16mo volumes, which will be issued monthly. Price each, in paper, 25 cts., in cloth, flexible, 60 cents.

Subscriptions received in advance for twelve numbers, in paper, at \$2.50; in cloth, at \$6.

The Essays will be arranged in such divisions as the following, to each of which successive volumes will be devoted :

SOCIAL PROBLEMS,            STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY,  
HISTORICAL STUDIES,    INTERNATIONAL ISSUES,  
QUESTIONS OF BELIEF,   STUDIES IN LITERATURE  
SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

The series is designed to bring together, for the convenience of readers and for permanent preservation, the results of the best thought of the best writers of the day, principally selected from the leading English and Continental journals.

It is characteristic of recent thought and science that a much larger proportion than ever before of their most important work appears in the form of contributions to reviews and magazines, the thinkers of our time submitting their results at once to the great public.

As a consequence, there are subjects of the deepest present and permanent interest, almost all of the literatures of which exist only in the shape of detached papers, individually so famous that their topics and opinions are in everybody's mouth, yet collectively only accessible for re-reading and comparison to those who are painstaking enough to search long files of periodicals.

The grouping of topics by volumes is the distinguishing feature of the present series, and in so collecting these separate papers as to give the reader a comprehensive view of the discussions of which they form a part and in enabling them to be preserved as a part of the history of modern thought, it is believed that the series will render a service that will be widely appreciated.



